UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
39001028910118

THE PORTFOLIO

Arizona
University
Library

Presented by
Estate of S. L. Kingan
1952

THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

With many Illustrations

LONDON
SEELEY & Co. 46, 47 & 48, ESSEX STREET, STRAND
1884

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
LIBRARY

N5
P83
1884

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MRS. PELHAM FEEDING CHICKENS. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds*	1
HOGARTH AND THE PIRATES. *By F. G. Stephens*	2
THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES AT CAMBRIDGE. *By Henry Norman*	10
SOUL AND MATTER IN THE FINE ARTS. *By P. G. Hamerton*	14
THE FRONT OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL	16
THE ARTIST IN VENICE. *By Julia Cartwright*	17, 37, 45
SCENE FROM THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES	25
THE THAMES AT OXFORD. *By Professor A. J. Church*	25
PALMER'S ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL. *By P. G. Hamerton*	31
THE MASTER OF SAN MARTINO. *By Professor A. H. Church*	35
FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE WILEY	45
ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SOME ITALIAN PICTURES. *By Walter Armstrong*	48, 72, 96, 113
PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION	53
CHALDAEAN AND ASSYRIAN ART. *By W. Watkiss Lloyd*	53
TURNER IN WHARFEDALE. *By George Radford*	59
IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES	65
ABINGDON AND DORCHESTER. *By Professor A. J. Church*	66
THE NAMING OF ST. JOHN. *By G. W. Reid*	70
GOTHIC REMAINS AT RAVENNA. *By Julia Cartwright*	78, 119
THE TOWER OF MONTALBAN, AMSTERDAM	85
PORTRAITS. *By Wm. Chambers Lefroy*	85
FIVE CINQUEFOILS. *By Professor A. H. Church*	91
HEAD OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS. *By the Editor*	95
HEAD OF A GIRL	105
WALLINGFORD, STREATLEY, AND BASILDON. *By Professor A. J. Church*	105
EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AT CAMBRIDGE	110
A STUDY	113
THE ALT MARKT, COLOGNE. *By the Editor*	125
ON SOME DRAWINGS BY TURNER. *By Cosmo Monkhouse*	128
FREDERICK JOHN SHIELDS AND HIS WORK. *By F. G. Stephens*	134
A PATRICIAN OF VENICE IN THE XVI. CENTURY. *By Agnes D. Atkinson*	137
MEALTIME. *By P. G. Hamerton*	145
THE STORY OF AN IMAGINATIVE PAINTER. *By A. H. Palmer*	145
S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE. *By Julia Cartwright*	151
PANGBOURNE AND MAPLEDURHAM. *By Professor A. J. Church*	157
JEAN GOUJON. *By S. Udny*	161, 165, 189
STUDY IN RED CHALK	165
A VENETIAN CANAL	173
THE PAINTER-STAINERS' COMPANY. *By Alfred Beaver*	173
A WINDOW GARDEN	177
SAN VITALE OF RAVENNA. *By Julia Cartwright*	178
STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD	185
DESIDERIO DA SETTIGNANO. *By Cosmo Monkhouse*	185
AMIENS. *By the Editor*	194
MEMORIALS OF A LOMBARD COUNTRY HOUSE. *By the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco*	196
THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE, PARIS	205
OUR NEXT GREAT BUILDING. *By Walter Armstrong*	205
OXFORD	209
CIVIC ARCHITECTURE IN BELGIUM. *By W. M. Conway*	209, 225
THE BRITISH INSTITUTION: ITS AIMS AND HISTORY. *By F. G. Stephens*	215, 237
STRATFORD-ON-AVON	220
SHEEP	225
THE ROSSELLINI. *By Cosmo Monkhouse*	230
ESSEX STREET, STRAND	244
ART CHRONICLE	22, 42, 62, 83, 101, 122, 142, 163, 183, 204, 223, 246

231311

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

MRS. PELHAM FEEDING CHICKENS. By *Reynolds*. Engraved by *A. Dawson* . . . . . *Frontispiece*
TITLE-PAGE. CARVINGS ON THE BAY OF 47 ESSEX STREET.
PICKABACK. By *Sir Joshua Reynolds* . . . . *Page* 1
HOGARTH AND THE PIRATES :
THE RAKE'S PROGRESS (Original and Pirated Copies) 6, 7, 8, 9
CHARACTERS FROM THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES AT CAMBRIDGE 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
THE FRONT OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL. Etched by *H. Toussaint* 16
SCENES IN VENICE. By *J. Pennell* 18, 19, 21, 22, 38, 39, 41, 46, 47
A WATERGATE IN VENICE. By *J. Pennell*. Engraved in Facsimile by *Dujardin* 20
A VENETIAN PALAZZO. By *J. Pennell*. Engraved in Facsimile by *Dujardin* 48
WELL-KNOWN FOOTSTEPS. By *Alma Tadema* . . . 23
SCENE FROM THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES. By *H. G. Glindoni*. Engraved in Facsimile by *Dujardin* . . 25

VIEWS OF THE THAMES. Etched by *Alfred Dawson :*

GODSTOW NUNNERY 28
IFFLEY 28
ABINGDON. Etching with Aquatint 68
DORCHESTER. Etching with Aquatint 68
GORING 108
STREATLEY. 108
PANGBOURNE 156
MAPLEDURHAM 156

THE TROUT AT GODSTOW (p. 26).—GODSTOW NUNNERY IN 1791 (p. 27).—AT BINSEY (p. 28).—OXFORD FROM IFFLEY (p. 29).—OXFORD FROM BINSEY (p. 29).—NUNEHAM (p. 30).—SUTTON COURTNEY (p. 66).—CLIFTON HAMPDEN (p. 67).—THE THAMES AT SHILLINGFORD (p. 69).—SHILLINGFORD BRIDGE (p. 70).—ST. LEONARD'S, WALLINGFORD (p. 106).—VIEW FROM STREATLEY HILL (p. 106).—GORING MILL (p. 107).—BASILDON FERRY (p. 107).—BASILDON (p. 109).—LANDING PLACE NEAR COOMB LODGE (p. 157).—ABOVE PANGBOURNE (p. 158).—THE SWAN, PANGBOURNE (p. 158).—HARDWICK HOUSE (p. 159).

TWO ITALIAN PANELS FROM SAN MARTINO. Engraved in Facsimile 36
FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE WILEY. Etched by *R. S. Chattock* . 45
ECCE HOMO. By *Correggio* 52
PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION. By *George Tinworth*. Reproduced by *Dujardin* 52
CUTS FROM CHALDAEAN AND ASSYRIAN ART 54, 55, 56, 57, 58
IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES. Etched by *Leon Lhermitte* . 65
RUE DES CHIFFONNIERS, PARIS 65
ST. JEROME IN HIS CELL. By *Dürer* 70
THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN. By *Dürer* 71
ARTIST DRAWING FROM A MODEL. By *Dürer* . . . 72
THE NAMING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Engraved by *Dujardin* from a Carving attributed to *Dürer* . . 72
THE ENTOMBMENT. By *Michelangelo* 73
MADONNA WITH SAINTS. By *Michelangelo* . . . 74
PIETÀ, ST. PETER'S, ROME. By *Michelangelo* . . . 75
MADONNA AND CHILD, AT BRUGES. By *Michelangelo* . 76
MADONNA AND CHILD, AT SAN LORENZO. By *Michelangelo* 77
MAUSOLEUM OF THEODORIC 79
THE TOWER OF MONTALBAN, AMSTERDAM. Etched by *Lalanne* 85
ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA. By *Gerard Honthorst* . 87
PORTRAIT OF THOMAS HOBBES. By *J. M. Wright*. Etched by *C. O. Murray* 88
RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL. By *Sir Godfrey Kneller* . . 90
CINQUEFOILS 92, 93, 94, 95
HEAD OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS. By *Rude*. Reproduced by *Dujardin* 96
WARRIOR ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST. By *Catena* . 97
VIRGIN AND CHILD IN A MEADOW. School of *Bellini* . 98
THE DEATH OF ST. PETER MARTYR. School of *Bellini* . 99
MADONNA AND CHILD. By *Bellini* 100
'ALL THAT MIGHTY HEART IS LYING STILL.' By *Herbert M. Marshall* 101
COAST OF NORTH WALES. By *H. Moore* 102
PIGTAILS AND POWDER. By *F. Dadd* 103
FUNERAL MARCH OF A HERO. By *W. L. Wyllie* . . 104
HEAD OF A GIRL. By *Greuze*. Etched by *B. A. L. Damman* . . . . . *Page* 105
A STUDY. By *D. G. Rossetti* 112
MADONNA AMONG THE ROCKS. By *L. da Vinci*. National Gallery 114
VIERGE AUX ROCHERS. By *L. da Vinci*. Louvre . . 115
FIGURE FROM THE VISION OF A KNIGHT. By *Raphael* . 116
FIGURE FROM THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN. By *Lo Spagna* 116
FIGURE FROM THE ADVENT OF THE KING. By *Perugino* . 117
FIGURE FROM THE CRUCIFIXION. By *Perugino* . . 117
PROCESSION OF VIRGINS BEARING CROWNS . . . 119
CHRIST ENTHRONED BETWEEN THE FOUR ARCHANGELS . 120
HEAD OF CHRIST ENTHRONED 121
THE ALT MARKT, COLOGNE. Etched by *R. Kent Thomas* 125
DRAWINGS. By *R. Kent Thomas* 125, 126, 127
LANDSCAPE WITH HUNTSMEN. By *Turner* 128
APULEIA. By *Turner* 129
ISIS. By *Turner* 130
CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS. By *Turner* 131
NEAR BLAIR ATHOL. By *Turner* 133
ST. MATTHIAS. By *F. J. Shields* 136
CUTS FROM YRIARTE'S 'PATRICIAN OF VENICE IN THE XVITH CENTURY' 138, 139, 140, 141, 142
MEALTIME. Etched by *W. Strang* 145
STUDY OF A GARDEN AT TINTERN. By *Samuel Palmer* . 148
ST. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE 152
CARVING ON THE IVORY CHAIR OF ST. MAXIMIAN . . 153
INTERIOR OF ST. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE 154
SARCOPHAGUS OF ARCHBISHOP THEODORE 155
TOMB OF FRANCIS AND MARGARET IN THE CATHEDRAL AT NANTES 162
A STUDY IN RED CHALK. By *Rajon* 166
THE FONTAINE DES INNOCENTS. By *Jean Goujon* . . 171
A VENETIAN CANAL. Etched by *Lucien Gautier* . . 172
THE CAMDEN CUP 176
A WINDOW GARDEN. By *Arthur Stocks* 176
CHRIST ENTHRONED ON THE WORLD 180
DANIEL AND THE LIONS 182
STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD. By *Rajon* 185
WOODEN STATUE OF THE MAGDALEN 186
ALTAR IN SAN LORENZO 187
INFANT CHRIST, IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PRATO . . . 188
VIRGIN AND CHILD. By *Desiderio Da Settignano* . . 188
THE CARYATIDES. By *Jean Goujon* 190
DIANE CHASSERESSE. By *Jean Goujon* 192
AMIENS CATHEDRAL. Etched by *H. Toussaint* . . . 196
THE PALAZZO MARTINENGO 197
FOUNTAIN, WITH FIGURE OF NEPTUNE 198
LANDING PLACE ON THE LAKE OF GARDA 201
FOUNTAIN, WITH FIGURE OF DIANA 202
CONDUIT IN THE OLD LONDON STREET, AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION 204
THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE, PARIS. Etched by *Lalanne* 205
DESIGNS FOR NEW ADMIRALTY AND WAR OFFICE . 206, 207
OXFORD. By *F. A. W. T. Armstrong* 208
THE BELFRY AT TOURNAI 210
THE BELFRY AT GHENT 211
THE MARKET HALL AT BRUGES 213
MAISON DES BATELIERS, AT GHENT 214
ARTISTS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. From a drawing by *A. E. Chalon, R.A.* 216
ARTISTS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. By *A. E. Chalon, R.A.* 219
CUTS FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON . . . 220, 221, 222
SHEEP. Etched by *T. George Cooper* 225
HÔTEL DE VILLE AT BRUGES 226
HÔTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS 227
HÔTEL DE VILLE AT LOUVAIN 228
HÔTEL DE VILLE AT YPRES 228
HÔTEL DE VILLE AT GHENT 229
HÔTEL DE VILLE AT AUDENARDE 230
SCULPTURES. By *Antonio and Bernardo Rossellino* . . 231
232, 233, 234, 235, 236
VIRGIN AND CHILD. Attributed to *Antonio Rossellino* . 232
HAYDON AND HIS PUPILS. Caricature 243
SKETCHES IN ESSEX STREET, STRAND . . 244, 245, 246

THE PORTFOLIO.

MRS. PELHAM FEEDING CHICKENS.

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. ENGRAVED BY ALFRED DAWSON.

IN Reynolds's pocket-book for 1770, in the list of sitters for the month of July, appear the names of Miss Aufrere and of the Mr. Pelham whom she afterwards married. The lady died in 1786. In 1794 Mr. Pelham was created Baron Yarborough, and the portrait is in the possession of the present Earl, by whom it has been lent for the Exhibition of Reynolds's pictures just opened at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is one of the sweetest and most attractive of his works, and the large engraving, by William Dickinson, is one of the most prized of English mezzotints. In Hamilton's Catalogue a fine copy is said to have been sold in 1873 for 168*l.* Mr. Dawson's plate is taken from an admirable impression in the British Museum. He has availed himself of the assistance of photography to a certain extent; but to his skilful use of the scraper and drypoint the qualities of the plate are mainly due.

PICKABACK. AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Another fair English lady who never lived to be old and lives for us ever-young on the canvas of Reynolds, was Mrs. Payne Gallwey. 'He painted scores of portraits of ladies with their children,' says Mr. F. G. Stephens, in his Essay on *English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 'and did none better than those in which his exquisite sense of beauty and power in characterisation were employed in depicting the maternal instinct at its most lovely phase. He depicted Lady Cockburn, with a triad of rollicking babies; Lady Dashwood and her child, repentant after naughtiness, with pretty, blubbered face, and fondest gesture, embracing the maternal cheek, which from the lips to the eyes ripples to a smile; pretty Lady Betty Delmé, with her shy daughter and bolder son. The Duchess of Devonshire, a buxom dame, dances the crowing Lady Georgina Cavendish upon her knee, and enjoys the child's delight. No work of this class is sweeter than *Pick-aback*, the young mother with her little one upon her shoulders, as if they were thus in a park together; the child wears a broad-brimmed hat that scarcely holds to its head, looks over the lady's shoulder with a pair of dove-like eyes, and clings with a fairy arm, that is stayed in its place by one of the mother's hands, while the other holds up the little burden behind. The companionship thus simply indicated was not destined to last. This picture was painted about 1779; the lady died in 1785, aged twenty-seven.' She was Philadelphia, daughter of General De Lancey. Her husband, Stephen Payne, who assumed the name of Gallwey, of Toft's Hall, Norfolk, was painted by Reynolds in one of the *Dilettanti* pictures. The little child was Charlotte, who in 1797 married John Moseley, Esq., of Glemham House, Suffolk. The picture belongs to Lord Monson.

HOGARTH AND THE PIRATES.

PUBLISH'D as the Act directs—as part of what is called the publication line at the foot of each print issued within certain well-defined boundaries of time, and as such doubtless well known to countless readers,—was to me, before I understood its meaning, or had mastered the history of the sentence, an inscription as tiresome as it was frequent. It was possible, in fact, to resent the appearance of these words exactly as one resents the intrusive sayings of a bore. In early days I was one of thousands who, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. This indifference was such that I took no pains to find out what the phrase meant. It was, however, impossible not to observe that modern prints are never inscribed thus. Otherwise it would have been all one to me if this, or that longer, more comprehensive form of words, which is borne by two of the illustrations to this essay, had presented itself at every turn on prints issued during more than fifty years. And yet there is a world of difference, and the work of a generation or two of artists, between the one and the other inscription. '*Publish'd as the Act directs*' has not all the meaning of the corresponding portions of '*Invented Painted & Engrav'd by Wm. Hogarth, & Publish'd June y^e^ 25, 1735. According to Act of Parliament*,' which is at the foot of every print in that series of Hogarth's masterpieces which he called *A Rake's Progress*, as well as on other fine things of his designing. Students of the history of English art know well that the publication of the prints of *A Rake's Progress* was an epoch-marking event, second only in importance to the issuing of the engravings named *A Harlot's Progress*, which occurred early in 1734, or more than a year previous to the thus carefully guarded appearance of the complementary series of prints to which the reader's attention is here directed in chief. Before dealing with these examples let us consider another closely related matter.

The history of the publication of *A Harlot's Progress* is worth recalling to mind, not only on account of the transcendant merit of the terrible drama which is the masterwork of Hogarth, and incomparably the finest instance of the kind produced at any time and anywhere, but because it is closely related to *A Rake's Progress*, on the margin of Plate I. of which series the phrase, '*According to Act of Parliament*,' for the first time appeared. This history is briefly thus told. For some time before 1733 Hogarth had been occupied in painting life-size portraits and 'Conversation pieces,' as those pictures were called which embodied grouped small likenesses, generally whole-lengths, of families and their friends. It must have been about 1730 or 1731 that he began to execute the pictures of the first dramatic series we owe to his hand. Prints from them were offered for subscription in 1733, and we may fairly enough allow not less than two, or, with more probability of correctness, three years for Hogarth's painting the six pictures in question and the engraving with his own hands of the same number of plates from them, each being crowded with details and measuring nearly fifteen inches by twelve inches. We may be sure Hogarth allowed no one to aid him in these onerous tasks; in fact, the publication line of each print is as follows:—'*Wm. Hogarth inv^t^ pinx^t^ et sculp^t^*.'

The veracity of Hogarth being beyond question, we may be sure that he 'invented,' or, as we should call it in English, 'designed,' 'painted, and engraved,' every one of these prime examples of his genius, awful 'moralities' and laborious works as they are. We know the touch of Hogarth, and we are able to verify it in these engraved instances, as well as in every etching which bears his name, from the pretty *Laughing Audience* of 1733—which, by the way, was given as the subscription ticket with *A Rake's Progress* and *Southwark Fair*—to the scathing portrait of *John Wilkes, Esq.*, which was, in every sense, 'etched in aquafortis.' That Hogarth's practice was a loyal one, and that he did not understand the 'truth' in a modern commercial sense, may be seen by those who have observed that whenever he employed the hands of others to engrave for him the names of those assistants were inscribed below the engraved margins of the plates they produced. It was not till 1745 that a print after Hogarth was published, bearing the name of another engraver, the instance being Plate I. of *Marriage à la Mode*, which is inscribed:—'*Engraved by G. Scotin. Invented Painted & Published by W^m^. Hogarth according to Act of Parliament April 1^st^ 1745*.' Baron engraved Plates II. and III.; Ravenet, Plates IV. and V.; and Scotin, Plate VI. of this series. In each case the engraver has the credit of his work, not Hogarth, although the public would undoubtedly have preferred the work of the Englishmen to those of either of these Frenchmen, well known as they were. So careful was Hogarth to avoid that sort of trick which custom now almost sanctions, when an assistant's name is suppressed, and the master takes credit for his work, that we may read on the prints of *The March to Finchley* the following:—'*Painted by Will^m^ Hogarth & Publish'd Dec^br^ 31^st^, 1750, According to Act of Parliament. Engrav'd by Luke Sulivan. Retouched and Improved by W^m^ Hogarth, republish'd June 12^th^, 1761*.' *The Gate of Calais* was '*Engrav'd by C. Mosley and W. Hogarth*.' So to each man was awarded his share.

Thus enlightened about his veracity we may not

only understand how long it took Hogarth to engrave the six plates of *A Harlot's Progress*, but we may the more readily enter into his feelings when he found that, even before he could deliver to the subscribers the first impressions from these plates, the rascally Edward Kirkall (or Kirkhall) had not only surreptitiously copied them, but actually published his engraved piracies,* and thus anticipated the general demand for the originals, to Hogarth's manifest injury. More than twelve hundred names were inscribed in the artist's book, and prints issued to the owners of these names do not bear that black Latin cross below the engraved margin, which distinguishes *impressions de commerce*, or examples of the second state of the plate.† So popular was the subject of this series that Cibber dramatised it as a pantomime for Drury Lane Theatre in 1733, the year of the publication. 'The Jew Decoy'd,' a 'new Ballad Opera,' was published as a poem by one Captain J. D. Breval, who called himself 'Joseph Gay,' with obvious reference to John Gay, author of 'A Beggar's Opera,' and the real Simon Pure.‡

Hogarth, having painted his six pictures,§ and produced his six prints, set to work to make profit out of one and the other. He did pretty well with the latter, but the former series was a decided failure. The pictures were sold for a song (*i. e.* fourteen guineas each, to Alderman Beckford); five of them were burnt at Fonthill in 1755, the other, being Plate II., belongs to the Earl of Wemyss. But the prints laid the foundations of the artist's little fortune.

Hogarth's veracious prints were published in 1734, having probably been delivered to his subscribers late in the preceding year. From one of the subscriber's copies, or from a set which had been surreptitiously obtained, rascally Mr. Edward Kirkall instantly set to work on his piratical task. Witness the following advertisement from 'The Country Journal; or, the Craftsman,' November 18, 1732, p. 2, col. 3 :—

'*This day is published*, Six PRINTS in Chiaro Oscuro, of the Harlot's Progress, from the Designs of Mr. HOGARTH, in a beautiful green tint, by Mr. E. Kirkhall, with proper explanations under each print. Printed and sold by E. Kirkhall in Dockwell Court, White-Fryars; Phil Overton in Fleet Street; H. Overton and J. Hoole without Newgate; J. King in the Poultry; and T. Glass under the Royal Exchange.'

* This pirate was thus mentioned by Pope in respect to a curious act of liberality, being the bestowing jewels (in engraving) on a woman who had none. Kirkall did not filch the jewels he represented 'out of his own head,' on the portrait of Miss Eliza Haywood, the 'Eliza' of the 'Dunciad,' Book II. 158, which is prefixed to an edition of her own poems, thus, as Pope wrote :—

> 'Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
> In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkhall dress'd.'

Kirkall often engraved portraits, including that of Senesino, and he frequently, as in the case above mentioned, employed green ink for his prints. He mezzotinted Raphael's Cartoons, and worked for book-publishers to a great extent.

† Of course it is easy to erase this cross sufficiently to deceive the unwary, but not so those who are observant. The states, and consequently the value, of impressions of one kind and the other, may be discriminated by the last word in the address of the letter which the clergyman is reading in Plate 1, being illegible; in the second state this word is plainly '*London*.'

‡ This Breval is mentioned in 'The Dunciad,' in reference to this pseudonym, thus, Book II. 127–30 :—

> 'Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
> He grasps an empty Joseph for a John.'

The pun embodied here refers to a 'Joseph' coat, so called, which was supposed to be left empty in the hands of the much belaboured Curll. This 'Opera' was published in 1735. According to *The Grub Street Journal*, Dec. 6, 1733, 'lately,' or before this date, Joseph Gay (Breval) had the impudence likewise to publish '*The Lure of Venus*. Illustrated with Six Plates, neatly engraved from Mr. Hogarth's designs,' that is, he appropriated these designs to illustrate his stolen plot in verse. Hogarth saw the advantages of a versified exposition of such a series of prints as that in question, and therefore engaged his friend Dr. John Hoadly, son of the bishop, to write an exposition of *A Rake's Progress*, which was published in due time with the prints it expounded, and is well known to collectors.

§ It was to these pictures the anecdote refers which affirms that the painter—having, March 23, 1729, run away with Jane Thornhill, the charming only daughter of Sir James, his Majesty's Serjeant-Painter, and a territorial, family, official, and professional big-wig—might have been earlier reconciled to his portentous father-in-law by compulsion. Kind-hearted Lady Thornhill (who was buried in Hogarth's grave at Chiswick, in grateful testimony to the loving nature she had) about a year before his death endeavoured to reconcile her husband and the fugitives, by setting these very pictures before the justly incensed father of the bride. She endeavoured to show that the temerarious painter, who, by the way, must have been nearly thirty-six years of age at the time, was by no means devoid of merit, or quite unworthy to mate with the daughter of H.M. Serjeant-Painter. Sir James looked at the pictures, and, with surliness that must have been partly assumed, growled out a criticism that the man who could paint such things needed no aid from him. I suspect Mr. William Hogarth needed no 'aid' from the stately, but somewhat bumptious gentleman who decorated the dome of St. Paul's. It is impossible not to see how much in keeping with the building which thus received the high fruits of his tumid genius was the character of the decorator. In the end, stiff Sir James, although he was a Member of Parliament, and goodness knows what beside, condescended to the tenderness of his own heart, and received his buxom, good daughter, one of the sweetest of wives, to the paternal bosom again. When Sir James, May 13, 1734, was gathered to his ancestry, and duly buried in the old vault in the Weymouth region, his son succeeded him in that transcendental honour the Serjeant-Paintership to the King. It was, as Hogarth told us, worth about two hundred a-year, *minus* the toil of painting portraits of illustrious stupidities. When John Thornhill resigned it Hogarth conferred lustre on the office, by accepting its emoluments and performing its duties at a loss to himself. Thenceforward installed as a servant of the Crown, Hogarth incurred the savage resentment of Paul Sandby, who caricatured him and his wife, with the gloating spite of a hyæna. He likewise incurred the rancorous hate of the Rev. Charles Churchill, that 'drunken clergyman and poet,' who dishonoured his very manhood by writing an 'Epistle to William Hogarth, Esq., Serjeant-Painter to the King,' and therein vilifying honest and kindly Mrs. Hogarth and her valiant husband, both of whom were then getting old. This brilliant and drunken patriot had for his ally the cynical Chamberlain to be, of the City of London, 'John Wilkes, Esq.,' who, in later years, was base enough to apologise to George the Third for having, in *The North Briton*, ridiculed his Majesty's unconstitutional proceedings. He actually expressed regret for conduct which, if it was not patriotic and honourable, was scandalous to the highest degree.

Conceive the rage of Hogarth when this beautiful announcement met his eyes! He had been victimised before, but never thus ravenously.

Kirkall's prints are well known still, they are very tolerable reproductions of the originals and of exactly the same size. Being mezzotints, and almost always in green ink, they are readily distinguishable from the engravings proper they were intended to supplant and did anticipate. Nor was Kirkall the only copier of the series in question. '*G. King Sculpt. Sold by G. King at the Golden Head* in Brownlow Street Drury Lane and the Booksellers Printsellers of London and Westminster. Engrav'd from the Originals of W. Hogarth's by Permission,*' is the publication line of a more decent series of copies which were very soon issued on two sheets, being three on one sheet, each plate measuring nine and a half, by seven and three-quarters, inches. There was no mistaking these reduced versions for the originals, even if their artistic merits had equalled those of Kirkall's impudent piracies in mezzotint; much less could they be mistaken for the masculine etched and engraved lines of Hogarth's plates. '*From the Originals of Mr. Hogarth's by Permission,*' indicated not only something like honesty, and was unmistakably courteous, but it is a phrase not without interest to us who know that, warned by the success of G. King's venture with these smaller versions of his works, Hogarth himself promoted the sale of a series of reduced versions of the second series of designs, the wonderful *Rake's Progress* itself. Witness the publication line, of which this is a transcript: '*Published with the consent of Mr. William Hogarth, by Tho. Bakewell according to Act of Parliament July* 1735. *Printed and Sold by Thos. Bakewell, Printseller in Fleet Street, London.*' The reader will refer to the above-quoted publication line of *A Rake's Progress*, and, finding it comprises the date '*June y^e* 25, 1735,' recognise the efficacy of '*According to Act of Parliament.*' A measure had come into vogue which, until it was tried and found wanting, was respected by some pirates, and relied upon by Hogarth and other engravers of note, who successfully demanded of the Legislature security for their own property against the 'art-hunger' of unscrupulous Kirkall and his crew of pirates and print-grabbers. A number of the honest artists, some of whom lived by making and selling engravings, and from their own pictures, contrived to gain the ears of Parliament, so that 'Hogarth's Act' became law, and at least promised justice and safety to honest men. It conferred copyright on the authors of prints published after a certain date, to wit, that '*June y^e* 25, 1735,' which the writing-engraver designated on the margins of Hogarth's versions of *A Rake's Progress*. Thus believing himself armed, Hogarth was in a position either to speculate in the publication of reduced versions of his own engravings, using Thomas Bakewell's name and address for the nonce, or, as was more likely, exacting a fee, or royalty, for allowing Bakewell to speculate in this manner. We shall see presently what sort of a broken reed the poor artist leaned upon when he relied on 'Hogarth's Act.'

I have said before that '*Publish'd as the Act directs,*' has not quite the same meaning as the corresponding portion of '*Invented Painted & Engrav'd, by Wm. Hogarth, & Publish'd June y^e* 25, 1735. *According to Act of Parliament,*' which is at the foot of every print in the series called *A Rake's Progress*, and other fine things of Hogarth's designing. The former mode indicated at least some reliance on justice, and even on an appeal to the honour of the law, to say nothing of a belief in the loyalty of the administrators of Acts of Parliament, all round experience to the contrary notwithstanding. When this form came into vogue Parliament had vouchsafed to take upon itself the pretence of promising protection against robbers of artists' property, genius, earnings, or what not, the ownership of which that Act indicated, although it did not secure it against spoliation. With exquisite guilelessness the 'Act' 'directed' artists to do certain things which, being done, would suffice, it was hoped, to defeat the 'hunger' of knaves, and pilferers of art's reward. In fact the Act 'directed,' but it did not enforce its directions; and much ingenuity was exercised by some legal minds in seeking how 'not to do it,' while the plain meaning of the legislature could not be denied. In the end, the favourite mode of balking justice and law consisted in refusing recognitions of the value of artists' work under any conditions, although the impudent aggressions of those whose only claim to realise that value was in their rapacity, had ample and constant protection. When this beautiful state of things had come to pass, the said Act had really put the claims of artists to property in their own 'inventions' into a concrete, but very ineffectual form, and those claims had recognition of a sort. A later enactment that 'Hogarth's Act' was beneficial to the artist's widow; but absolute security is even now out of the question.

When Hogarth's writing-engraver cut the longer inscription below each design of *A Rake's Progress*, the claims of artists were, so to say, in an altogether

* 'The Golden Head' was not only what Thackeray described to me as 'Hogarth's honest sign,' but a house-mark most in vogue in London with artists of all sorts. Hogarth made his 'Golden Head,' a bust of Phœbus, that surmounted his doorway in Leicester Fields, with his own hands and of cork gilded. Half a score such signs then existed in London. The oldest instance is recorded by Albert Dürer, who, during his journey in the Netherlands, sojourned with Henri de Bles ('Civetta,' as the Italians called him) in his house '*Zum Gulden Haupt,*' at Mechlin. Our sturdy master himself had sign-board honours when J. Smith hung out 'Hogarth's Head' above his shop in Cheapside. This was about 1750.

inchoate and tentative state. Hogarth himself, who had taken immense pains in the matter, and who, even so early as 1734, already deserved well of his country, did not realise how little he had to trust to in that measure of law which bears his name, and was designed to convey copyright in art to those who made art. It was, however imperfect in its nature and however ill administered, one of the most important measures affecting the history of design in this country. It had hardly inferior importance with regard to books. With the latter I have nothing to do. It was time something was done. Eight piratical copies of *A Harlot's Progress* were found by G. Steevens.*

Let us see what happened to Hogarth, notwithstanding that Act of Parliament in respect to which the little, sturdy, and somewhat dogmatic man, not unnaturally plumed himself greatly.† He published *A Rake's Progress*, 'according to Act of Parliament,' and he took such good care to fulfil the conditions of this measure that he delayed to issue impressions of the plates, the claims of his subscribers notwithstanding, until after 'June y^e^ 25, 1735.' I used to wonder why he was thus particular about the date, until it appeared that this was the day when copyright was supposed to become effectual. There is curious proof of the object of this act of his in, so to say, his own writing, or rather in the script of his writing engraver, at the foot of a very choice impression of *A Rake's Progress*, plate 1, which is the British Museum Satirical Print No. 2158. On examining the publication-line on the print as well as on other examples of the same state, it is manifest that the number of the day of the month was originally '24,' and not '25.' This may be accounted for by supposing that Hogarth found it desirable to secure his property according to Act of Parliament, which gave copyright for fourteen years in published works 'from after the twenty-fourth day of June, which shall be in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five.' Originally this date was presumed to be advisable, but we may suppose some astute friend of Hogarth's saw the risk of using it, the change was made, because there could be no doubt that the 25th was after the 24th of June. No print would have been safe had it borne the earlier date. That Hogarth did defer the publication of his prints of this series in order to bring them within the scope of the Act giving copyright in engravings (8 Geo. II. c. 13) is evident to those who read 'The London Evening Post,' June 3, 1735, which commended to intending purchasers 'The nine prints from the paintings of Mr. Hogarth, one representing a fair (*i.e. Southwark Fair*, an engraving which had been woefully pirated), and others. *A Rake's Progress* are now printing off, and will be ready to be delivered on the 25th instant. Subscriptions will be taken at Mr. Hogarth's till the 23rd of June, and no longer, at half-a-guinea, to be paid on subscribing.'* . . . 'Mr. Hogarth was, and is, obliged to defer the publications and delivery of the aforesaid Prints till the 25th of June, in order to secure his property, pursuant to an Act lately passed both Houses of Parliament, to secure all newly-invented Prints that shall be published after the 24th instant from being copied without consent of the proprietors, and thereby preventing a scandalous and unjust custom (hitherto practised with impunity) of making and vending base copies of original Prints, to the manifest injury of the author and the great discouragement of the Arts of Painting and Engraving.' This advertisement was repeated on the 14th of June in the same year.

* Whoever cares to study the curious history of piratical prints in this country may find some interesting matter on the subject in my 'Catalogue of Satirical Prints in the British Museum,' vol. iv. p. 371, in respect to Satirical Print No. 4140, a work of B. Wilson's, the landscape-painter, called *The Repeal*, and concerned with the American Stamp Act. Of this so many impressions were sold at sixpence each that the author gained 300*l.* Four copies were issued, being, of course, all piracies.

† Hogarth was so proud of his Act of Parliament that immediately after it was passed he published a small print generally known now as *Crowns, Mitres, &c.*, embodying various emblems of a Triumph, with the following inscription:—'In humble and grateful acknowledgement of the grace and goodness of the LEGISLATURE, manifested in the Act of Parliament for the Encouragement of the Arts of Designing, Engraving, &c. By the endeavour, and almost at the sole expense, of the Designer of this Print, in the year 1735;' by which not only the professors of these arts were rescued from the tyranny, frauds, and piracies of monopolizing dealers, and legally entitled to the fruits of their own labours; but Genius and Industry were also prompted by the most noble and generous inducements to exert themselves,' &c. This effusion was made to serve a useful purpose when, in 1754, Hogarth employed it as a subscription ticket, first for *An Election Entertainment* (the first of the *Four Prints of an Election*, which preceded its fellows), and afterwards for the remaining three of the same series.

* The etching known as *The Laughing Audience*, one of Hogarth's most pleasing prints, was given in with the above as a subscriber's ticket. The reader will notice the trivial price demanded for these fine things of our great master's work. When a subscription was paid this receipt was handed to the payer, on it were Hogarth's signature and an impression from his seal in red wax; the seal bears an artist's oval palette and a sheaf of brushes stuck in the thumb-hole. This seal was, so far as I know, invariably used by Hogarth on similar occasions. The first announcement of *The Progress of a Rake*, as it was then called, is in the 'The Country Journal, or the Craftsman,' for December 29, 1733, p. 3, col. 3, which states that 'Mr. Hogarth being now engraving nine copperplates from pictures of his own painting,' *i.e.* those above mentioned, he will accept subscriptions for impressions from them. Further, it is stated 'the whole payment to be paid at the time of subscribing. Subscriptions will be taken in at Mr. Hogarth's, the Golden Head in Leicester Fields, where the pictures are to be seen.' That the pictures were thus to be seen is a fact the reader will please remember. The fact has a noteworthy bearing on what happened next, as I shall proceed to show above. The custom of taking half subscriptions was common in those days. It extended to the practice of such magnificent artists as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth's *vis-à-vis* in Leicester Fields, who invariably accepted half the price of his labours before he began a likeness.

Hogarth evidently thought himself safe, although the 'Ides of March' were come but not gone. He reckoned without Kirkall and his crew. It is not known who had already taken effectual steps to baffle poor Hogarth's proud expectations of what would accrue 'from and after the twenty-fourth day of June which shall be in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five.' The next fact makes the circumstances clear enough.

O Vanity of Age, untoward,
Ever splenitive & froward!
Why those Gifts, & Manly Charms,
Against Suspicions jealous Pains?

Why, thy tedious Journey o'er,
Least thou in an vseless Store?
Hope along with Time is flown,
Nor canst thou reap of Field thou'st sown.

Hast Thou a Son? In Time be wise—
He views thy Toil with other Eyes—
Vests most thy kind paternal Care,
Lock'd in thy Chests, be buried there.

Whence then shall flow of friendly Life,
That social Converse, homefelt Peace,
Familiar Duty without Dread,
Instruction from Example bred,

That youthful Mirth with Freedom mind,
And with a Father mix the Friend.

Invented Painted Engraved by Wm Hogarth.
Published June 25 1735 according to Act of Parliament &c.

'The London Daily Post,' of June 27, 1735, p. 1, col. 1, contained the following incoherent but plaintive record :—

'Certain Printsellers in London, intending not only to injure Mr. Hogarth in his Property, but also to impose their base Imitations (of his eight prints of *The Rake's Progress*) on the Publick, which they, being obliged to do only (by) what they could carry away by Memory from the Sight of those Paintings, have executed most wretchedly, both in Design and Drawing, (such imitations) as would be very obvious when they are expos'd, he, in order to prevent such scandalous Practises, and that the Publick may be furnish'd with his real Designs, has permitted his Original Prints to be closely copied, and the said copies will be published in a few days, and sold at *2s. 6d.* each Set, by T. Bakewell, Print and Mapseller, next Johnson's Court in Fleet Street, London. N.B. The usual Allowances will be made to Booksellers, Printsellers, and others, in Town and Country; and at the bottom of the true copies will be inserted these Words, viz., Publish'd with the Consent of Mr. W. Hogarth, by T. Bakewell, according to Act of Parliament. All persons who are known to copy the said Prints, or sell or otherwise dispose of any Prints from such Plates, or are copied, will be liable to the Penalties, &c.'

Philip Overton, in 'The Country Journal,' &c. being a 'Printseller, near St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street,' referred to his shop as a place 'Where the Subscribers to Mr. Hogarth's Prints may have them neatly framed and glazed in the newest and cheapest manner.' The same 'Journal,' August 16, 1735, a bare two months after the issuing of the original of Hogarth's own and larger print, stated, '*This Day is Published the Copies of The Rake's Progress.*'

It is thus made clear that, although grumbling might have been expected from the subscribers to the original

prints of this series, Mr. William Hogarth had taken Time by the forelock, and had set Thomas Bakewell to work upon the smaller versions long before June the 25th, 1735. Bakewell's copies could not, of course, have been made in the interval of June 25 and August 16. We do not always rely on the letter of such statements as 'This Day is Publish'd,' but no considerable allowance need be made for the vagueness of a clever publisher, who announced his Bennett 'unabashed' in Fleet Street issued their copies; these measured $10\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ inches. John Bolwes, 'of the Black Horse in Cornhill,' of whom Hogarth had hard knowledge of yore, when copper-plates fetched little more than their weight in pence, did not flinch in again helping himself out of Hogarth's brain. These are included with the eight series of piratical copies noticed by George Steevens, all of which I have not seen. Opportunities for making

HE COMES TO THE POSSESSION OF HIS FATHERS ESTATE.

goods sooner than they were likely to be ready. Bakewell's copies must, no doubt, have been in progress a good while before the world, least of all the subscribers to the original plates, had an inkling of their appearance. They are fairly good copies, in fact better than any of those which, legitimately or illegitimately, came after them.

We have seen that before 'Hogarth's Act' took effect the 'hunger' of pirates of engravings had no check. Copies of *A Harlot's Progress* were rife. E. Kirkall's examples in green preceded the originals, and were doubtless due to surreptitiously obtained impressions of the plates. G. King, '*at the Golden Head in Brownlow Street*,' pleaded 'Mr. Hogarth's permission' for his version's appearance There were copies in 'Joseph Gay's' precious poems. Sayer and these piratical copies were not hard to seize. After the publication of the originals—no Act of Parliament then barring the operations—piracy was as easy as hop-picking. The case was altered when pirates were condemned by Geo. II. c. 13, 'to forfeit five shillings for every print that shall be found in his, her, or their custody, either printed or published, and exposed for sale or otherwise disposed of,' &c.

However this might be, Hogarth's plaintive record, quoted above, indicated a new mode of attack even more hurtful to his feelings than that of downright robbery. He, not less incoherently than furiously, avers that 'they,' the unknown quantity of his invaders, 'being oblig'd to do only by what they could carry away by Memory from the Sight of those Paintings,' did actually go to the 'Golden Head' in

Leicester Fields in the innocent guise of intending subscribers to their host's prints, and 'carry away by Memory' such and such knowledge of the designs in question as their nefarious intellects could bear. These scamps produced travesties of the oddest kind, such as I have to show here.

Other considerations apart, it was, of course, desirable that this original and courageous mode of 'conveying' other folk's property should be effected before 'Hogarth's Act' could come into vogue (real force of the thorough-going kind it never had) on the 25th of June, 1735. On this point see more below. An avid public demanded Hogarth's much-talked-of designs, fair copies if that might be, cheap ones were indispensable, and—as to scruples in sharing the plunder of the painter whose work they delighted in—nothing could be more entirely foreign to the consciences of the would-be buyers. A guinea for a set of subscribers' impressions of *A Rake's Progress*, eight in number, and measuring $15\frac{1}{8} \times 12\frac{1}{4}$ inches, respectively, was not by any means dear. The price of two guineas demanded for impressions published after the subscription list had been closed, was not excessive. The British public knew, in the first instance, nothing of the excellent reduced versions they might afterwards honestly—*i. e.* without cheating Hogarth at all—buy of Bakewell for half-a-crown each set. Hogarth's advertisement in 'The London Daily Post,' June 27, 1735, as above quoted, pretty plainly indicates the mode of attack which gratified public avidity on the one hand and the greedy pirate's hunger on the other hand. 'Most wretchedly both in Design and Drawing' were these travesties—it is a shame to call them copies—which were 'carried away by Memory from the Sight of these Paintings,' which the artist, soothing his ruffled feelings in their sense of wrong—or Jane Hogarth, Sir James Thornhill's handsome daughter, who had run away with her father's 'prentice—showed on the easels in the largest room at the 'Golden Head.' The reader has two of these travesties before him, and may compare them with the originals. A hundred

New to y^e School of hard Mishap, / Driven from y^e Cliff of Fortune's Lap
What Shames will Nature not embrace, / Tavoid the Shame of lean Distress?
Gold can the Charms of youth bestow; / And mask Deformity with Show;
Gold can avert y^e Sting of Shame, / In Winter's Arms create a Flame,
Can coupl: Youth with hoary Age, / And make Antipathies engage.

Invented Painted & Engraved by W^m Hogarth & Published June y^e 25 1735 According to Act of Parliament. Plate 5.

and fifty years have passed away since these things appeared before the world in juxtaposition, and so that their histories could be understood. The difference between the prints is, as the indignant Hogarth averred, 'very obvious;' but the travesties are, so far as their designs and compositions go, not so very bad after all. The remaining four of these travesties of *A Rake's Progress*, to say nothing of still more unworthy piracies and plagiaries which, like locusts, leaped out of the earth upon Hogarth, are all more or less inferior to those which were reproduced to illustrate this essay. There is reason to believe that L. Boitard engraved the series of which these closing examples are members. These works may better be styled plagiaries and piracies than copies and piracies.

The strangest thing in this history of roguery and print-grabbing is that *not fewer than two complete series of piracies of the plagiaries* were published shortly after the latter stole into the world! Moreover, certain prints have come to notice in the British Museum and elsewhere which seem to belong to series of other versions of the subjects which were obviously inspired by, but are not simply copies of, Hogarth's prints. It is not safe to define these circumstances very closely, but I have demonstrated the above details, and the history is, so far, beyond challenge.*

Hogarth's advertisement of June the 3d, above quoted, is by no means the only evidence of his knowledge of the nefarious practices of which he was the victim. Between the date of that outpouring and the 14th of the same month it is conceivable that his wrath had steadied itself, if it had not subsided. At any rate, his sentences were less incoherent and his grammar was in better order when, on the later day, the following appeared in 'The London Daily Post Boy:'—

'Several Print sellers, who have lately made their chief gains by unjustly pirating the inventions and designs of

TO REPAIR HIS FORTUNE HE MARRIES A RICH OLD WOMAN.

The RAKE, freed from the Catchpoles power
Enjoys his Liberty once more,
But finds himself in wofull plight,
For all his Debts are compleat quite.
Perplext in mind and full of care
His Broken Fortune to repair.—

At last he takes it into his head,
The only way will be to wed
No matter how deformd the Lady
So she's but furnisht with the Ready,
A Dame as withered as December,
Whose Youth our Fathers scarce Remember

Gladly consents to be his Bride
And brings Twelve Thousand pounds beside
The Couple now at the Altar meet
Where Sable makes one both of two
And on their Bed for Blessings pray!
Amen, the Clerk devoutly says ——!

While Madam dreams of Bridal Joys
Young Rambles eyes are fixt on Sues
Who waits obedient on the Dame.
And sees with Joy her Masters Flame.
Nor doubts — to the ancient Ladys Cost
His purse and Person to exhaust

* Not to confuse this narrative, or overload these pages with details, it may be well to give here the titles of the plagiaries, piracies, or what not of *A Rake's Progress*, Plate III., the proper style of which is 'The Tavern Scene' (British Museum Satirical Print, No. 2188). To this are due nine copies pure and simple (S. P., Nos. 2789-'97). Likewise *A Plagiary*, &c. (S. P., No. 2198), *A Plagiary* (S. P., No. 2199), *The Revels*, &c (No. 2200), and *The Rake's Rendezvous* (No. 2201).

ingenious Artists, whereby they have robbed them of the benefit of their Labours, being now prohibited such scandalous practices from the 24th of June next,' . . . . 'have notwithstanding resolved to continue their injurious proceedings, at least till that time; and have, in a clandestine manner, procured persons to come to Mr. Hogarth's house, under pretence of seeing his *Rake's Progress*, in order to pirate the same, and issue base prints thereof before the Act commences, and even before Mr. Hogarth himself can publish the true ones. This behaviour, and men who are capable of a practice so repugnant to honesty, and destructive of property, are humbly submitted to the judgment of the Publick, on whose justice the person injured relies.

'N.B. The Prints of the *Rake's Progress*, designed and engraved by Mr. William Hogarth, will not be published till after the 24th instant, and all Prints thereof published before, will be an imposition on the Publick.'

F. G. Stephens.

THE *BIRDS* OF ARISTOPHANES AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE COCK.

THE consciousness of our debt to Hellenic civilisation may be considered an integral part of modern culture, and in whatever direction we may attempt an intellectual advance we are brought to our knees afresh before the 'perfect Greek.' The ebbing current of time has carried off the lighter features of this civilisation, leaving exposed to our view only the eternal foundations, and Greek life has thus come to be restricted in our thought to its serious side; we are apt to think it fully reflected in the stately procession of the Parthenon frieze, forgetting that the Panathenaic solemnities followed closely on the heels of the Dionysiac revelries. The recent revival of Aristophanes at Cambridge was an effectual corrective of this view. We are fully accustomed to be reminded of our debt to the Greeks for the science of abstract thought, for the development of a marvellous language, for the fundamental principles of the fine arts and the unapproached embodiment of them, —above all, of our debt for the statement and realisation of the rule of human conduct; but it was startling, and at first almost unpleasant, to be so sharply reminded that we owe them our pantomime too, and that they anticipated us with clown and pantaloon, no less than with philosopher and artist. In doing this the Cambridge performances have done us great service. The 'Agamemnon,' the 'Œdipus,' and the 'Ajax,' were full of moral grandeur, but they were only impressive representations of the aspect of Greek life which was already familiar to us, treating

> 'Of fate and chance and change in human life,
> High actions and high passions best describing;'

whereas the 'Birds' was a revelation of that aspect which is almost necessarily unfamiliar to our sadder age, suggesting the exuberance of youth, the reckless laughter of untroubled consciences, the merry life of a people who had never held any other view than that all pain is evil. Moreover, scholars are agreed that Aristophanes stands in greater need of interpretation than any other Greek dramatist; and, as Mr. Irving has shown to be the case with Shakespeare, one performance like those of last month can hardly fail to reveal new meanings and to throw light upon points that would have remained obscure to the most accomplished scholarship by itself,—'the actor's gift being the complement of the poet's genius.' To those who saw there the work of Aristophanes acted, as it was written to be, the conception of his methods and genius, as well as of his limitations, will be vastly more real and definite, and in this way the undertaking has abundantly fulfilled its academic aim, which was to vitalise the literary

study of the classics and to make mere philology and archaeology the stepping-stones to a knowledge of classical life. 'Stage-playing will be of most use to us,' says Mr. Irving, 'when the mind requires help and inspiration to grasp and revel in lofty moral or imaginative conceptions, or where it needs aid and sharpening to appreciate and follow the niceties of repartee, or the delicacies of comic fancy.' The great intelligence displayed by the actors in filling out their own parts made the 'Birds' an excellent example of the second of these two cases. From Peithetairos, with his remarkable recitation of eight hundred lines, down to the flute-playing Raven who made an admirable performance out of an appearance of three minutes, in which he had not a word to say, there was hardly a single actor who did not contribute original and appropriate action and by-play to his *rôle*. The natural little squabbles among the birds; their excited fluttering when Peithetairos rolls out the name Νεφελοκοκκυγία; the life-like crowing of the cock; the ludicrous attempts of Euelpides to fly from the top of the altar; the rush of all the birds to pick up the sacred grain which the Priest cast upon the stage in sacrificing; the cunning of Herakles in seizing a favourable moment to drink off the contents of the saucepan; the child-like way in which the barbarian god amused himself with his club and his necklace of teeth; the tricks of Prometheus under the sunshade; the intelligence which prompted these and a hundred similar things, was what made the performance such a vitalising complement to the genius of Aristophanes, and indeed, when based upon the scholarship and energy of the promoters, what led to brilliant success an undertaking begun with grave misgivings and amidst prophecies of failure.

This success has been widely and fully recognised, and it is unnecessary here to do more than record one more expression of appreciation and gratitude. It has been, indeed, great enough to allow of criticisms which would seem disproportionate to a less prosperous result; and just as the fact that the play was distinguished by its spectacular character and variety of incidents renders it one specially suitable for pictorial illustration, so also the criticisms which it suggests are such as may find their most appropriate place in these pages.

PEITHETAIROS AND EUELPIDES ATTACKED BY THE BIRDS.

Mr. Symonds has eloquently shown that the aesthetic temperament of the Greeks was eminently sculpturesque, and that this characteristic naturally dominated other arts than the one in which it found supreme expression. Amongst these the drama was certainly under its special influence, and a Greek tragedy was doubtless a series of plastic representations, of *tableaux vivants* on a scale and of an arrangement commensurate with the dignity of the ideas represented. Comedy would necessarily be much freer in this respect, and yet the same influence must have been distinctly present; indeed, the contrast between an undignified conception and a stately picture of it would give additional point to the joke. The visit of the three gods, for instance, to Peithetairos cooking in the kitchen, would become more ridiculous

almost in proportion to the stateliness of its broad outlines. Now this characteristic of the Greek drama is almost wholly lost in these modern revivals. The *ὦ Θάνατε, Θάνατε,* of Ajax, or even the merry dance and chorus of the birds, beginning *πολλὰ δὴ καὶ καινὰ καὶ θαυμάσ᾽ ἐπεπτόμεσθα,* suffer a greater reduction from the narrow stage and the flimsy decorations of a Theatre Royal, than the church-scene in 'Much Ado' or the battle-scene in 'Macbeth' would suffer if performed in the drawing-room. The Harvard 'Œdipus' alone was fortunate in being presented upon a stage fairly accurate in shape and adequate in size, with a proper *ὄρχηστρα* for the Chorus and a *θυμέλη* which was not far from the centre of the building. At Cambridge the two stages were arranged as ingeniously as possible, and Mr. O'Connor's proscenium and scenery were of course skilfully and charmingly painted, but the effect was that of the Lyceum rather than the Theatre of Dionysus, and neither the proper and significant entrances and exits, nor the power of plastic grouping, can be secured so long as the performances take place at the end of a long, narrow building.

PEITHETAIROS AND PROMETHEUS.

I should not presume to offer any archaeological criticism upon the costumes, but some critical remarks upon them from the artistic point of view will fall upon no one's shoulders in particular. There can be nothing simpler in construction than Greek garments, and yet nothing productive of more varied and beautiful effect when rightly used, but at Cambridge the pains that were taken with them—to say nothing of the ingenuity of a London *costumier* in adding unnecessary stitches and buttons—were not altogether crowned with success. For instance, Peithetairos and Euelpides entered at first clothed in the customary *χιτών* and *ἱμάτιον,* which we call, for want of better words, tunic and cloak. The cloaks were hanging in fairly good folds to begin with, but after a few minutes they began to interfere with the actors' movements. Euelpides adopted the heroic method of getting out of his difficulties by slipping for a moment behind the scenes and reappearing without a cloak. Peithetairos soon found his cloak falling down over his left hand, and instead of taking it in his right hand, withdrawing it entirely from his left arm and shoulder, and then flinging it back to its place with a graceful movement, he simply pushed it along his arm up to his shoulder, and gave an occasional tug at the part hanging by his left side. The result was that very soon he had this most graceful garment, of which the elegance of the folds denoted the degree of culture of its Athenian wearer, coiled round his neck and under his right arm, precisely as a policeman carries his cloak on a threatening morning. The original Peithetairos, however, was not much of a gentleman, and the Cambridge Peithetairos acted so well that his trouble with the *ἱμάτιον* seemed of no importance; but it was different with Mr. Platts during his fine declamation of the parabasis. At first his *ἱμάτιον* bound up his left hand, then it slipped from his arm, then off his shoulder from behind, and at last it all hung down in front, supported too plainly by a large yellow safety-pin. What can have been the feelings of Mr. Alma-Tadema, who sat directly before the speaker? The audience paid no attention to the mishap, and the anapaests flowed on as impressively as ever, but it would be well in future for someone—Dr. Waldstein must have a number of suitable men among his students—to make preliminary studies of classic drapery and the methods of wearing garments like these, and then to take charge of the draped figures during the performances. Much dignity and beauty would thus be added to the scenes.

The appearance of the Hoopoe was the first impressive moment in the play. The audience had already seen how the birds were to be dressed, as

the Runner-Bird had come out in response to the knocks of the travellers upon the rock; but he was modest in black and white, as befitted a slave. The Hoopoe, with his triple crest and yellow wings, gave the first promise of a brilliant spectacle, and the scene which followed was one of the funniest. All memory of last year's tragedy must already have left the minds of the spectators, for there was not a serious face in the theatre as Euelpides slyly pointed to the Hoopoe's long beak, and burst out laughing with the words *τὸ ῥάμφος*,—'That beak of yours looks so ridiculous to us.' And the accuracy with which the dialogue was being followed was shown by the general laugh which greeted Euelpides' comic accent on the unexpected word *κακῶς*. 'We seek a city,' said he, 'where our greatest trouble shall be a neighbour's sudden summons to a wedding-breakfast, with the threat that if we don't respond we shall never see his face *when he's down in the world*;' *εἰ δὲ μή, μή μοί ποτ' ἔλθῃς, ὅταν ἐγὼ πράττω κακῶς.*' The long tenor solo which was sung from behind the bush by Mr. Maquay was an exquisite composition, and indeed the whole of Mr. Hubert Parry's music was a delightful accompaniment to the action of the play interpreting its graver parts with force and richness of harmony, and bringing the listeners at once into accord with the lyrical parts and all the lighter and more frolicsome sentiments.

PEITHETAIROS AND BASILEIA.

The scene at the altar is laid in cloud-land. Peithetairos was alone upon the stage, when a tall old man, with long white hair and beard, dressed in the white robes of a priest, entered from the back, followed by two boys carrying the materials for sacrifice. Solemnly he took up his position behind the altar with the boys beside him, their attitudes reproducing, with some humour, similar figures on the frieze of the Parthenon. Up to this point the scene was one of real solemnity, but the ridiculous element soon appeared, in the shape of a tiny goat, which was laid upon the altar. The invocation began, but Peithetairos, who, as Mr. Frere says, 'can do everything better than everybody else,' could keep silence no longer, and the fun reached its height in the contest between him and the Priest as to which should make the sacrifice,—the latter, like all the opponents of Peithetairos, being quickly worsted.

After the dismissal of the Priest came a number of more or less amusing individuals, each anxious to draw profit for himself out of the new order of things,—a Poet, a Geometer, an Inspector, a would-be Parricide, a professional Informer, a Hawker of decrees, and others. In them Aristophanes holds up the mirror to certain evil features of contemporary Athenian life, in the same way that Schiller depicts military life towards the close of the Thirty Years' War by the succession of characters in 'Wallenstein's Lager,' or that society in general is satirised in the motley crowd of carnival-figures in the second part of Goethe's 'Faust.' It is in the treatment of these by Peithetairos, who first chaffs them and then kicks them out, that the 'Birds' anticipates our modern pantomime; and it is when he is engaged with two of them at once, one returning to the attack while he whips the other off the stage, that the parallel becomes almost painful.

The scene in which Prometheus appeared was ludicrous from the moment when the audience caught sight of him crouching under the sunshade, to that in

which he made an undignified exit with his head tucked under the wings of Peithetairos. In this scene, however, the burlesque was carried rather too far, Prometheus hiding himself under a mass of ἱμάτια, and exhibiting none of the dignity which we expect from such a god, even when he is on a tell-tale errand. This is an instance in which a little more of the sculpturesqueness of tragedy would have heightened the absurdity of the comedy. This scene, too, contains the key to the significance of the whole play, according to Professor Kennedy's seemingly conclusive arguments. All Athens was in a state of religious panic because of the sacrilegious mutilation of all the statues of Hermes in a single night; her citizens seemed to have lost their senses, and were committing all sorts of unreasonable acts. Probably the ranks of the orthodox received a sudden and large addition. The 'Birds,' Professor Kennedy holds, was intended by Aristophanes as a corrective of this panic. A hearty laugh at the gods and their doings, and at the absurd device by means of which Peithetairos brings them into subjection to the timidest of all living creatures, would be almost certain to dispel the morbid fears of the too superstitious Athenians. And this scene, in which Prometheus, the most defiant of the gods, comes to betray his fellows to his old friend man, and is actually able to hide himself under a sunshade from the all-seeing Zeus, would doubtless raise the loudest laugh of all at Athens, as it did at Cambridge.

The final scene exhibited the triumph of Peithetairos. His scheme of a bird-city in the clouds is a grand success: the gods have acceded to his terms, he wears a golden crown and wields the mimic thunderbolts, and fair Royalty is his bride. The grateful and adoring birds ranged themselves on each side of the stage, the Hoopoe soared above the happy pair as if blessing them with his bright wings, and the curtain fell to the sounds of the triumphal marriage-song. Surely no 'poetical justice' could have been so striking as this exquisitely ridiculous apotheosis.

Much of the spirit of revelry to which this merry piece contributed its share has passed for ever beyond our comprehension. But the joyousness which was as true a part of Greek life as the grave and illustrious features which we cannot overlook, has been vividly recalled to our memory and our imagination by these performances; it will be long before any one who witnessed them will need to be reminded again that the people to whom we owe the principles upon which almost all our intellectual life is based were also men and women to whom there was—

> 'joy in dances crown'd with flowers,
> Love, free to range, and regal banquetings.'

HENRY NORMAN.

NOTE.—A note representing Peithetairos with the Priest and the chorus of Birds will appear in our February number. An excellent series of photographs of the actors and the principal scenes of the play has been taken, with the authorisation of the Committee, by Mr. R. H. Lord, Market Street, Cambridge.

SOUL AND MATTER IN THE FINE ARTS.

ONE of the results of many years devoted principally to the study of the Fine Arts has been the quite unexpected discovery that there exists a school of criticism which, instead of interesting itself in the material side of art, avoids as much as possible all consideration of it. The advantages of this course are twofold. There is, to begin with, an immense economy of labour and time. The critic who avowedly despises all technical knowledge is, by the simple expression of this contempt, at once emancipated from the troublesome obligation of acquiring it. It is difficult to over-estimate the convenience of this. If it were possible in the ordinary affairs of life, any one might enunciate authoritative opinions

without preparatory study, and so there would be nothing to prevent anybody from dealing with military subjects or industrial subjects, or, in short, any subjects whatever from which he is usually debarred by his ignorance of material conditions. As things really exist, one is only too clearly aware that if he attempts to deal with anything in which matter is concerned, he is sure to get entangled in purely material difficulties, and that anyone who knows what those difficulties are will easily triumph over him by exhibiting his oversights. The one exception to this rule appears to be the Fine Arts.

If a writer on art takes fully into account the influence of material conditions, he exposes himself to an attack of a very peculiar kind. It may be said of him that he concerns himself only with matter, such as pigments, canvases, coppers, acids, papers; and if it is not said openly it may very easily be implied that his mind is of a low and grovelling order and does not concern itself with the exalted things of art. The author of 'The Graphic Arts' knowingly exposed himself to this kind of attack, but he hoped, and the success of that work proved the hope to be well founded, that the public would not infer from the presence of interest and knowledge concerning technical things the absence of all interest and knowledge concerning the intellectual and imaginative elements in art. It would be strange indeed if one who was known to value the intellectual life outside of the fine arts should be indifferent to it within their pale—strange if a steady reader of the best existing literature should suddenly divest himself of his tastes when he found himself before a work of graphic art, and become a student of matter only, without any reference to mind.

The truth is that in the fine arts Mind itself is dependent upon Matter for its expression, and that to a degree which cannot be realised until we are brought into immediate contact with the material necessities themselves. The very desire for a full and untrammelled mental expression is of itself the cause that impels artists and all who sympathise with their modes of thought and their interests to take matter seriously into account. When we seem, to an outsider, to be thinking of matter only, our real anxiety is to facilitate some kind of mental expression—perhaps some special and peculiar kind. Those who know nothing of technical matters, and take no interest in them, appear to believe that an artist of real ability can always overcome any technical impediment and express his genius with equal completeness in any of the forms of art. Such a man, they seem to think, is above those material difficulties that perplex the student and awaken the curiosity of the critic. What the great artists have actually done has been to express only that part of themselves which could be readily expressed in the kind of art they happened to be using for the moment. Instead of stupidly struggling against material conditions, they quietly and wisely conformed to them; but it is necessary for a critic to know what those conditions were; because, if he did not, he might suppose that the artist had expressed all of himself when he had intentionally only expressed a part.

To make this clear I will take a well-known example, Turner. By nature he was especially and peculiarly sensitive to the beauty of distances; but this feeling for distances could only be fully expressed by the utmost delicacy of shade and colour. Now, if you had given Turner a reed-pen to draw with, and black ink, without permission to dilute it, he could not have expressed the delicacy of a distance at all; but he might still have given some idea of its nature, of the hilly or flat country, of the woods and the distant villages, and he could have told you plainly enough whether the water six miles off was the sea, or a Scotch loch, or a French river. The reader may believe that I have supposed a case which could never occur, that nobody would refuse permission to dilute ink; but the case is not imaginary. When draughtsmen work for photographic reproduction in blocks to print with type the ink must be as black as possible throughout, a condition that puts a stop at once to all delicacy in distances. Now let us pause for one moment to consider all that would be meant for Turner by such a privation as this. It may seem only material, but it is a mental privation of a terrible kind. The delicacy of a distance in landscape art is inseparably connected with poetical feelings which are affecting because they go far beyond material things. The vague mystery of a beautiful distance leads the mind out of the world itself, as the most exquisite music does. It is almost a profanation to attempt any expression for this idea in words, except in the form of poetry; but it is not too much to say that the hopes and aspirations of the individual life, as well as the aspirations we may indulge in for the human race,—in a word, all thoughts that look wistfully to the future, are connected with ideas of distance in which the solid earth itself becomes aërial and loses its shades in heaven. If a landscape distance only meant what is measurable—six miles, ten miles, twenty or thirty miles of land—it would not be more poetical than a railway. There is more in it than that, and Turner certainly felt it. Turner with black ink for a medium of expression would have been deprived of the means of utterance.

If the permission to use very pale and delicate gradations is necessary for the poetry of distance, so there is another kind of poetical expression in the fine arts that is impossible without the powers of gloom. Darkness has its own poetry, and if we go deeper into the matter we shall find, here also, that the real

reason for the way in which we are affected is a spiritual and not a material reason. Simply from the material point of view darkness is annoying because one cannot find things easily, or dangerous, because we may fall and hurt ourselves; but it is not awful in the least. What is truly awful in darkness is, that it reminds us so powerfully of the darkness that surrounds the little lives of men. Whatever may be the religious opinions of the reader he will agree with the one opinion that is common to all preachers and all philosophers. The wisest of them have always said that there is a dark veil, a curtain of obscurity impenetrable by human intelligence, between us and the absolute nature of things. There is also, in all life as we know it on the earth, an ineluctable element of sadness which we associate with the idea of gloom. In the graphic arts these feelings are expressed by sombre tones and hues. Now, if Rembrandt had been limited to the pale line he could not have expressed these feelings, or have excited them in us. But who, it may be asked, would have limited him to the pale line? The answer is, that a certain instrument would have done so if he had adopted it. The silver-point, so much used by the old masters of form, has admirable qualities of firmness and delicacy; but it confines the artist to the pale line, whatever may be his genius. Here, then, is another example of an artist whose mind could not have expressed itself by a certain technical method and who had to employ another. The incomparable depth of etching and its unrivalled powers of contrast between delicacy and darkness, exactly suited Rembrandt, and allowed him to express his thought.

One more example, and I have done. One of the greatest means of influence exercised by one mind over many is the art of the orator. This influence is entirely incompatible with extreme slowness and hesitation in delivery. Without some energy and rapidity there may be learned statement and sound reasoning, but there is no oratory. The real orator does not simply exhibit the *effects* of intellectual power, but he shows us intellectual power *in action*. Is there anything of this kind in the fine arts, and is it dependent in any way upon material conditions? The answer is yes to both questions. An artist, though he died hundreds of years ago, may, in certain arts, exhibit to us his mind in the rapid motion of excited energy, whilst in other arts the motion is not seen, and we have only a result. All the arts in which sketching is possible, *and these only*, exhibit the mind in motion and partake of the nature of oratory. Water-colour and etching are both excellent arts for what may be called the oratory of drawing, whilst the employment of a slow instrument like the burin makes eloquence impossible. Here is another case in which a certain mental state may be balked of expression by the use of an ill-chosen instrument. It would be easy to show the mental embarrassment that would result from the employment of certain brushes in oil-painting, or from the too liquid condition of the pigments. No doubt an oil-painter could lay on colour with a camel-hair brush, but he could not express his power.

To me it seems always that this close association of Mind with Matter in the Fine Arts gives them additional interest. It does not seem to me that Mind is in the least degraded by this connexion, but that Matter is elevated. Those who regard the material conditions of the Fine Arts with contemptuous indifference as something beneath the consideration of the intellect, only show that they themselves have no natural sympathy with Art. The peculiarity of the Fine Arts is that, in them, the action of the intellect is strictly subordinate to matter—and not only that, but happily and willingly subordinate. It selects the material means that are most perfectly favourable to its purpose, and having selected them it conquers matter, not by opposition, but by a studious conformity.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE FRONT OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

ETCHED BY H. TOUSSAINT.

IT is a peculiarity of architecture, as distinguished from painting and poetry, that the satisfactions which it offers, though great, are seldom complete. This is due to the material costliness which attends the realisation of the idea in the art of beautiful building. A poem costs only the time and talent of one man; a picture is rather more expensive to produce, but is still within one man's means—but a cathedral! No single artist can produce that. He may allow himself the luxury of designing it, but with little hope that his design will be consistently carried out.

There are, however, certain parts of cathedrals that satisfy the artistic desires completely, and it would be difficult to mention a better example of this than the famous west front of Rheims. The original intention of the architect has not been wholly realised; but we do not feel the deficiency. It is believed that there were to have been spires, which, like those of Notre Dame, are likely to remain for ever in the limbo of unaccomplished projects. We are not sensible of the deficiency, we do not think about spires at all until they are mentioned to us,

and then the intention appears obvious; but it may be doubted whether they would have added anything to the majesty of the front. Tall spires add to the beauty of a city seen from a distance; but when you are near to a building they rise out of the field of vision. For example, if there had been spires in Mr. Toussaint's etching, they would have been cut off at less than half their height.

Mr. Fergusson, in his 'History of Architecture,' goes so far as to say that the façade of Rheims Cathedral, 'though small as compared with some others, was perhaps the most beautiful structure produced during the middle ages; and though it is difficult to institute a rigorous comparison between things so dissimilar, there is perhaps no façade, either of ancient or of modern times, that surpasses it in beauty of proportion and details, or in fitness for the purpose for which it was designed. Nothing can exceed the majesty of its deeply recessed triple portals, the beauty of the rose-window that surmounts them, or the elegance of the gallery that completes the façade and serves as a basement to the light and graceful towers that crown the composition.'

The best way to understand the merits of a work of this kind is to compare it with others of the same class, and this can easily be done by the help of that friend of the architectural student, —photography. After being impressed by the three great portals, with their depth of shade, their multitude of statues and their imposing elevation, the student may turn to the comparatively poor ones of Cologne, where the lateral doorways seem as if they had been made in a window by an after-thought, to the detriment of both. As you follow the design upwards there is hardly anything that is not more graceful at Rheims than elsewhere. Notre Dame is too severe, Chartres too irregular, Rouen too wild in fancy for the attainment of perfect beauty; but in Rheims we have that happy middle term between severity and wildness where there is quite sufficient freedom for elegance of invention, and yet the design is orderly throughout. Both the perpendicular and the horizontal lines are everywhere just sufficiently dissimilated to prevent any appearance of stiffness, and the work seems to become lighter and more airy as it rises higher, till it culminates in the slender-shafted towers through which the birds fly and the winds blow and you may catch glimpses of sky and cloud.

THE ARTIST IN VENICE.

I.

THE theme is an old one, and the reader may be pardoned if he owns himself weary of the sound. For hundreds of years poets and painters have been busy with the name, and as yet they have not done.

Still the spell endures. Within the last few years we have seen the rise of a whole school of English and American artists who owe their inspiration to Venice, and have in a great measure formed their style from lessons learnt in the lagoons. At no time have painters and etchers been more actively engaged in Venice than they are to-day, and each year shows us larger and more important fruits of their industry. One by one they have drawn fresh treasures from the vast storehouse of her wealth, until the most remote byways and darkest courts have been explored and the wonders they contained have become familiar objects. I suppose no other place in the whole world is quite so fascinating to the man whose happy task it is to spend his days in the search after beauty. In many parts of Italy the present appears to us set in the same frame of a great and heroic past. In other places besides this, for all the hideousness of modern inventions, and multiplication of railroads and tourists, the life of to-day is still picturesque and beautiful. But Venice is a romance, a poem in herself. A halo of marvel and mystery floats about her and seems to waft the stranger who enters her water-streets into some unknown wonderland.

All other memories of foreign travel pale beside that fortunate moment when from the dust and noise of the station our gondola first glided along the moonlit silence of the canal between palaces which rose on either hand in dream-like fairness from the sea.

The rare delight of that first impression was followed by others as fresh and as enchanting. Even the buying and selling, the marketing and housekeeping, even the sight-seeing and picture-hunting, which becomes in other places such weariness to the flesh, is altogether pleasant here. For the strange blending of earth and sea throws a glamour over each prosaic detail, and imparts a touch of the marvellous to the most commonplace side of every-day life.

To step from your hall into your gondola, and feel yourself borne along through winding canals, now shooting past the choir of a Palladian church, or underneath a Gothic balcony, now turning a sudden corner, and taking a sharp swerve as you meet a fruit-laden raft lying in the shadow of a vaulted bridge, to watch the silvered dip of the oar and hear the cry of the gondolier and the sound of the waters rippling against sculptured cornice and fretted archway, to land at marble steps fringed with green

seaweed and guarded by carved heads smiling grimly from the water-gates, to find Bellini's Virgins and Carpaccio's Saints shining down on you in the darkest corners of the churches—these things are enough of themselves to fill the days with new and endless charm. Wherever your gondolier may choose to take you, wherever your feet wander in that intricate maze of *calli* and *campi*, some lovely sight is sure to catch your eye. Pause in the deep shadow of the hall, and through the open doors you will see a long vista down a narrow canal, where the lines of three or four bridges cross each other, and high-prowed boats are moored to the little quays under the tall windows, and above the brown-tiled, irregular roofs and chimneys an old church tower lifts its dark outline against the sky. Turn the angle of a marble palace, and across the crumbling stones of a dilapidated courtyard you will catch a glimpse of some terraced roof, gay with its *pergola* of vines and flower-pots, or garden where bright acacias grow and masses of yellow roses trail over the low red wall, and hang down till they touch the water's edge.

No matter how long you stay in Venice, these sights and a hundred other more lovely ones will meet your eyes at every step. The only danger is lest the picture which has taken your fancy should escape you, and next day you should seek in vain to find your way through tortuous *calle* and narrow *rio* back to that spot which will for ever afterwards haunt you with its unforgotten loveliness.

There are two classes of artists, more especially, who will always find a wide field in Venice. In the first place, there are those who, taught by Mr. Ruskin and fired with his ardour, devote their powers to the faithful reproduction of the great monuments of the past. To them the very stones of Venice are dear. No task is too wearisome, no toil too severe, for their indefatigable zeal. They paint every angle of the Ducal Palace, every pillar of jasper and serpentine and alabaster in the portico of St. Mark. The veining of a block of marble, the curve of an acanthus leaf on the top of a pinnacle, is copied by them with the same precision. Considered merely as a faithful record, apart from all other artistic merit, their work becomes invaluable in these days, when no monument, however glorious and sacred, is safe from the restorer's hand, and each day brings sad news of some fresh havoc that has been worked under pretence of improvement. Not content with patching the walls of St. Mark with squares of new material, and smoothing out the wave-like floor, out of which its pillars rose, the restorers have now scraped Sansovino's Loggia at the base of the Campanile and attacked the Ducal Palace. Many of its capitals, these masterpieces of sculpture adorned with all the treasures of the animal and vegetable world, each full of mystic meaning, and each glowing with the deep golden hues they had caught from hundreds of years' exposure to sun and salt sea air, have lately been taken down to be hidden away in a museum, where no one will care to visit them, and replaced by modern copies in glaring white marble, which completely destroys the rich, mellow tones that were the glory of this venerable pile.

When we see these things we begin to realise how deep is the debt of gratitude we owe to the artists who preserve some faint reflection of this fast-vanishing beauty to gladden the eyes of posterity and show generations yet to come what Venice once was.

And then there is the artist of a different type, the man who delights in passing impressions and changing effects, who, sensitive to each new loveliness of shape and hue, knows how to seize the quickly shifting scene and give us a swift, yet accurate and learned picture of its manifold beauty. For him Venice is the place of all others. For him the Riva glows and the lagoon flushes. The sunshine darting through the thick-set roofs touching the boat's prow, and pouring a stream of glittering light into the water, the black shadows under the open water-gates

and in the recess of the archway, the movement of hurrying crowds along the narrow streets, the happy indolence of beggars and *facchini* lounging on the wide steps of the bridges, are all for him. More than all for him is the play of light and colour in the tremulous waves, the ceaseless motion of their gleaming surface, catching every spark of glory in rising or setting sun, giving back the polished sheen of marble column or trefoil window, the varied tints of weather-stained stonework or vine-grown brick, and blending all these scattered hues into one magical harmony.

It would take the brush of a dozen painters to note all the lovely variations of colour which pass over the face of the lagoon in a single day. No place is more liable to sudden changes and capricious moods than Venice. At one moment she is pale and wan, at another all aglow with passionate fire, or else bathed in a flood of light in which all colour is lost for the time.

One day you think there is no sadder or more desolate place under the sun. The next she meets you in her merriest mood, and puts your philosophy to shame with the joyousness of her laughter.

This accounts in part for the amazing difference we notice in pictures of Venice, a diversity probably in still greater measure the result of individual temperament. One painter gives us a brown, another a yellow Venice: to one this fairest of cities appears always shrouded with mist and wrapt in grey, colourless gloom, while she breaks upon the vision of another in a haze of rose and gold. No two men seem to see her with the same eyes, and this although they may agree to love her with the same devotion. Miss Montalba's Venice is an utterly different place from that of Mr. Rousoff; and the front of St. Mark's, which Mr. Bunney painted with a patience and a reverent love little short of worship, becomes, in Mr. Logsdail's hands, the background for a crowd of idlers lounging over coffee-tables.

Whether artists or not, there is one spot in Venice which has the same indescribable fascination for us all. Wherever our dwelling may be, on the Riva or the Canalazzo, an irresistible impulse draws us to the Piazza. Those broad, sunny spaces and long lines of building have a charm which it is not easy to explain. We hurry there the moment we set foot in Venice. When the last day has come and farewells must be said, it is there we turn for one more look before we go. All the past of Venice, all her splendour, and all her history, seem to centre there. We start to seek out some church or picture as yet unvisited, and somehow or other the end of our walk always finds us in front of St. Mark's. From the lagoons we look back across the Riva at the great domes, and a wistful longing comes over us to be there again, as we gaze on the tall crosses lifting their voice of eternal triumph to heaven.

The days slip by with unaccountable speed, and find you still standing under these portals of burnished gold, looking down the long rows of arches and watching the gondoliers, beggars, who cluster round the base of the Loggietta, while the bronze giants hammer out the hours on the clock-tower bell. Go as often as you like, you will still find something to learn in the mosaic-pictures of the five great doorways, some miracle of delicately carved vine-tendril or palm-leaf in the network of sculpture which surrounds them. Above that forest of marble pinnacles and mosaics, the Greek horses paw the air in their matchless strength, and far away at the end of the

Piazzetta, beyond the noble arcades of the Ducal Palace, and the columns of St. Theodore and the winged Lion, are the blue waters of the lagoon. All that is best in Venice seems to be gathered up in this scene of surpassing loveliness.

Of the interior of St. Mark's, or indeed of St. Mark's at all, it is impertinent to speak after Mr. Ruskin. No other church in the world is so gorgeous in colours, so full of solemn and picturesque beauty. None is so entirely restful at all seasons both to eye and mind. It is always pleasant, always soothing to enter from the hot sunshine of the Piazza into that cool, rich gloom where altar-lights burn, and silver crucifixes gleam in the darkest corners; and sitting on the low steps of worn red marble at the foot of the pillars, forget the stress of the hurrying hours in trying to unravel a little more of the imagery pictured on the jewelled vault above.

> 'The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.'

No paintings can ever do justice to the interior of St. Mark's; and even Miss Clara Montalba, who has succeeded best, gives but a faint impression of its dim magnificence. The Piazza itself has been a favourite subject with our artists of recent years. Scarcely an exhibition is without some picture of the famous Square; and besides Mr. Bunney's admirable work of the front of St. Mark, which remains unrivalled in its completeness and faithfulness, we can all recall a dozen different versions of the subject. It has been painted under every possible aspect, in rain and sunshine, in mist and cloud, in autumn flood-times, and winter seasons of extraordinary severity, when blocks of ice were standing in the broad space which most of us have only known under the burning skies of Venetian summer.

The brush of a Titian or a Veronese would have been needed to paint the scene which I remember the first time I ever stood on the Piazza. That day Prince Umberto and his youthful bride had made their triumphal entry; and this first royal visit since the deliverance of Venice from a foreign yoke, had filled the whole city with an uproar of tumultuous joy. Patriotic fervour was then at its height, the groans at heavy taxation which are universal to-day in reunited Italy were not yet heard, and nothing had damped the national enthusiasm. Serenades, and processions of boats and illuminations, were the order of the day; and to crown all, the time was Ascension-tide, the festival most illustrious in Venetian story, when of old Doge and Bucentaur went forth in state to wed the sea.

That evening the whole of the great square was thronged with a dense crowd of people shouting *Viva!* at the top of their voices. Thousands of lights glittered all along the Arcades on either side, bringing out the noble lines of architecture in strong relief against the sky. At every window crimson brocades and cloth of gold hung out, and fair Venetians in festive attire and sparkling jewels pressed forward to join in the passion of loyal enthusiasm which thrilled every heart. The old historic life was awake again that night. Once more the banners floated from the tall masts in front of St. Mark's, where they waved of old in the days of the Republic; and far away above the blaze of lights and the surging masses of the people, and the deafening shouts which rent the air, you were dimly conscious of the mighty tower lifting its shadowy form into the night, and the great basilica filling all that end of the square with the calm of its radiant presence.

To have seen the Piazza for the first time at such a moment was to receive an impression of its stately splendour which could never be forgotten; and yet I am not sure it is not better still on one of those still moonlight nights which belong of right to Venice, when the lights at the windows are all put out, and the last reveller is gone from Florian's. Then the domes of St. Mark are white as snow, and all that maze of leafy pinnacles and flower finials and crosses rises in crystalline fairness against the black night-sky. None but the ghosts of dead Doges and patricians pace under the long arches of the Broglio then; and you may wander undisturbed along the palace-wall and gaze your fill on the shining waters beyond, and on the dark mass of S. Giorgio throwing its shadow between the sky and sea. On such a night, the sight is simply the most exquisite which you can ever hope to enjoy on earth.

Next to the Piazza the Riva dei Schiaveni is, perhaps, the most attractive place in Venice. It is not only for the sake of the view, although that is magnificent, or for S. Giorgio—best beloved of all lesser Venetian shrines—opposite; but it is because there you see whatever is left of the vivacity and joyousness of Venetian life. At Florian's you may see the more elegant side of society, more of the dandies and the well-dressed ladies, and the foreigners and tourists, but on the Riva you have the life of the people.

This is the place for the artist who knows dexterously to combine groups of figures with shipping and buildings. He has but to take his stand on a balcony overlooking the Riva, or under the vine-trellis of one of the numerous cafés, or osterias, along the quay, and he will see every type and variety conceivable. Sailors of all countries throng the doors, ships from all parts of the world are seen by the side of those red and orange Chioggia sails, which are familiar objects in all Venetian drawings. The scene is always lively and amusing. From early dawn the

shrill voices of the street-sellers make themselves heard under your windows. The cries '*Acqua! polenta! pomi d'oro, limonada!*' mingle with those of shell and bead-sellers, of flower-girls and fishermen, praising their wares, of gondoliers, and *facchini* seeking custom or quarrelling among themselves, and cursing each other's remotest descendants in the most voluble language.

Towards midday a change comes over the scene. There is a lull in the busy traffic, a pause in the movement of the crowd. The cries become fewer and feebler, until by degrees they die out entirely, and slumber creeps over the noisiest and most pertinacious vendors of anise-water and maccaroni. Those two gondoliers, who half-an-hour ago were calling heaven and earth to witness the eternal hatred which they vowed against each other, are peacefully sleeping, side by side, on the steps of the quay, in the most confiding trustfulness. Even the little, sharp-faced fruit-seller, who has been crying the ambrosial sweetness of his peaches, exactly under your window, until you wonder he has any voice left, is silent now, and leans against his stall, nodding his head over the piles of ripe fruit before him. Sleep has overtaken all alike, and the only voices to be heard proceed from parties of indefatigable English, who, intent on pursuing their daily round of sight-seeing regardless of the sun's meridian power, come in search of a gondolier. As the hours go by, and the heat of day passes, another change comes over the Riva. A steamer arrives, there is a rush of people to the quay, the sleeping mummies on the pavement lift their heads and rise slowly to their feet. One by one the sellers return, the cries begin exactly as before, only a trifle shriller and more persistent than before. The plot thickens as the afternoon wears away, and a fresh breeze springs up from the lagoon. Guitar-players and barrel-organs wake the echoes, marionettes and puppet-shows attract small crowds of children and idlers, boatmen and beggars return to the charge with the vigour of giants refreshed with wine, the bargaining and the wrangling and shouting become louder and more bewildering than ever.

And now it is the hour of promenade, when the beauty and fashion of Venice take the air, and you may see ladies wrapped in lace mantillas go by, wearing gold or pearl pins in their hair and waving large fans to and fro as they walk, followed by groups of friends and admirers. They are dark-eyed beauties for the most part, but occasionally you may see a maiden with the golden hair which Tintoret and Paris Bordene loved to paint, and you may be sure *la biondina* will excite more than one exclamation of frank admiration from the passers-by. Often the handsomest faces are those of the women of the humbler classes, who also come out to take the air on the Riva at this hour. Some of them wear large straw hats, and others heavy gold chains and earrings, and often silver arrows stuck through their classically braided tresses, while all, whatever their dress may be, have a gaily-coloured handkerchief on their shoulders.

The scene on the sea is as lively as that on shore. The lagoon swarms with gondolas and *barcas*, and the bright colours of the striped awnings and crimson or blue and white scarves of the gondoliers enliven the blackness of the boats as they go flitting by across the waters. Now and then the note of a guitar is heard from a gondola, and if it be a *festà* a boatful

of men and boys are sure to be there, singing in their rich, musical voices the *refrain* of the favourite chorus—

'Venezia, gemma triatica, sposa del mar,'

the one perpetual strain of which Venetian boatmen never seem to tire.

So it all goes on for hours, the music and the voices and the movement of feet passing up and down, while the western sun is pouring its glory over the shore, and Ducal palace and lagoon and the tall Campanile of S. Giorgio yonder are steeped in one rosy glow.

Long after it has dropped into the sea, and the stars have come out in the sky, they will be promenading, talking, and laughing still, and the voices will wax merrier, and the laughter more joyous, as the pleasant twilight hour deepens. But if you have had enough of the noise and of the dazzling brightness which does at last begin to weary your eyes in Venice, you have only to turn a few steps aside from the gay Riva, and stand on the lonely bridge which joins it to the Piazzetta. It is called the Ponte della Paglia, and crosses the narrow canal which flows between the Palace and the Prisons. There it is silent enough, and no one will disturb you as you look down at the dark waters lapping the massive cornices and iron-bound windows of the majestic Rio façade. Not a sound breaks the stillness, except it be the hum of distant voices and music on the Riva or the splash of an oar as a solitary gondola comes stealing along by the blackened walls, and under the tomb-like structure of the Bridge of Sighs, hanging in mid-air as if it had been flung aloft on purpose to catch the moonbeams which go straying into the waters below. It is to these sudden contrasts that we owe half the charm of Venice.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

(*To be continued.*)

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours have elected to full membership Messrs. E. J. Poynter, R.A., H. Stacey Marks, R.A., E. F. Brewtnall, C. Gregory, Herbert Marshall, J. W. North. All these painters contribute to the Winter Exhibition of the Society and help to give it an unusual attraction. Mr. Poynter sends a couple of heads in red chalk. Of other Academician members Mr. Holl is absent; but Mr. Tadema sends one beautiful drawing of familiar subject, a Roman lover making *A Declaration* of his passion to his lady, both seated on a curved marble bench in full sunlight, the blue sky, and rosy Judas-tree behind. An infrequent contributor, Mr. Holman Hunt, has sent five little landscape studies, rich, and sometimes startling in colour. Professor Ruskin's folios have been taxed for some pencil memoranda of architectural or other detail—a couple of sketches of cloud forms over Coniston and Lago Maggiore, and a commenced sketch on the Bay of Naples, with some of his beautiful outlining in it. There is more of black-and-white work than usual in the Exhibition, and a good many genuine outdoor sketches; among these, Mr. Albert Goodwin's are distinct for beauty. Mr. Alfred Fripp's one drawing on the Dorsetshire coast, *Durdle Door*, has the refined truth of tone and pure luminosity which are almost a specialty with him. An artist who is also pre-eminent for atmospheric beauty, Mr. Alfred Hunt, is an absentee from the Exhi-

bition—possibly in prospect of the collection of his sole works to be opened this month elsewhere. Of younger men who come prominently to the front is Mr. Charles Gregory, by many pictures of English scenery in and about towns on the Sussex coast, all very full of detail conscientiously carried out, but with a certain breadth of touch and considerable brilliance. The school of literal figure-painting, which the new election of Mr. J. W. Henshall will strengthen in the Gallery, is represented by some clever, if unbeautiful, studies by Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Brewtnall. Mr. Glindoni keeps to a careful narrative style, excellently drawn, and studious of the story, which may be going out of fashion, but has its value nevertheless. In a very different manner Mr. Henry Wallis recalls the rich colour of Samuel Palmer, and hints at Titianesque memories, in a little picture of three nude female figures in a wooded landscape, which he calls a *Pastorale:* a beautiful drawing of the kind, very preferable to his motley notes from Spain.

WELL-KNOWN FOOTSTEPS. BY ALMA TADEMA. AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

The place of honour at the head of the room is occupied by a broadly-treated sketch of the *Canadian Falls, Niagara,* one of two contributions from H. R. H. Princess Louise, Hon. Member. The Society must be congratulated on the improved arrangement which limits the screens to two placed in the width of the gallery.

THE open exhibition of oil-pictures under the auspices of the 'Institute' at the Piccadilly Galleries, commenced brilliantly the third week in December, and added one more to the ever-increasing list of exhibitions, for which, if supply be synonymous with demand, there is yet room. It is noticeable, however, of all fresh schemes, that known artists, already sure of entry elsewhere, invariably figure in the catalogue—possibly on the same principle by which significant names always appear on the contents page of a new journal.

THE Schools for Art-training, under the direction of Mr. Herkomer, R.A., and the presidency of the founder, Mr. Eccleston Gibb, were opened at Bushey the last week in November, thirty-four men and women students having been admitted out of the hundreds who applied and sent competitive drawings. Three life-model studios (one of which is glazed for out-door effect), a gallery for loan collections of examples, lecture purposes, and social meetings, and a shop for materials, are among the arrangements in the buildings as now partially completed. The students take lodgings in the village, over which certain superintendence is exercised. The Schools are open from eight in the morning until dusk, and also in the evening; but the regular working time extends only over seven hours every day, except on Saturday, which is 'half-holiday.' Among minor regulations may be named the prohibition of smoking, a law which will doubtless cause some difficulty to the management. A certain amount of friendly trumpet-blowing has hailed this enterprise; but it is, apart from any special pleading, an experiment of some importance, as introducing into England something more like the Continental system of atelier-training, the want of which has long been felt in our school. If Mr. Herkomer follows out the principles of tuition he has recently advocated at Nottingham and elsewhere, his aim will be rather to develop individuality in the students at Bushey than to induce imitation of his own style.

AN interesting little exhibition was opened last month by the Fine Art Society of engravings by the veteran Academician, Mr. Samuel Cousins, whose mezzotints after Reynolds, Lawrence, Landseer, and, quite recently, Leighton, are amongst the most popular of reproductive work. Mr. Cousins learnt his profession under S. W. Reynolds. His hand as a draughtsman was true and delicate, to which certain bright portrait-heads in pencil bear witness; and his mastery of the more elaborate mixed methods of the modern engraver in mezzo became very complete. His plates have not the richness and splendour of the greatest masterpieces in the art, nor perhaps their strength, but they have remarkable variety and tenderness, and intricate translation of texture. His manner has lent itself to the painter's touch, which is luscious rather than emphatic: thus we find the juicy mode of Lawrence, the sweetness of Greuze, and the pearly refinement of Leighton, admirably reproduced, while no one could say that the especial characteristics of Mr. Millais' bold play with the brush—as, for example, in *My First Minuet*—are adequately interpreted. Very beautiful proofs in

this exhibition of the engravings after Reynolds recall to one's mind the gratitude due to Mr. Cousins for bringing these delightful reproductions of the most genial of English portrait-painters within the reach of buyers, to whom the precious prints of McArdell and J. R. Smith and Watson are unattainable.

THE way to know the beauties of river scenery is to live in a boat, and this is what Mr. Keeley Halswelle has been doing, more or less, for twelve years, on the River Thames. The result has been not only that he has been able to exhibit a number of big pictures in the Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, which have made a great impression on the public by their strong representation of particularly English weather on particularly English scenery, but he has also covered enough canvases on a smaller scale to fill the large upper gallery at Messrs. Agnew's in Bond Street, and to invite the inspection of the public more than a month since to these pictures, and to the catalogue, full of poetic quotations, drawn up by himself. In this exceedingly pleasant exhibition one becomes acquainted with nooks and corners, as well as better-known stretches of Thames-side beauty, not only under rolling *cumuli* of 'great-coat weather,' but by sunset glow, and midday golden calm, and morning mist; in flush of summer-green and richness of autumn change, tender hues of spring-time, and solemn winter shadow. The intricacy and the subtlety of Nature are not for Mr. Halswelle to depict; but his somewhat over-facile generalisation, prompt perspective, and scenic breadth, lend themselves to that kind of record of scenes which recalls familiar aspects and favourite impressions easy to understand and delightful to remember. Mr. Halswelle began keeping house on the river in an Oxford college barge, obtained subsequently something more suitable, and now for some years has dwelt and worked *en famille* within a commodious boat, which has its saloon twenty-five feet long, two bedrooms, kitchen, offices, and cellarage, studios or painting-platforms fore and aft, takes a boat on the upper deck and a punt hanging a stern, can work with the towing-horse twenty miles down stream, and, at a pinch, fifteen miles up, and is pronounced by its occupier superior to any of the much-taxed and iniquitously over-rated houses on dry land. This agreeable floating home was built by Messrs. Saunders of Goring, and the cost, without extras, is said to be 300*l.*

THE Winter Exhibition opened the last day of the old year with a collection, chronologically arranged, of some two hundred of the best pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds: a truly representative gathering, together with a number of personal relics.

ADMIRERS of M. Manet and his eccentricities may be reminded that this month the exhibition of some hundred and fifty of his works opens in Paris, at the École des Beaux Arts.

WE have to record with regret the decease of Mr. Richard Doyle, who died somewhat suddenly the second week in December last. One of the three sons, all more or less gifted in art, of Mr. John Doyle, the 'H. B.' of happy memory, Richard inherited the humorous graphic talent of his father, and added a fantastic elegance of his own. Since, for conscience sake, in the year 1850, he left the staff of 'Punch,' when the anti-Romish attack was too hotly conducted for his Catholic feeling, the public have lost the enjoyment of a specialty in sketches of contemporary manners and customs which was especially charming. Of later years Mr. Doyle, whose familiar name of 'Dickey' was as well known as his sign-manual of a bird, has illustrated fairy tales, among them Ruskin's beautiful *King of the Golden River*, and some of Thackeray's novels; from time to time he has brought out original comic publications, such as the immortal *Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, and he has continued to paint and to exhibit pictures of fairyland, worked up with all the elaboration of incident which belongs to a good Christmas pantomime. Some landscape sketches shown at the Grosvenor Gallery have indicated that Mr. Doyle had a love of nature independent of legendary lore. Few figures were better known than his in concert-rooms where good music was the order, and in social circles of London life where wit and good manners consent to meet in genial wise. The deceased artist leaves his two brothers to lament him—Mr. James Doyle, distinguished as an authority on historic heraldry and a skilled draughtsman, who is still working among us; and Mr. Henry Doyle, the able and much-esteemed Director of the Irish National Gallery.

OUR important contemporary, 'L'Art,' will cease to be a weekly publication after the first of January, and will appear once a fortnight like the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' A fortnightly issue has never succeeded in England, but it may in France; and we believe that the reduction in the annual subscription will result in a large increase of circulation. The issue of 'L'Art' as a weekly, which has been maintained quite steadily for nearly nine years, was a feat without precedent in art-journalism; and though there were often unavoidable signs of haste, the publication was maintained with great vigour and variety. The fortnightly issue will allow more time for deliberation, so that the quality of the periodical is not likely to suffer. We quite agree with M. Véron, the editor, that it was impossible to lower the price of the number, and that it would have been a pity to reduce the size of the page. Let us wish our contemporary every success as a fortnightly. 'L'Art' is almost the only French periodical which gives accurate English news and spells the names of Englishmen correctly. We have the more reason to feel some gratitude to its proprietors that before 'L'Art' was established English art was scarcely recognised in France. 'L'Art' has endeavoured to do it justice, and has at least never failed to take it into account as an important part of European productiveness.

A HANDSOME folio edition of Edgar Allen Poe's visionary poem 'The Raven,' illustrated with twenty-six designs by Gustave Doré, the last, it is said, that the indefatigable hand of the French artist ever completed, is brought out by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. Mr. Edmund C. Stedman has furnished a prefatory comment on the poem, pitched perhaps in rather a high key, but sympathetic and discriminating. The writer points out that as a 'literary painter,' Doré's inventive fancy awoke in proportion to the stimulating power of the work he illustrated; between his genius and that of Poet there was a kinship of imagination, but the grotesque predominated in the artist, while the beautiful held supreme sway over the poet. We should also be inclined to say that there was a curiously literal side to the supernaturalism of Doré, while Edgar Poe knew how to impress by the vague. These designs before us do not represent Doré at his best. The types are unfortunately common, and the careless drawing is more than usually apparent. Clever and suggestive chiaroscuro, and a certain energy in putting the dramatic situation, are, however, here. The wind swirls into the chamber of the phantom-haunted mourner as he flings open the casement; the room is thick with unearthly visitants, and a nameless horror pervades the scenes. The best designs are those in which Doré has given a general interpretation of his own to the suggestion of the poem; first, the frontispiece which shows the form of a man with back to the spectator, wildly tearing at a huge curtain that fills the picture, while the bird of omen flies overhead; Death, as a skeleton, hangs gibbering mid-air, a scroll inscribes the fatal 'Nevermore' over the curtain that hides the Beyond. There is something large, suggestive, and strong in this summary of the weird poem. The other design, which shows Doré stirred to original imagining, illustrates the line, '*Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.*' Death, a grim skeleton, wrapped, hooded with drapery, hour-glass and scythe in either hand, crouches upon the sphere of the earth; clouds seethe below, stars gem the blackness above, and a bird flies, wings wide spread, out into space. This design owes much to the engraver; and, indeed, most of the illustrations are largely indebted to the interpretation into black and white by Messrs. Claudius, King, Juengling, &c., &c.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Glasgow that the statue of James Oswald, attributed in our December number to Mr. Mossman, is by the late Baron Marochetti.

SCENE FROM THE *BIRDS* OF ARISTOPHANES.

DRAWN BY H. GILLARD GLINDONI.

THE scene which Mr. Glindoni has sketched occurs at the opening of the second act, according to the division adopted at Cambridge. Peithetairos, having proved to the satisfaction of the Birds that they were the original gods worshipped by mankind, and having developed his plan of the erection of a Bird-city, institutes a sacrifice to the newly-restored deities, and brings in a Priest, who recites a litany, 'in which Bird-names are mingled in ridiculous confusion with those of the ancient gods.' This was one of the most picturesque scenes in the play. The part of the Priest was excellently acted by Mr. Benson, who presented a most imposing appearance in his white draperies, attended by two youths bearing the basket and the urn. With this stately group the busy drollery of Peithetairos, and the excited flutter of the Chorus of Birds, made a most humorous contrast.

THE THAMES AT OXFORD.

IN some parts of the Thames Valley, in the neighbourhood, for instance, of Henley, the parishes are so arranged that, even when the main part of their acreage is remote from the river, they have some access to it. This seems to point to a day when roads were few, ill constructed, and unsafe, and when the larger rivers were the most frequented highways of the country. They continued, indeed, with the aid of canals, to be the chief channels of goods traffic till far on in the first half of this century. Then came the railways, outbidding them with superior speed and convenience. For a time, which may be roughly stated as some seven or eight years on either side of the division of the century, the Thames, for it is of the Thames only that I speak, was almost deserted. In my own boyhood and youth I spent much time upon the river, and I can recall days when the solitude so dear to an angler—and it was as an angler that I haunted the most 'fishy' of English rivers—was rarely broken by a passing boat. Two or three pleasure-boats, as many fishing-punts, and perhaps twice as many barges, would be all that would pass between sunrise and sunset. (It will be understood that I speak of those reaches of the river that are not in the immediate neighbourhood of towns.)

It is hardly necessary to say how much all this has changed. The barges are scarcely more frequent than they were; in some sections of the river they are, I fancy, less so. But a pleasure traffic, that is nothing less than vast, has sprung up; a continuous stream—on Bank holidays it may almost be said a positive torrent—of boats, and, *infandum dictu*, of steam-launches, passes up and down the river. And here I would say a word, in passing, in defence of these much-abused persons, the riparian proprietors. It is not to be wondered at, when we compare what the Thames was and what it is, that they assert and seek to enforce the rights of private ownership over backwaters and islands. They once lived in seclusion, and they now find themselves in the blaze of publicity; they feel as the dweller in some remote farm-house might be supposed to feel if he found his home suddenly transported to Piccadilly. Their privacy is invaded by an army which, not without some of the unpleasing features of military occupation, bivouacs on their lawns and erects posts of observation opposite to their dining-room windows.

At Oxford, of course, the Thames never has been deserted. But anyone who revisits it after a lapse of five-and-twenty or thirty years may observe the remarkable change that has come over its aspect—at least as regards the upper river. This had but few visitors in those days; spatch-cocked eels and other attractions drew a few guests to the 'Trout,' at Godstow, and there were others who loved to 'track the shy Thames,' as Mr. Matthew Arnold puts it in the most exquisite of his poems, far away from the noise and excitement of the lower river. But now the lower river is scarcely more crowded than the upper. The chief difference between them is that the former is devoted to business and the latter to pleasure, by business being meant not the carriage of coals, timber, and the like, but the solemn function of racing or preparing to race.*

For most voyagers Godstow remains what may be called the Second Cataract of the Thames, and, indeed, it is not unworthy of being the point at which we may begin or end our travels. The ancient bridge, beneath which rushes down the clear stream, as yet unharmed by the pollutions of towns, the eddying pool, and, in effective contrast, the calm channel of the lock, the old inn, with its trim water-

* A friend reminds me that the important business of 'tubbing,' by which is meant the practising of unfinished oarsmen in heavy boats, or 'tubs,' is partly carried on in the upper river.

side alleys; Port Meadow, with its broad green expanse and grazing cattle, rich demesne of Oxford burgesses, and, rising in the near distance, the wooded slope of Wytham, these make such a picture of river beauty of the quieter sort as may not easily be surpassed.

Fair as it is at all times, except perhaps when the floods have changed all the green of the landscape into a turbid yellow, the visitor should come by preference at the beginning of July, when the summer is at its highest—the undergraduate, if I may be allowed to say so, not too frequent—and the strawberries of Wytham ripe. When he has paid due respect to these, let him visit the one sight of Godstow, the nunnery ruins. They are interesting more for what they recall than for what they have to show.

'THE TROUT' AT GODSTOW.

Walls built too strongly or too roughly to tempt the cupidity of house-builders and church-restorers; a ruined, roofless building, once St. Leonard's Chapel and the private oratory of the nuns; and, perhaps the most interesting of all, one or two curious plants, once cultivated by the nuns in their garden, and now the only living survivors of a long-vanished past, are all that remains to be seen. But its history is full of interest. The dedication, which was performed by the Bishop of Lincoln on April 22nd (Easter Eve), 1139, was a striking scene. King Stephen, who, then as always, had his hands full of his own troubles, found time to attend the ceremony, and could even collect a goodly company to witness it. Queen Matilda was there, and Prince Eustace, a boy of three or thereabouts. There also was Theobald, the newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Salisbury, Worcester, Exeter, and Bath. The King gave land worth one hundred shillings by the year, the Queen somewhat more, and the little Prince one hundred shillings in money 'till he should have land.' The Church dignitaries gave liberally out of their revenues, the dedicating prelate presenting one hundred shillings out of the tolls of Banbury, the Bishop of Exeter forty shillings out of the revenues of a church in Gloucester and another in Hampshire, and the Bishop of Salisbury a mill. There were lay benefactors too numerous to mention; the burgesses of Oxford gave a portion of their noble Port Meadow; and one Sevarus nine acres of land or thereabouts in 'Estcheap' in London, worth now, it may be safely conjectured, not less than a couple of millions of money Benefactions continued to flow in; the most notable among their donors was Walter de Clifford, who gave lands and 'salt-works in Wick,' that the nuns might pray for the souls of himself, his wife, and his daughter Rosamund. This was the 'Fair Rosamund' of the legend of Woodstock and Queen Eleanor. A legend doubtless it is, for it seems certain that Rosamund de Clifford died a natural death, and was buried in the Great Church. Roger de Hoveden and John Brompton, both contemporary chroniclers, tell the story of how St. Hugh of Lincoln, making a visitation of the houses of religion in his diocese, came to the abbey of nuns in Godstow. 'Here, entering the church to pray, he saw a tomb in the midst of the quire before the altar, covered with wrappings of silk and set about with lamps and candles of wax. Whereupon he asked, "Whose is this tomb?" and when it was told him that it was the tomb of Rosamund, that was once the lady of Harry, King of England, son of the Empress Maud, and that the said King, for love of this Rosamund, had done many benefits to their house, then said the Bishop, "Take her hence, for she was a harlot, and bury her without the church with the rest, that the Christian faith be not despised, and that other women, seeing her fate, may keep themselves from evil

ways."' And so it was done; but it was not done exactly. The nuns took the body from the Great Church, but laid it in St. Leonard's Chapel. The local tradition has it that a nut-tree which never bears fruit grows by her grave. Her bones seem to have been disturbed again, for Leland tells how 'Rosamund's tomb in Godestow nunnery was taken up of late. It is a stone with this inscription: "*Tumba Rosamundæ.*" Her bones were closed in lead, and within that, in leather. When this was opened there came out of it a very sweet smell.' He also tells us that there is a cross hard by Godstow with this inscription:—

'Qui meat hac oret signum[que] salutis adoret,
Utque tibi detur, veniam, Rosamunda, precetur.'

Archbishop Peckham visited the abbey in 1279, and gave minute directions for the behaviour of the nuns, especially in their converse with 'scholares of Oxenford.' They were not to talk with them save by leave of the abbess, and not even then unless they were kinsmen of the third degree of consanguinity in the least. The Archbishop too admonishes them about their dress. They were not to wear colours, and their tunics were to be quite plain, if that is the signification of *non rugatae*, and they were not to make their 'robes broad and flowing by the unseemly addition of capes.' We hear very little more of the abbey till Dr. London, one of Crumwell's visitors of the monasteries, writes about it to his employer in 1537. 'I perceive,' he says, 'that my lady do take my coming somewhat pensively.' He then goes on to intercede for the nuns: 'Many of the minchins be also aged,' he writes, 'and I perceive that few of the others have any friends; wherefore I beseech your lordship to be good lord unto them.' 'My lady' was not only 'pensive,' but exceedingly angry. She writes, 'I trust that I have never offended God's laws, nor done things whereby this poor monastery ought to be suppressed; and this notwithstanding, my good lord, so it is that Dr. London, which was against my promotion, and hath ever since borne me great malice and grudge, like my mortal enemy, is suddenly come unto me with a great rout with him, and here doth threaten me and my sisters, saying he hath the King's commission to suppress the house spite of my teeth.' She has told him that she will never surrender to his hand, but 'he will not take my answer, but tarrieth here to my great cost and charges.' She held out till 1540, when she received the handsome pension of 50*l.* Whether the 'aged minchins' (there had been thirteen of them, including Margaret Tewkesbury, ex-abbess) received anything we do not know. The net value of the estates was 258*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* These were given to Dr. Owens, physician to the King; in the thirteenth year of James I. they belonged to one Thomas Walter. In 1718 Thomas Hearne writes, 'The Earl of Abingdon hath it now by purchase from the Duke of Marlborough.' Hearne speaks of cloisters as existing in his day, but it seems doubtful whether these were part of the old building. An engraving in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1791) shows St. Leonard's Chapel still roofed, and the tower of the great church. The latter was still standing at the beginning of this century, but it has now entirely disappeared, having been destroyed, it is said, to furnish materials for the rebuilding of Wytham Church in 1814.

GODSTOW NUNNERY IN 1791.

From Godstow to Oxford is a distance of about two miles; as the river, purer and clearer than we shall ever see it again, gently carries us along, we catch across the Port Meadow, dotted with numerous cattle, our first glimpse of the spires of Oxford. The view is not as effective as that which may be found elsewhere, and one or two recent unsightly additions are unpleasingly prominent, but it is sufficiently striking. A somewhat intricate navigation, by ways which are seldom traversed (the two portions of the river have their separate establishments of boats) takes us under the Abingdon Road, through the lock by Folly Bridge, into the lower river.

No stream in the world is, I suppose, more familiarly known, and more fondly remembered, than the three miles of river which, divided by Iffley Lock, and bounded by Sandford, furnishes the common boating-ground of Oxford. Still, a brief description may not inappropriately accompany our illustrations. The left bank of the river is lined for several hundred yards by the gaily painted barges which are used as dressing-rooms, reading-rooms, and general lounging-

places by the boat-clubs of the University and the various colleges. Before all these have found a place the river is joined by one of the most picturesque of its tributaries, the Cherwell. We must not turn aside to describe this delightful little stream, but we may advise the visitor to track its course, not only where it skirts Christchurch Meadows and Magdalen Walks, but in its upper reaches, till he comes, if occasion serves and strength suffices, for the voyage is somewhat laborious, to the village of Islip. For about half-a-mile below the junction of the Cherwell the river has a breadth which is at least respectable, enough for four boats to race abreast (to use the most appropriate standard of measure). After this the stream divides, part of it flowing under what are called the Long Bridges down to the 'Weirs,' once,

AT BINSEY, ABOVE OXFORD.

and possibly now, the favourite haunt of those who fancied rat-killing, pigeon-shooting, and suchlike amusements. The main river, with a diminished volume of water and a narrower channel, makes a winding called the 'Gut,' a place of grievous trial for nervous or inexperienced hands that seek to steer a racing boat through it. Two or three furlongs more bring us to Iffley Lock. Here the mill-stream branches off to the left with a powerful current, as all who have rowed 'bow' in a boat coming out of the lock will have reason to remember.

Any one who carefully inspects the tow-path* side of the river will see certain small posts deeply fixed into the ground, and will find, if he measures the distance between them, that they are a hundred and sixty feet apart. These are the starting-points of the boats in the eight-oar races. It may be necessary to explain to the uninitiated that these are necessarily 'bumping' races. The boats are arranged in order, having the places which they occupied at the close of the last contest in the preceding year, the top-boat, or 'head of the river,' as it is called, being, of course, nearest to Oxford. A boat gains a place by overtaking the one before it. It has to show that this overtaking has been really accomplished by actually touching, or 'bumping,' its antagonist.*

The eight-oar races are held twice in the year, in the Lent and Summer terms. The boats that row in the Lent term races are called the 'Torpids.' These races used to take place *after* the others; and it was a rule, which gave rise, it may be said by the way, to some little manœuvring, that no one should take part in them who had rowed for more than three nights in what is called, *par excellence*, the 'College Eight.' By a judicious change they have been transferred from the last to the second term of the academical year, and serve, as it is natural that they should, as a preparation for the more important contest. The number of boats contending in these races has of late years so much increased† that it has been found necessary to separate them into two divisions. It is obvious that, if thirty boats (and thirty is, I believe, less than the total of the two divisions) were ranged even with

* The mention of the tow-path suggests a reminiscence which is curiously characteristic of Oxford ways. Everywhere else on the river this path is treated as a thoroughfare, but at Oxford it was blocked by a lofty door, defended with formidable nails. This was done, and allowed for many years almost without a murmur, in the interests of the watermen, who made a rich harvest by ferrying passengers across from Christ Church Meadows. The cut is now, I believe, left open, though probably few undergraduates save their pence by taking the longer round.

* A boat may gain, and sometimes has gained, three places in a single race. Boats A, B, C, and D start in this order. C bumps B. These two then withdraw from the course, and D has the right to row after A, and, if it can, to bump it. This, of course, can be done only when the superiority of D is very marked.

† It is a fact not generally known, and that may be mentioned in this place, that the number of Oxford undergraduates has been more than doubled within the last thirty years.

no more than a hundred feet* between them—and this is a distance which it would not be fair to diminish—the topmost boat would have but a very short space to traverse. The head-boat of the lower division rows also in the upper. Thus a career for merit is opened.

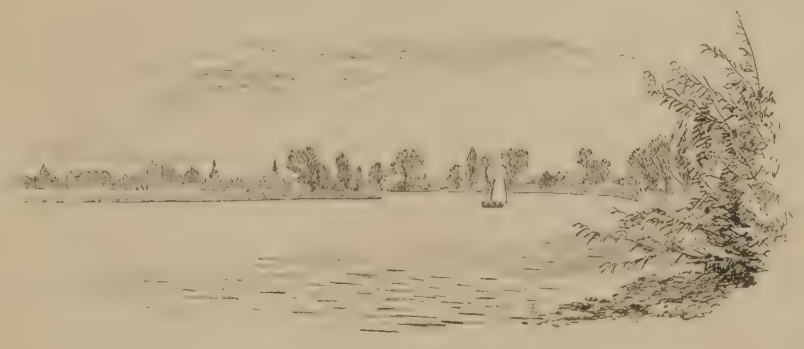
The proud position of 'Head of the River' is one which is naturally much coveted. Some colleges inferior in numbers, or the previous preparation of the men who frequent them, have never attained it. Taking the last thirty-four years (1850—1883), the list stands thus (it may be observed that each college has had counted to it those years only in which it held the first place at the end of the races) :—

OXFORD, FROM IFFLEY.

Brasenose ...	8	Wadham ...	2
University ...	7	Corpus	1
Balliol ...	5	Hertford	1
Exeter	4	Magdalen	1
Trinity	4	Pembroke	1

It is curious that Christ Church, which numbers more undergraduates than any college (Christ Church, it must be remembered, is not a 'college' but a 'house'), and which draws many of them from Eton, the most famous of boating schools, has not held the first place during this long period.

The races themselves, which are repeated for six nights, present a sufficiently exciting scene. Each boat is attended by a crowd of well-wishers, who advise, encourage, and exhort up to the last moment. The warning for preparation, and the signal for starting, are given by the firing of guns, an interval of five minutes separating the second from the first, and the third coming a minute after the second. This minute is a time of singular excitement. The boat is pushed out just an oar's length from the bank, the steersman holding a cord with a cork attached to keep it in its place, a process, complicated by the vagaries of the stream, in which the bow-oar, and occasionally No. 2, have to assist by a gentle stroke. This occupation affords a not unwelcome relief to the suspense with which the rowers await the signal of the start. A friend is stationed on the bank, watch in hand, and cries, 'Ten seconds gone;' 'Half-a-minute gone;' 'Ten seconds more;' while another watches for the flash of the signal gun, for to wait for the report would be to lose a perceptible portion of time. Then comes the cry, 'Off!' and the race begins. A rower is supposed to see nothing but the back of the oarsman in front of him, and 'Eyes in the boat,' is one of the strictest maxims of the boating code. Yet it is possible to have some notion of what is going on. The most conscientious oarsman can see out of the corner of his eye whether the crowds of partisans that accompany each boat are coming nearer to each other, whether his own friends are overtaking the friends of the boat in advance, or are themselves being overtaken by the friends of the boat that follows. If he sternly keeps even the corner of his eye in subjection, he can at least hear the shouts, and whether they are exhortations to escape defeat or to secure victory. The truest and happiest sign of all is when he feels that the water grows rough under his oar. It is not easy to row in the 'wash' of a boat that is immediately in front, but the feeling that victory is at hand more than makes up for the difficulty.



OXFORD, FROM BINSEY.

* An eight-oar is about sixty feet long. This deducted from the measure given above, leaves a clear distance of a hundred feet.

Oxford, which has attached to itself so large a suburb northwards towards Woodstock and Banbury, has made but little advance on its southern side; and Iffley, rising pleasantly above the somewhat dreary plain which divides it from the city, has nearly the same appearance as it may be supposed to have had a hundred years ago. Its 'wooded height' is insignificant as compared with the bolder hills of Streatley, the fine stretch of the Quarry Woods by Marlow, or the well-timbered heights of Clifden, but it breaks with an agreeable contrast the monotony which here characterises the Thames Valley. The chief boast of the village is its Norman church. The exterior shows some modern work, especially in the nave, the roof of which is entirely new, but the greater part of the building belongs to the twelfth century. The western door and the arches of the nave show a profusion of ornament which prove them to belong to the latter part of their particular period. The chancel mainly belongs to the thirteenth century, and its sedilia and piscina are happy examples of Early English work. The fourteenth again added or substituted the buttresses and one of the windows on the south side; in other parts the hand of more recent builders, happily less damaging here than it has been elsewhere, may be traced. The whole presents an instructive study of architecture, the interest of which is modified by comparatively few regrets.

The course of the river from Iffley to Sandford, and Sandford itself, offers little to detain us. Its little river-side inn is gratefully remembered by thousands of old Oxford men. For Sandford is the limit of the ordinary course traversed by the eight-oars in their practice. The 'long course,' extending to Nuneham, three miles further down, is seldom visited, except by the University boat, which has of course to prepare itself for the four-mile race at Putney. Who that has once experienced them does not remember the grateful interval of rest and the welcome draught of ale, only too sternly limited by the training maxims of the 'captain,' which Sandford afforded?

Melancholy associations are attached to the Sandford 'lasher.' The fall of the river is here unusually deep, and the main body of the current descends through a single opening, producing below a dangerous eddy, which has sometimes proved fatal even to practised swimmers. A monument bears the names of two undergraduates, one of them the son of Dr. Gaisford, predecessor of Dr. Liddell in the deanery of Christ Church, who perished there now about forty years ago.

NUNEHAM.

A stream noticeably more rapid than any which we have yet found in our voyage carries us quickly down to Nuneham, a well-known spot to the visitors who do so much to increase the too delightful idleness of the summer term. The right bank of the river has little to show beyond an expanse of rich pasture-ground; but the left has been favoured by nature with advantages which art has done much to increase. The wooded slopes of Nuneham, as one saw them, it may be half a lifetime ago, lustrous with the sunshine of a noonday in June, made a picture that never can be forgotten. The property was purchased by the Harcourt family in 1710 from Earl Wemyss. The park and the pleasure-grounds of the mansion were laid

out by a landscape-gardener famous in his day, whose ingenuity, boldness, and facility of device, earned for him the name of 'Capability Brown.' He was aided by the suggestions of William Mason, a poet of some note in his day, who is now best remembered by his biography of Gray, and by the monument in Poets' Corner which records his name. The 'Garden' in which the poet inculcated in polished verse the precepts of his favourite pursuit, has shared the fate which has overtaken Dyer's 'Fleece' and John Philips' 'Cyder;' but it shows that the author was a master of his subject. An urn to his memory was erected by Lady Harcourt in the flower-garden of Nuneham, and bears witness to his 'simple manners, piety, and steady friendship.' The name of another poet, Thomas Whitehead,* less successful in his time than Mason, and now more completely forgotten, is associated with Nuneham. The friend and patron of these two men of letters was a diplomatist of some distinction,* but is better remembered as one of the correspondents of Horace Walpole. His son, with whom the title became extinct, seems to have formed himself somewhat after the model of a French seigneur of the better kind. He instituted an order of merit among his tenants, and rewarded the virtues of temperance, honesty, and the like with medals. The medallists enjoyed the distinction of having their names recorded on the walls of the parish church. This church, an ancient edifice dating back beyond the middle of the twelfth century, a yew which may well be coeval with it, and a stone cross, are the sights which the village has to show.

ALFRED CHURCH.

* Whitehead also has his memorial at Nuneham; and as it comes from the pen of his friend and brother poet, Mason, the reader may possibly care to see it :—

'Harcourt and friendship this memorial raise,
Near to the oak where Whitehead oft reclined;
While all that nature, robed by art, displays,
Soothed with congenial charms his polished mind.
Let fashion's vot'ries, let the sons of fire,
The genius of that modest bard despise,
Who bade discretion regulate his lyre,
Studious to please, but scorning to surprise.
Enough for him, if those who shared his love
Through life, who virtue more than verse revere,
Here pensive pause, while circling round the grove,
And drop the heartfelt tribute of a tear.'

* The present owners of Nuneham are descended from his sister.

PALMER'S ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL.

IT was characteristic of Samuel Palmer that he took as lively an interest in literature as in pictorial art. He was especially a keenly appreciative reader of old poetry, which he always regarded as the best stimulus to the imaginative powers, and amongst the poets his favourites were Virgil and Milton. When an imaginative artist reads poetry his eyes do not simply follow printed type, they see a constant succession of pictures, amounting in the case of a long epic to many hundreds, and it is therefore not surprising that he should feel tempted to realise a few of these in form and colour. Besides this desire to draw or paint what he has imagined, there is another motive which impels an artist to the illustration of a favourite author, and that is, his affection for the author himself, by which the work of illustrating him becomes a sort of happy companionship. As Dante imagined for himself the companionship of Virgil in visiting the regions of the dead, so a painter who illustrates Virgil dwells with him during all the hours of his self-appointed task.

No one having any value for literature, or any real understanding of it, could doubt that Samuel Palmer possessed the literary, as well as the pictorial, gifts. The vulgar way of judging these things is simply to ascertain, first, by what occupation a man earns his living, and then to describe him by its name; the intelligent way is to look for the signs of natural faculty. The signs of the literary gift are present in everything that Palmer wrote. He published no literary performance during his lifetime, but he wrote many letters to friends, of the rarest quality, full of thought, and abounding in happy turns of original expression. If ever a selection from them should be published, the small number of people who thoroughly appreciate quality in literature will put them in the treasure corner of their libraries. The originality of the writer, and his power of thought, are of course much less visible in a verse translation from a Latin author, but no competent person can read Palmer's translation of the Eclogues without seeing at once that he knew the poetical resources of the English language. There is also an interesting essay on rustic poetry which is an example of the author's style in prose, a style that may perhaps seem old-fashioned to the brilliant journalists of the present day, but which is of a very sound and enduring texture. If the reader cares for well-wrought prose, let him study the construction of the following paragraph. Let him observe how every word tells, how there is not a syllable too much for the thought, and with what a pleasant, graceful cadence it comes to its conclusion. The whole of it might be fittingly inscribed on the wall of some quiet library, far from the noise of towns.

'We might be grateful to the poets, if the benign influence of their art did nothing more than make us love the country; and while we are yet uncorrupted, open to us

a world of innocent pleasures; enriching us as it were, with a new sense, which invests familiar objects with meaning and beauty, disposing us to quiet habits and simple manners, and acquainting us with such relics and fragments of the golden age, as Astraea did happily leave behind her.'

This is perfect of its kind; but Palmer had other literary resources than a finished grace of expression. He could say things very sharply when he chose, as for example, in the following sentence where he combats the irrational, yet very prevalent idea that intellectual culture can only be acquired in great capitals.

'It is said that out of town we merely vegetate; better so than wither: one would think that with less dissipation there would be more time for improvement: *is it progressive to tread upon an author's corns in the crush of some London soirée, and vegetative to read his best thoughts in his best words at Penzance?*'

It may be doubted whether George Eliot herself could have put that more effectively. The winged shaft flies straight to the mark. There is no need for tedious verbiage after such a hit as that.

An artist might be gifted with imagination, and yet not clearly estimate the value of the faculty; he might even share the popular belief that it is only of use in the arts of poetic invention, and dangerous in practical life. Palmer's broader intelligence enabled him to see how useful imagination may be in everything where an end is to be kept in view and means devised for attaining it. I do not know where the reader is likely to find, in the pages of any essayist, a better account of the matter than this pregnant paragraph:—

'It may savour of paradox to number poetry with the useful arts, for the very reason that among all those who come within its influence it developes imagination; an endowment often contemned as idle or mischievous, incurring perhaps the discredit of a purblind and vagrant fancy which is mistaken for it: but disciplined imagination in equipoise with learning and judgment is very active, practical, and materially productive; what it sees within, always desiring to make and embody without. Foreknowing the end it can best devise the means, going to work the shortest way with least alteration and no waste of material; while a more prosaic and tentative industry, rather feeling its way than seeing it, is officiously busy before it is quite known what is to be done: and often we have seen, in affairs little or great, private or public, a change in the very aim or purpose when the work was half completed. The ideal faculty was absent; it had not defined the aim or created the motive: when those are clear, the progress will be steady; when the purpose is noble, much may be achieved though we fall somewhat short of the mark.'

Resisting the temptation to make other extracts from the prose essay we pass at once to the verse. A practised and loving reader of poetry knows after a dozen lines whether his author feels the value of words in verse, or is incapable of appreciating them. In the hands of a poet they are jewels to be set in a new and beautiful order, from which they will gain fresh value; in those of a bungler they are a confused heap of used-up materials, out of which he will make nothing but a shabby patchwork. If the reader will follow these verses carefully, he will soon see how the words have been dealt with by the writer. The extract is from the well-known prophecy in the Fourth Eclogue.

'Now, fairest boy, will the new-teeming earth
No culture want, but pour to make thee mirth,
As toys of off'ring she can soonest bear,
Wild nard and errant ivy everywhere,
And with th' Egyptian lily twined in play,
Laughing acanthus: now the ewes will stray
Untended, and at eve the goats come home
Heavy with fragrant milk: the herds may roam
Loosely at will, nor ever need to fear
In thickets the great lion crouching near.

Thy very cradle quickens, osiers loose
To tendrils turn, with flowery shoots diffuse:
A softer couch the thymy ground puts forth:
Nor lavish blossom dreads the sudden north.
The serpent now shall die and the false weed
Of poison die, each healing leaf succeed;
Common as grass, the balm of Syria give
Her fragrance, and the sick who taste shall live.'

Surely this is very beautiful versification. The verses are full of art and taste, with a masterly use of gentle and more abrupt effects. The 'laughing acanthus' with its change of tonic accent comes in as a delightful relief after the smooth line about the Egyptian lily, and by a counter-effect the full line with 'the great lion' in it satisfies by its amplitude after the repeated cæsura in the preceding lines. In the verse beginning, 'To tendrils turn,' observe the lightness given by the word 'flowery,' which comes just in its right place; and notice later the effect of reiteration got by repeating the word 'die,' like a recurring note that one expects in music. Many other passages would bear a similar, or a more severe analysis. They do not, of course, prove that their author was a poet, as a translator receives his poetic impulse from the original, but they prove that he was an artist in verse. As to the fidelity of the translation, I read it some time since with the original, and thought it near enough, having not much belief in the possibility of faithful translation in verse, especially when rhyme has to be considered.

These remarks about Samuel Palmer's literary merits have been thought necessary, because there is such a common tendency to deny ability which is not in a man's recognised line of occupation. It is fair to remember that, whether the public knew anything about it or not, Samuel Palmer was all his life a student of the best literature, so that for him to translate a work by a favourite author was as

natural as for a musician to interpret the work of a favourite composer. Literature was as much a part of his life as painting; he could not live without it, even for a day, and he never travelled, even to the extent of a walk in the country, without one of his favourite authors in his pocket.

The original scheme was to issue the translation with ten illustrative etchings, and it would, no doubt, have been successfully carried out if the artist had not been hampered with painting engagements. He had a very high opinion of etching as a means of artistic expression, and enjoyed working on copper so much that he even preferred it to painting. His estimate of the art, being founded on the intimate technical knowledge of a master, was curiously the opposite, on all points, of Mr. Ruskin's. Palmer found in etching exactly those qualities of depth and variety of tone, united to great power of line, which were suitable to the expression of his own profound feeling and sure science.

Rossetti said of him, 'When his glorious colouring is abandoned for the practice of etching, the same exceptional unity of soul and sense appears again, with the same rare use of manipulative material.' But the qualities of his work were not compatible with improvisation on the copper itself. He made preliminary studies of every composition, and these grew from the first rough note of an idea till they became elaborated drawings. To this habit, inevitable with Palmer's studious and richly accumulative genius, we owe, as far as the present work is concerned, a fortunate and an unfortunate result. Had he been an improviser on copper, he would easily have finished all the etchings in the time he took to prepare for them, and so we should have possessed the work in a complete state. On the other hand, we now see more of Palmer's ways of work, and modes of thinking, than ten completed etchings would have revealed to us.

The condition of the illustrations, as we have them, may be briefly described as follows: We have one etching illustrating the eighth eclogue, which was entirely finished by Palmer himself. This etching is already well known to students of the master, having been exhibited in 1881 by the Fine Art Society under the title *Early Morning—Opening the Fold.* Then we have four other etchings left by the artist in a more or less advanced condition, and finished in obedience to his own desire by his son. Nine *héliogravures* complete the work, so that there are fourteen compositions in all. The original plan of one illustration to each eclogue was found too narrow for the artist's inspiration, and he broke through it in the first and eighth. In two other cases his son kindly lets us see two versions of the same subject, which is extremely interesting. If the work had been published for students only it would have been a great addition to its value if the etchings had been electrotyped as Palmer left them, and printed along with the plates as finished by his son. The truth is that A. H. Palmer has done his work of addition too well for us to distinguish with any certainty between his handicraft and his father's, especially in two plates, *Ripe Apples are our Supper* and *Untimely Lost*, which are very nearly as good as if the elder artist had finished them himself. I fancy I see the son's work more distinctly in the etching which belongs to the ninth eclogue, but that may be because the distance of water and sky differs in character from most of the Palmerian distances (being in simpler spaces), and required a different treatment. The second etching to the eighth eclogue seems to me unfortunate both in conception and execution. We are in a sort of cavern, but near the entrance, and we see three figures, Mœris, before a sorcerer's fire, calling up a phantom king, and the frightened witness of the incantation. Unluckily, here the lighting is of a most confused kind. We have two sources of light, the moon and the fire, yet neither of the two gives us anything consistent or decided, and the scene is really lighted (so far as it can be said to be lighted at all) by something outside the picture. Besides this, it may be objected that the subject is of a melodramatic order, with a cavern, an enchanter, and the moon, so that it was very difficult to avoid suggesting the theatre. The other illustration to the same eclogue is attached to these verses, which I quote at length for their beauty:—

> 'Scarce with her rosy fingers had the dawn
> From glimmering heaven the veil of night withdrawn,
> Or folded flocks were loose to browse anew
> O'er mountain thyme or trefoil wet with dew,
> When leaning sad an olive stem beside
> These, his last numbers, hapless Damon plied.'

This is the etching that Palmer finished himself; the scene is a wide Italian landscape, with a distance of rugged and precipitous mountains seen against the glow of the eastern sky immediately preceding sunrise. In the foreground many sheep are issuing from the fold, just liberated; there is a cottage with the early smoke rising from its chimney, and beyond that a stretch of uneven ground, with a towered town or village before the eye gets to the foot of the mountains. In deep hollows of the intermediate ground, as yet untouched by any direct light, there are gleams reflected from the sky on water. A few trees, light or massive, detach themselves against the refulgent heaven.

It seems to me that this is the most completely beautiful of all Samuel Palmer's etchings. In some of his earlier works there was a tendency to blackness, and a seeking after sparkle which are more in the direction of wood-engraving than etching; but this plate is powerful without any opaque blackness

whatever. It is full of air and space, the eye wanders over it for miles, and yet at the same time there is a sweet solemnity in it, and the effect of distance is not attained by mere paleness or tenderness of tone. If the artist has avoided his own special danger of blackness, so on the other hand he has denied himself the usual resource of etchers—spaces of white paper. The only approach to this is a very small space just above the sun, and even that is traversed by broken lines or dots. In truth the work is in various shades of grey, with some firm linear drawing to clear and relieve it. A common etcher on such terms would produce a dull plate, yet here there is not a dull passage anywhere. Every tone is as decided and intentional as the notes of an accomplished singer. With reference to Mr. Ruskin's alliterative dictum about etching as a 'mixture of art and accident' it may be truly said that in this plate the accidents are not to be detected, and the art is not to be denied. The more experience one has, the more he sees of the subtle and keen artistic intelligence, united to quiet, serene, imaginative power, which goes to the production of such a work. There is not a detail anywhere, not the curve of a leaf, not the attitude of a thoughtless lamb, not the angle made by the wings of a bird, still less the seemingly careless grâce of a human form, that is not part of a master's composition. It has happened to me, whilst writing these lines with the etching on my desk, to be listening at the same time to one of the most refined and affecting of all the melodies of Mendelssohn; and between the etching and the music, I cannot tell which the more completely conveys to me the magical influence of the true creative gift — that rare and precious power which transmutes the sights and sounds of earth into those works of art, those combinations or inventions of beauty, that are treasures and joys for ever.

There is great poetic intensity in the fine etching with the cedar-trees, illustrating the lines—

> 'Untimely lost, and by a cruel death
> The Nymphs their Daphnis mourn'd with falt'ring breath,
> O bowers of hazel, waters murmuring hoarse,
> Ye heard that mother's cry; she, the dear corse
> Embracing in a long, a last caress
> Planets and gods rebuked as pitiless.'

This plate is doubly original, for though Palmer was always himself he sometimes repeated himself; but this is a new development of power. The bold use of the dark cedars, making the lower part of the evening sky so luminous, gives the work extraordinary force and solemnity, and there is much grandeur in the mountain rising beyond the gloomy pool fed by its own waterfall, till it ends in a remote volcanic peak amongst the stars. A word must be said, too, for the tragic beauty of the group of figures. Palmer was not what is called a figure-painter, but there is a wide difference between his well-invented figures, always full of meaning in their attitudes, always important in the composition, and the common fisherman or shepherd that landscape-painters usually introduce.

The etching to the first eclogue is, in the principle of its effect, very like the *Opening Fold*. There we had the dawn, here the after-glow, and we have also distant, precipitous mountains, and dark, broken ground, with a cottage roof and a gleam or two of water. These, with figures and animals in the foreground, make essentially the same elements. It is a serenely beautiful etching, but it makes one feel rather more strongly than usual a certain objection to Palmer's mountains, which is, that they remind us more of pictures in galleries than of nature. I do not insist strongly on this objection, for there are many artists in these times, with not a tithe of Palmer's genius, who can draw more natural mountains, but travelling and photography have brought us nearer to nature. In Palmer's mountain-drawing there is more of poetic feeling than of science. In his pictures the distances were of especial use as opportunities for colour.

The reproductions of drawings by *héliogravure* are of extreme interest as revelations of the artist's ways and methods. The drawings were not made for publication, but to be guides in etching. They are generally in a combination of line and shade, the lines in some of them being of great strength and thickness, in others less conspicuous. There is a sunset in the second eclogue which exactly reproduces the materials of certain Palmerian moon-rises, the cloudy sky, the dark hill, the picturesque building just visible in the gloomy hollow, the trees against the sky, the sheep on the rising lighted land in the foreground. Yet although we have all the old motive here, except the moon, we have new beauty as in a freshly imagined variation on an old theme. Some of the compositions are of a grandeur that reminds one of the old masters, especially Titian. The first illustration is one of these grand ones, and so are the two roughly drawn compositions for the tenth eclogue, illustrating the noble verses:

> 'Pan came, Arcadian tetrarch ever good;
> I myself saw him, glowing as he stood,
> With wall-wort berries, crimsoned like the West.'

As an example of more highly finished work, Mr. A. H. Palmer has given us a reproduction of a water-colour drawing in the second illustration which may be specially mentioned as a proof of his own willingness to face thankless labour in his duty to the dead. First, he made a careful copy in monochrome from a large, finished drawing, then a plate in *héliogravure* was produced from this by M. Dujardin, and after that Mr. A. H. Palmer laboured on the plate itself for

three weeks, with a patience only equalled by his skill. The result is a work of great finish and beauty, having much of the quality of a mezzotint. In fact, it combines what is accurate in photographic reproduction with another and a higher fidelity to the original.

The publication of this volume will remain connected in our memory with an incident in London journalism. If this incident is alluded to here, it is not in any spirit of hostility to the 'Spectator,' which inserted several letters of rectification in the most straightforward and honourable way. What is deplorable is that a critic occupying a high and responsible position in London journalism should not think it necessary, and not *find* it necessary, to furnish his mind with any technical information, and should expose himself to the possibility of blunders that nobody with technical knowledge could commit. A writer who points to the reproduction of a drawing (that in the seventh eclogue) as the type of execution in the quite different art of etching, who fancies he detects the errors of a young man's inexperience in the one etching finished entirely by so experienced an artist as Samuel Palmer, who reproaches publishers for making false plate-marks to plates which inevitably produce true ones, and who afterwards plaintively begs that the nature of the reproduction may be engraved on the margins for the guidance of critics like himself, whose eyes appear to be unable to read anything except words—such a writer is but the natural outcome of the contempt that critics have, or affect to have, for that humble but necessary industry which concerns itself with technical matters. If the writer in the 'Spectator' were alone in the world of journalism he would be of no importance, but he represents a class that exercises a sort of negative influence for evil by its sheer inability to distinguish between one art and another. There can be nothing more discouraging to any high-spirited enterprise in art-publishing than to know beforehand that if you spend hundreds of pounds on original engravings, the best work of the best men, they will be classed as 'process-prints,' and that amongst the productions of photographic engraving themselves, the critics are incompetent to distinguish between common, every-day results and those rarest results of the most consummate applied science, in combination with artistic knowledge, which are amongst the most signal triumphs of modern ingenuity. The plain truth is, that until critics will begin to study technical matters their writings must be ignorant, and unjust by reason of their ignorance. Art-criticism is, I believe, the only department of criticism in which men exercise authority without knowledge; and this is the reason why, with very rare exceptions, it is regarded by all artists, by all who are practically concerned with artistic matters, as of no importance in itself, and of some importance only because it still has some influence with the public.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE MASTER OF SAN MARTINO.

THE twelve portrait busts painted in tempera which Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton, has lent to the present Old Masters' Exhibition in Burlington House, are of peculiar interest for more than one reason. First of all, they are of exceptional merit when regarded as pictures, quite apart from any comparison with the fanciful heads of Paris, Apollo, Venus, &c., generally mere sign-painters' work, so frequently used as the chief decorative elements in the ceilings, or rather covings, of palaces in the Mantuan territory during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Secondly, they were removed from their original position, where they had remained for about four hundred years, but a few months before they were acquired by their present owner. Thirdly, they had received, during the last century or two, successive coats of whitewash and colour-wash until not a suspicion of the existence of any designs beneath could have been entertained. And lastly, the present series of twelve heads represents but little more than a quarter of the whole set which Mr. Willett secured, and which formed, in fact, the frieze of a single room. And, I may add, still further elements of interest belonging to these paintings will appear as their story is more completely unravelled. But much remains to be learnt about them, so that it will be safer, in the present brief notice, to confine our attention chiefly to their salient characteristics and their recent history.

Between Mantua and Brescia stands the palace or castle of San Martino di Gusnaja, erected in the second half of the fifteenth century. Built into a room of this castle, and forming an integral part of its decoration, were the forty-four panels with which we are now concerned. The heads were arranged in four rows placed *vis-à-vis* in pairs, except that the midmost portrait in each row, instead of being a mere profile to the left or right, was a three-quarter view. Such, at least, may be regarded, from the data at our disposal, as the most probable arrangement. We may give a notion of the disposition of each row by means of the following diagram :—

The cornice on which the series rested was of

carved wood, like the divisions between the panels and the rest of the frame-work of the ceiling. Indeed, the whole ceiling was panelled, but these panels were merely ornamented with a large central rosette of carved wood. I have said that the portraits were arranged in four rows: these were not, however, placed as a continuous frieze on the four sides of the room; but, while two of the series were disposed along opposite sides, the two remaining sets were affixed to either face of a deep beam which divided the room longitudinally into two equal parts. This beam was supported at each end by a bold bracket or truss carved with acanthoid foliage. I have spoken in the past tense, yet all these architectural features of the hall remain unaltered to the present day—save the panels acquired by Mr. Willett. These were removed in 1881 or 1882, during repairs to the ceiling; at that time no indication of the existence of paintings beneath the uniform surface of coarse bluish white colour-wash was visible, while some of the panels were split, warped, or even decayed.

As to the panels themselves: they are of pine-wood, probably from the stone pine (*Pinus Pinea*) so abundant in Italy. They measure on an average 18½ inches in height by 17½ in width. After the removal of the numerous obscuring layers of colour-wash—blue, grey, and buff—there was revealed a coarsely designed scroll of imitation gold sprawling over the surface. This rococo scroll had been drawn in a thick varnish of sandarac resin in boiled oil; and this, having been laid upon a thin ochreous wash, had penetrated the latter, and, in some cases, had imparted a dark, oily stain to the tempera painting beneath. With careful manipulation I found it possible to remove, by mechanical means, and by the use of such solvents as chloroform and acetone, very nearly the whole of the disfiguring accretions from the original painted surface, leaving the latter in a pale and dull state, yet practically uninjured by the process. But still there were only a few of the panels in which the *gesso* ground had remained so far intact that none but trivial repairs were needed. Happily many of the faces were nearly perfect, two or three fissures and holes proving to be the sum of the damage they had experienced; the architectural background, which is identical in the entire series, had always suffered most.

The reparation of the panels was accomplished in the following manner:—The last traces of the obscuring dust having been removed by means of a dry stencil-brush, the whole surface was treated repeatedly with a weak copal-varnish to which a little wax had been added. Thus the tempera colours and the gesso ground below them were both securely fixed to the wood, from which they were before, in many places, ready to fall. Where the wood was exposed it was necessary to fill up the cavity with a composition of some sort. The usual material employed for this purpose is plaster of Paris; but there are many drawbacks to its use. After some experience with this rather treacherous and unmanageable substance, I abandoned it for a kind of asbestos putty, made of ground asbestos, drying linseed-oil, and either flake white or zinc white. This putty has a felted texture and admits of being brought to a smooth and level surface by means of a proper tool,—the flat side of a sharp dissecting-knife answered best. A glass roller was next passed over the patches, and then, when the repaired spots in the ground had become dry and hard, they were painted with oil-colours, using diluted copal-varnish and zinc white with the pigments employed. No attempt was made to cover up any portion of the old work so as to make it correspond in hue or quality of colour with the new. Too often this easy but disastrous plan has been adopted by so-called picture-restorers—'cette foule,' as they have been called, with too sweeping a condemnation, by T. Lejeune in his 'Guide de l'amateur de Peinture,' 'cette foule de peintres avortés qui, faute de commandes, se reveillent un beau matin, restaurateurs.' Here and there, of course, where the gesso ground remained, but the tempera pigments were lost, it was necessary to apply a speck or streak of colour; but, on the whole, it may be stated that the work of reparation was limited to matching the original colours contiguous to the new patches. Here it may be interesting to note that the indented lines still visible on the pictures are those which were first traced with a sharp point on the panels, before these had received their thin gesso ground; such lines are confined to the architectural elements of the design and are nearly identical in the whole series.

The two illustrations given in the present number of THE PORTFOLIO were produced by Mr. Dawson's photo-engraving process from two of the panels shown in this winter's Royal Academy Exhibition of works by Old Masters. The engraver has overcome, by special contrivances of his own, the great difficulty of representing in monochrome the value of the different hues in the original works. The tones of the auburn hair and light reddish-brown costume of the right-hand figure keep their places well, although an ordinary photographic reproduction sinks both alike to a dull black. The original colours of the paintings themselves have been fairly well preserved, although the background on which all the figures are relieved, once a grey blue derived from blue verditer, has become a dull green; while the green swags of foliage, hanging in front of the arch above the heads, are probably much duller and darker now than when they were painted. Black with the raw and burnt earths—yellow ochre and sienna—were used in the architectural framing that surrounds the heads. The vermilion employed for some of the

robes remains always in perfect preservation, but the light touches of gilding, sparingly introduced on some of the head-dresses and borderings of the garments, have left but faint traces of their presence.

With regard to the artistic value of these paintings, I feel that I cannot speak with authority. Still I may say that the majority of the heads seem to me to possess much of the simplicity of form, the serious grace, the refined power, and the uncompromising truth belonging to Lionardo da Vinci's earlier manner. Towards the identification of the actual artist or artists, the contemporary monogram in *sanguine* which the majority of the panels bear on the reverse does not help us much; after all, it *may* not be the artist's signature. It consists of a ligatured B and L, the B being smaller than the L, and the vertical stroke of the latter being made to do double duty. The date of the paintings lies somewhere in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, a time which coincides with that during which the artist, Lazzaro Bastiani, was at work; it is known that he painted decorative portraits of this character. The name of Bernardino Luini also suggests itself as fulfilling the conditions of date, signature, and style—the last, in some measure, at all events. However, until we have learnt more about the authorship of these paintings it may be not amiss to speak of the artist as 'The Master of San Martino.'

That the heads are all portraits I cannot doubt: in several instances I recognise the family likeness of brothers or near relations—compare the two heads with auburn hair (Nos. 244 and 254) in the present Exhibition. A Doge of Venice is portrayed on another panel; he bears a striking resemblance to Pasquale Malipieri, elected to the ducal chair in 1457—he died in 1462. Another head reminds me forcibly of the well-known medal of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, the celebrated humanist (born 1462, died 1494); a third, unfortunately much injured, may be the likeness of Louis XII. of France.

But whether the portraits and artists be identified or not, there can be no question of the power, refinement, and character in these early pictures. True, there is, as was to be expected, considering the intended position of these panels near the ceiling, but little modelling in the faces, still the drawing of the features, so far as it goes, is searching, and the colour of the faces, though injured by exposure and dirt, rich in quality, and distinctly individual. The head-dresses claim special attention for their extraordinary variety. The Doge's horned cap, bordered with gold brocade and set with pearls; the coiled turban of stuff from a Sicilian loom; the fantastically cut helmet of black; the white veil with golden edgings, and the multiform caps and hats adorned with brooches and embroidered devices constitute a series of unusual interest for the study of contemporary costume. It should be added that five of the head-dresses bear monograms in gilt letters—these are almost certainly the initials of the names of the persons portrayed. They read, when the nexus of ligatured letters is expanded:—

RNLA, RNLE, HD, ED, LAMPD.

A. H. Church.

THE ARTIST IN VENICE.

II.

EACH season has its special charm in Venice. Even the winter, which is decidedly the least preferable, is not without its advantages. The climate is decidedly milder than that of Florence or Milan, and if you can secure comfortable quarters and a good stove to warm your room it is possible to spend the winter very pleasantly in Venice. The Riva is always warm on sunny days, and the Piazza loses nothing of its glory. Frost and ice have not hindered our artists from painting St. Mark's under these exceptional circumstances; and how beautiful it can be in a fall of snow Mr. Howells has told us in words that are a picture in themselves. Others, whose works are too well known and too recent to need mention, have shown us the fairness of hazy mornings in winter and the soft clearness of its twilight skies. The worst part is the absence of sun in the narrow *calli*, and the cutting winds which meet you at the corners, making you envy the *scaldino* which every woman carries and the bright fires of the chestnut-roasters, who carry on a brisk trade in the alleys. But even sterner ordeals than these would be worth enduring for the sake of the burst of spring which follows close upon the darkest and dreariest winter time.

A few warm, bright February days, and the whole city wakes from the long sleep in which it has lain torpid for the last weeks. Faces look out again from the windows, people stand talking to each other from the balconies of different houses, birdcages are hung out again along the upper stories of the alleys, and the cats steal out on the roofs to bask under dormer-windows or make themselves at home among the chimney-pots. The streets are full of shouting and singing, and the canals are alive with boats. Soon a mantle of fresh green clothes the old buildings with new brightness, fig-trees and acacias burst into leaf, the young ivy runs riot among the carved stone-work of the ancient well and wreathes the rusty

iron ring to which the gondola is moored. The market-places are full of hyacinths and early lilies; the vines at the *traghetti* on the Riva and Canalazzo put forth delicate shoots, and not an old wall or dark courtyard but has a bud or leaf to wave at the coming spring.

This first gladness of early spring in Venice is charming, and better still the later months, when May ushers in the summer-time, with its long days and heavenly nights. But hard as it is to choose between the seasons, I am not sure that autumn is

not the pleasantest time of all these. When here at home the cold north-west wind and sere leaves are already reminding us that the year is on the wane it is still summer in the lagoons.

The great heats are over, it is true; a thunder-storm or two has cooled the air and added keener zest to the pleasures of the out-of-doors life which the Venetian loves. The gay Riva is gayer than ever. On evenings when the band plays the crowds on the Piazza overflow into the Piazzetta and stretch from the Royal Terrace all along the shore to the Public Gardens. Everywhere there is a fulness of life and colour. Now, if ever, it is the artists' time, and you meet them wherever you go, not only round St. Mark's and the Piazza, where they cluster like bees, but in the more remote quarters and distant canals, painting the fruit-laden rafts or lingering to watch the sinking sun scatter clouds of fire over sky and sea and palace roofs. The sunsets are more splendid in September and October, I think, than at any time; and their glory lingers longer in our minds because we know they will soon be followed by those damp, white mists which rest in thick folds on the lagoon, hiding the scene from your eyes and sending their chilliness into your bones.

Flowers are still plentiful, roses abound in the market-places; you may buy as many carnations as you can hold in both hands for a *soldo*. And better still, the fruit season is at its height, and brings a new wealth of colour into the narrowest streets and most desolate squares. Earlier in the year you have had the cherries and the strawberries; all the winter there were pyramids of oranges and lemons, and cartloads of chestnuts, but now you have black and white grapes and purple figs, and scarlet tomatoes and pomegranates, and peaches, and apples and pears, in countless profusion. At every corner of the Riva stalls and booths are set up laden with fruit of a thousand hues; at every turn of the streets you see the dark-green water-melons—*Zucchi santi*—which appear to form the chief food of the poorer classes at this season. You pass a fruiterer's shop in some narrow lane and see them lying in a great heap under the picture of a Madonna, with a tiny oil-lamp burning in her honour and throwing a hundred

sparkles into the rippling water below. A step or two further on and you find a dozen of the same round green balls, tumbled together in the archway of a bridge on the edge of the canal, while a ragged beggar-boy with a Murillo face and thick crop of curly hair is munching the biggest he can lay hands on.

All the morning fruit-vendors, with baskets of figs and grapes on their heads, throng the narrow streets between the Merceria and the Rialto; at evenfall a stream of boats and rafts are seen slowly wending their way across the Giudecca or along the Riva, bringing the produce of their gardens from Mazzorbo, from Malamocco and Palestrina, to the Venetian market. They are among the most picturesque craft in

Venice these market-boats, piled up with grapes and pomegranates and vegetables, and rowed by strong-limbed fishermen with bronzed faces or black-eyed lads in torn blue hose and slouching hats. Sometimes a curly-headed child lies asleep in the stern, his head resting on a big cabbage; and I have a vivid remembrance of a brown-faced maiden, with a yellow handkerchief on her shoulders and a string of gold beads round her throat, who sat throned like a goddess among the fruit-baskets. The cloud-like masses of her wavy hair were gathered in loose tresses about her brows, her cheek rested thoughtfully on her hand and her dark eyes, turned with I know not what dream of yearning, towards the distant islands lying in the pearly light of the far horizon, while the bark with its precious freight moved slowly over the green waters. It was a picture worthy of being painted by the hands of a Millet or a Costa.

These boats are often to be seen on the outskirts of the city or in the lagoons of Murano and Chioggia; but if you want to study them at your leisure you must go to the Rialto at evening when the peasant women are setting up their stalls for the morrow's market, and boatmen, in striped blue and white jackets, are talking and gesticulating on the steps of the quay, as one by one the fruit-laden rafts come in. It is a lively and animated scene, and apart from the charm of colour and movement in the busy human life that is always stirring there, the Venetian market has a peculiar interest. For this is the heart and core of old Venice, the very centre of her once mighty life. The pavement now trodden by fruiterers and peasants was of old the Exchange where her merchant-princes traded. That church behind the market is S. Giacomo di Rialto, which dates back to the ninth century and the days when the first Venetians fled before King Pepin to found the republic of St. Mark and the Doges fixed their seats at *Riva alto*.

The little wharf where you land by the jewellers shops to ascend the market, is within a stone's throw of the palaces where the most illustrious patricians lived, and which still bear the names of her proudest families—Dandolo, Loredan, Pisani. Close by, spanning the water with its dark and graceful curve, is the bridge of the Rialto; and just beyond we see the stately portico of the Treasurer's palace, with the old motto, *Chi Dio serve mai non perde*, still bearing witness to the high-minded spirit of the old Venetians and the faith on which the laws of their State were grounded.

Opposite is another yet more interesting public building, the Fondaco de' Tedeschi. Originally a tavern for the use of foreign traders, this palace was as early as the thirteenth century the property of the State, which kept a jealous supervision

over the German merchants who enjoyed the exclusive right of trading within its precincts. By a curious custom, the office of broker on the Fondaco was often bestowed by the Government on artists, and was held in turn by two of the most renowned Venetian painters, Gian Bellini and Titian.

The palace, as it now stands, with its imposing front and cloistered quadrangle, was erected at the expense of the State in the early years of the sixteenth century, and the exterior of the building decorated by the hands of Giorgione and Titian, whose frescoes were not entirely obliterated until quite recently. The spacious halls within were sumptuously adorned with gilding and painting and marble columns; and in winter a huge stove, after German fashion, warmed the chamber where the merchants assembled, at the chiming of a peal of bells in a turret on the canal, to dine together. Here, on the eve of Christmas, New Year, and Epiphany, the priests and choir of S. Bartolommeo's church, hard by, came to chaunt midnight litanies in procession; and here, at Carnival time, the foreign merchants held open house for days, and feasted all masked guests who landed on the steps of their arcaded quay.

What revels and masquerades the old walls must have seen! What midnight serenades and torchlight processions, when gondolas and barges thronged the canal, and all those innumerable balconies were peopled with cavaliers and ladies in gay attire, bending down from sculptured loggia and ogeed windows to join in the festive scene and take their part in the music and the mirth!

Palaces and balconies are crumbling to ruin to-day, the walls which once glowed with the wondrous hues of Titian and Giorgione's brush rise cold and grim from the waters; sad and silent are the streets which were once the setting of the most brilliant and romantic life that the world has ever known. But still, in its changed and saddened aspect, that love of splendour which formed so strong an element in the national character makes itself powerfully felt in the architecture of the palaces along the canal. Whether Byzantine or Gothic in style, or belonging to that Renaissance period which in Venice we associate with the names of the Lombardi, these sumptuous piles were reared by men of the same race as the painters whose glowing colours have never yet been equalled, or the craftsmen who wove those costly tissues of purple and crimson brocade, and worked the sunny hues of their lagoons into the opal glass of Murano. Nothing strikes you so much when you go back to Venice from other parts of Italy as the wealth of ornament lavished on the exterior of the houses. In other cities—in Siena, in Florence, in Orvieto, the palaces all partake, more or less, of the nature of a fortress. Their crenelated towers, rough-hewn walls, and narrow, strongly-barred windows, are well calculated to resist the assaults of opposing factions and afford shelter in times of popular tumult. Whatever there is of decoration about them is almost exclusively reserved for the interior. The merchant-princes of the sea-girt city were safe from terrors of this kind, and the sense of perfect security and great wealth of her citizens combined to produce a domestic architecture unique of its kind in Italy.

The lowest stage, or water-storey, of a Venetian palace was used as a warehouse for storing merchandise; and the windows on either side of the water-gates were small and barred with iron. The stakes which stood in the canal in front of the house were painted with the heraldic colours of the family, and lanterns were attached to those two immediately opposite the steps, to which the boat was moored. The second storey, generally inhabited by the family in winter, was higher, and contained one large hall or reception-room, lighted by a central group of windows with curved arches and balconies. The third, or piano *nobile*, was still higher, and the balconies and windows of its great hall were still more elaborately decorated. This was the summer residence of the Venetian nobles, and the scene of their most splendid festivities; while the upper storey was more like the water-stage, the rooms being lower, and the windows, instead of having balconies, were divided by a row of balustrades. In some cases the second storey was the loftiest and most decorated, and the winter or servants' rooms were on an entresol below.

Every part of this exterior was covered with the richest and most varied ornament. The side of the house was corded with spiral pillars, a dog-tooth cornice ran along the eaves of the roof, and this was often surmounted with the Moorish battlements which we still see on the Ducal palace and the Cà d'Oro. Sometimes bearded heads were carved above the water-gates, or twisted pillars supported the arched doorway, while the grille which protected the windows of the lower storey was worked in trefoil and quatrefoil patterns or flowing arabesques, and the doors opening on the courtyard at the back were as elaborate as the sculptured stones above. But the chief ornament was reserved for the balconies and loggias of the great central windows which form the principal feature of Venetian houses. There is no end to the variety of invention and exuberant fancy displayed in the flower and leaf capitals of the pillars, in the basket and fillet-work of the mouldings, and the carved brackets which support the parapet. This consists either of a balustrade of small columns or else of a slab of pierced stained marble, embroidered with the most intricate and beautiful patterns, or adorned with heads and figures full of life-like expression. Where sculptured decorations were not admitted, as in the case of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the walls were either painted in fresco or

encrusted with bands of coloured marbles and medallions of jasper or porphyry, so that the effect was equally rich and splendid.

It would be impossible to conceive any street in the world more stately or more full of exquisite and varied loveliness than this of the Grand Canal as it was in the days of Venetian greatness. Even to-day we feel, in Mr. Ruskin's words, how utterly impossible it is for any man, 'unless on terms of work like Albert Dürer's, to express adequately the mere contents of architectural beauty in any general view on the Grand Canal.' Its beautiful sweep and fascinating surroundings always attract artists who, like Mr. Ruskin himself, can overcome the difficulties of any subject by the force of his love, as he has sufficiently proved in his own Venetian drawings. But it is not only on the Canalazzo that we must seek for the examples of the architectural wealth in which Venice abounds. Some of the finest palaces, as well as of some of the choicest specimens of Lombardi and Sansovino's art, are to be found in narrow bye-canals or in obscure *campi* in the less visited quarters.

Sometimes, as in the little canals of S. Bernardo or the Campo S. Stefano, you have four or five palaces with richly worked doorways and windows close together; elsewhere you come upon a Gothic portal upon which the Massegne or the Buoni have lavished all the luxuriance of their wonderful invention. The beautiful gabled relief of Madonnas and saints on the Bridge of Paradise will be familiar to most of us, and there is a door with an angel raising his hand in blessing out near S. Margherita that is worth remembering. Some of the older houses, where fragments of Byzantine work remain, have crosses let in between the windows or emblems of the four Evangelists in the spandrils of the arches. A wall in the little Campiello S. Angaran still retains the medallion of a Byzantine Caesar of the ninth century, and on the Corte Sabbionera, close to the favourite Teatro Malibran, is a quaint horseshoe arch, patterned over with plants and animals, curious by reason of its Arabic form, and still more interesting as having belonged to the house in which Marco Polo was born.

It is no uncommon thing to stumble upon a row of Byzantine windows in a dilapidated palace inhabited by five or six of the poorest families, and even to see clothes hung out to dry on the parapet of a balcony ornamented with delicate flower-work, cornices, and sculptured dragons or birds. A few years ago there was a balcony on a palace in a narrow lane somewhere near the Shrine of the Slave, traditionally ascribed to Sansovino, and adorned with the most exquisite heads of fauns and satyrs, each with a character and expression of its own. Let no one seek to find it there, for, like so many other rare things in Venice, it has vanished; and the best hope we can cherish is that it may be one of those rescued from destruction by the care of Mr. J. C. Robinson, and preserved at South Kensington or Birmingham.

Many of the dark and dirty courtyards at the back of these old palaces are well worth visiting for the sake of the ancient staircases and wells they contain. Some of the staircases are open to the sky, and supported by Gothic arches and twisted pillars, others are in the style of the late Renaissance, ornamented with white marble statues that still throw long lines of light into the water below. Strangers are sure to be shown the lovely spiral staircases of Palazzo Minelli, enclosed in a turret, in the dark little Corte del Maltese, which in form so closely resembles the Tower of Pisa, and that other

scarcely less picturesque at the corner of the house where Goldoni was born.

No less interesting are the old wells, *bocche* and *cinte di pozzi*, which you find in every *campo* and in almost every courtyard of Venice. Next to the windows, balconies, doorways, and tombs, these were the most favourite subjects on which the Venetian sculptors lavished their skill, and those still remaining are shaped and adorned with infinite variety. They are so beautiful in themselves, and so closely connected with the history of Venice, that they have always seemed to me deserving of greater attention than has been usually paid them.

From the earliest times the supply of water received the especial attention of the State, and there are said to be no less than two thousand public cisterns in Venice at the present time. In the year 1130 the Paduans, who were then at war with Venice, tried to dam up the Brenta, and thus cut off the chief water-supply of Venice. The alarm which this step excited led to the opening of a number of new wells in the city, and several of those which still exist date back to that period. Some are even older, and probably belong to the tenth and eleventh centuries. These are generally made of Greek marble, while later ones are of the white Istrian stone so common in Venice, or else of red Verona marble. A complete study of these wells would include the whole history of Venetian sculpture, which we find reflected in all its different phases in the specimens to be found at Venice and its neighbouring islands. At Torcello and Murano and in some parts of Venice we may still see wells of Byzantine date, carved with Greek crosses and stars and peacocks, with interlaced circles and other patterns delicately worked in the flat relief common in pavements and tombs of this epoch at Ravenna. Next we have the Gothic wells, of which splendid specimens are to be seen in the Corte Bressana, amongst other places. The earlier of these are shaped like the huge capital of a pillar, and are severe and simple in design, while others are enriched with all the luxuriant foliage and variety of heads, lions, griffins, and birds, in which the later Venetian sculptors delighted. Finally, there are the wells which belong, by their form and decoration, to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The more elaborate specimens of this period are profusely adorned with flowers and leaves, medallions, rosettes, bead- and scroll-work—in short, with every kind of Renaissance ornament. The finest examples of this numerous and well-preserved class are the octagonal bronze wells in the court of the Ducal Palace, designed after Vittoria's style by Alberghetti of Ferrara and Niccolò de'Conti in the middle of the sixteenth century.

(*To be continued.*)

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Winter Exhibitions of 'Old Masters' at the Royal Academy have now reached a fifteenth season, it is therefore little wonder that a falling off in quality of the contributions is apparent, for the supply of master works cannot be perpetual. Four rooms have been set apart and are filled in the usual rotation, even to the placing of pictures by certain masters in places usually appropriated to them. The fifth gallery is hung with a small but representative collection of pictures, under thirty in number, by the late Paul Falconer Poole, R.A., the recently deceased British artist chosen for illustration this year.

Among the earlier Italian examples are four portions of a panel frieze, said to have been taken from a room in the Gonzaga Palace, at S. Martino, near Mantua, where several coats of whitewash had kept them from sight and from injury. These very curious pictures form a consecutive design of bust portraits in profile of men and women set against an architectural niche, and the colour scheme runs mainly upon pinkish red, greys, black, white, and the green-blue of the flats behind the portraits. Portraiture the heads would appear to be inevitably, so distinct in characterisation are the features, so full of strong vitality roughly but surely indicated; while the dressing of the headgear would also indicate more than chance selection. The panels appear to have been executed in tempera which has been varnished or waxed over at a subsequent period. The artist, whether of the Mantuan school or more nearly allied to Venice, shows but rough training and a tendency to the grotesque, but also great vigour and individuality and a good sense of colour. These curious pieces of decorative work are lent by Mr. H. Willett. A fine altar picture with wings, *Virgin and Child, with Saints and Angels*, attributed to Rafaellino del Garbo, is lent by Mr. W. J. Farrar. Mr. W. Graham sends a sumptuously designed panel of the enthroned *Virgin and Child*, with attendant figures of the Florentine school, the condition of which is too altered by restoration to afford much clue to identification of a master. A large *Entombment*, lent by Mr. Drury-Lowe, is an example of the kind of work which must have been produced plentifully by inferior scholars in the Florentine and Umbrian schools, who arranged after accepted conventional designs the favourite models of the great painters. Lady Ashburton's little Giorgione *Landscape*, with figures of a soldier leaning on his spear, and a lady and child seated under a tree; the formal, admirably painted *Portrait of a Gentleman with Two Children*, by Gianbattista Moroni, sent by the National Gallery of Ireland; a portrait of *General Duodo*, in sumptuous armour and mantle, by Tintoret, from Lord Clarence Paget; and several charming specimens of the canal scenes of Canaletto and Guardi, are the chief examples of Venetian origin, if we except the *Virgin Blessing the Donor*, a votive picture from the earlier period of Andrea Previtali, a scholar of Gian Bellini, lent by Mr. Butler. The most notable examples of ancient schools not yet named may be summarised as follows:—A few Spanish pictures, notably *El Corrigidor*, attributed to Velasquez; and a solid, if rather black and heavy, full-length portrait of *Don Justino Neve*, by Murillo; at least one capital early German example—a *Holy Family*—lent by Mr. Blundell; two good Rembrandts—one the *Portrait of a Lady*, in the painter's more quiet and searching manner, from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and a powerful study of the head of a *Young Man* in a red cap, lent by Mr. Leyland; two capital examples of the vigorous hand of Frank Hals, both lent by Earl Howe; a huge decorative canvas by Rubens, symbolising, with much display of obese nudities, the honours due to William Frederick, Prince of Orange, also smaller pieces by the same master; and a host of excellent Dutch *genre* pictures—notably the Marquis of Lansdowne's Mieris, *A Lady and Cavalier;* and David Teniers' *The Duett;* Mr. Massey Mainwaring's two Terburgs, and that from Buckingham Palace, *The Letter;* also some good examples of the landscapist Ruysdael. A luxurious portrait of

Lady Byron, by Lely, takes one by a side road into English art; and here the Exhibition may be accounted strong. Over twenty portraits by Reynolds—which it seems a pity could not have added lustre and completeness to the Special Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery—show the character and strength the English master could give to his portraits of men, and the grace and style with which he added charm to the beauty of women. *Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia;* a replica of *Miss Morris as Hope nursing Love*, and *Lady Lade;* the head of *Gibbon the Historian;* a study of *Giuseppe Marchi;* and the Vandyke-like large portrait-group of the *Viscount Grimston* and his brothers and sisters, lent by Earl Verulam, may be cited. Of nine Gainsboroughs *Mrs. Douglas*, seated reading a letter, is especially beautiful in execution and colour-scheme of silver-greys and distinction of style. Romney is at the best of his luscious manner in the full-length of *Mrs. Maxwell*, in flowing white drapery; while the closely-painted and grave group of *Flaxman modelling the bust of Hayley*, with the boy Hayley in front and Romney himself standing behind, may well surprise people who are only acquainted with the painter's later and more flashy, if always fascinating, mannerism. A capital study of *Dalmatian Dogs* shows the strong draughtsmanship of James Ward. In landscape the English exhibition is rich; the Wilsons are particularly fine, and the names of Nasmyth, Crome, Callcott, are well sustained. Of the two pieces by Bonington, a *French Coast Scene*, lent by Mr. F. O. Barlow, R.A., has the finest quality in the luminous, softly veiled sky and sense of space. Mr. Henry Drake's *Fishing-boats entering Calais Harbour* may be accepted as a genuine example of Turner's solid, even rigid, painting and secure drawing at an early point in his middle period; but the hangers have placed by preference in the chief room *The Nore*, lent by the Earl of Essex. Mr. Louis Huth sends the splendid sketch by Constable for his picture of *Salisbury Cathedral*, the only example of the master in the Gallery.

The pictures of R. F. Poole, R.A., mark in successive phases the career of a painter whose type is not now likely to recur. Mr. Poole produced slowly and deliberately, and his aim was neither popularity nor wealth; he strove for intellectual or emotional expression rather than the imitation of the appearances of things; subject was a motive and incentive to his artistic energy, an important factor in his art, which leant to the dramatic and romantic. It is true that he began with rustic themes, and the influence of Mulready is apparent in the specimens of this class of work now shown. But in 1843 he exhibited the famous *Solomon Eagles* preaching repentance to the plague-stricken people, a composition in which the dramatic element is strong with an ordered energy that has been likened to the plague-picture of N. Poussin, while in the types and attitudes we trace the influence of Maclise. By degrees Poole passed from semi-historic to the romantic, or purely imaginative. Spenser, Shakespeare, Boccacio, inspired him, he brought external nature into poetic accord with human sentiment, and sought a unity of mental impression; his landscape was broadly generalised, harmonious in colour, and nobly conceived in effect, his figures were always appropriate, but it was easy to show that both in landscape and figure he attained sentiment at the expense of perspective truth or correct drawing. Effects of moonlight, as in *The Meeting of Titania and Oberon*, *The Troubadour*, *The Escape of Glaucus and Irene*, *Constance Sent Adrift*, he delighted in, and was very successful. The supernatural attracted his brush, and he painted with a conviction that infects the spectator. One feels him less at home in an attempt to render a real incident, such as *The Trial of a Sorceress by Rustics;* these figures seem less living than the fairies of his Shakespearian dreams. His colour was fine when not over-green and yellow; *The Lion in the Pulls*, where all is right save the too-human lion, for instance, is sonorous and noble; *Job and his Friends*, *Philomela's Song by the Beautiful Lake*, rich and jewel-like. It was a pity that a certain raggedness and want of decision in his touch marred a style which must be acknowledged as always mannered but imbued through and through with a poetic individuality.

THE directors of the Grosvenor Gallery have been on the whole fortunate in the response which owners of pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds made to the proposal for a special exhibition of his works. A large proportion of the most famous and most loveable portraits of children or of mothers with their children, the subjects particularly associated with Reynolds' popularity, are on the walls, and a fair contingent of subject pictures. Earl Spencer's nine contributions include the fine portrait of *George John, Viscount Althorp at seventeen*, in which Reynolds is so close upon Vandyck; *Lavinia Bingham afterwards Countess Spencer*, and *Lady Anne Bingham*, and the lovely group of *Georgiana, Countess Spencer with her Daughter afterwards Duchess of Devonshire*. The Duke of Devonshire lends the famous *Duchess of Devonshire and her Child* and a sketch for the Countess Spencer last named, besides other family portraits. *Miss Cholmondeley*, *Master Philip Yorke*, *Lady Fitz Patrick*, and the beautiful *Study* of a young girl, a model with 'red hair' who was a favourite with Sir Joshua, are typical of the most fascinating child portraits. A number of the portrait studies of actresses celebrated for wit or beauty in the easy social circles of the day are essential to a good collection of Reynolds' pictures, for into these he put some of his freshest and most careful work, as testify *Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe*, *Mrs. Abington as Miss Prim*, *Mrs. Collier as Cœlia*, and many more. The Duke of Westminster lends his replica of *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, the most successful effort Reynolds made to walk on heroic stilts. The Queen graciously contributes a favourable example of the treatment of the nude, in which Reynolds aimed at the melting flesh tones of Venice, *Iphigenia and Cymon;* and the Dowager Countess of Upper Ossory, *The Nymph*, which Reynolds left by will to the Earl of his day. A number of the more pretentious and conventional portrait pictures have been gathered for the completeness of the collection, though not for the credit of the painter; several are absolutely bad. The fashionable portrait-painter had to undertake many more commissions than he could devise worthily or paint well, and even the assistance of drapery men, or other workshop aid, could not carry him through at perpetual high-water mark. Of the manly portraiture which does justice to Reynolds as a trenchant delineator of character, we find the memorable *Edward, Lord Thurlow*, *Warren Hastings*, the well-known groups of the *Dilettanti Society*, the fine half-length of *Joseph Barretti*, &c. Three single studies of fair women beyond those mentioned already may be named, *Lavinia, Countess Spencer*, half-length, in frilled hood and white kerchief; *Miss Fanny Kemble*, white dress with blue ribbons, skin of milk and roses, brown eyes cast down and soft thick eyebrows; and the *Young Lady, niece of Edward Burke's Lawyer*, in white hat half shading the frank face, black mantilla and gloves. In these portraits, and others like them, the combination of a certain simplicity and fresh and sweet veracity with distinction, is characteristic of Reynolds' style. One landscape lent by the Earl of Northbrook, a *View from Richmond Hill*, was worth securing as the rare effort of a figure painter, by no means unsuccessful in a certain large truth from which one might have expected a nearer approach to nature in the landscape backgrounds to figure pieces. Some pen-and-ink sketches lent by Canon Furse and Dr. Hamilton, add to the interest of the collection. Taken as a whole, this gathering of over three hundred pictures, presents an instructive summary of Reynolds' artistic career, of his failures as well as of his successes, his assimilation of the style of greater masters, his imitation of their modes, his ruinous technical experiments, in vehicles, pigments, and varnishes—his great inequality, his careless drawing, and often inarticulated form; but also his essentially artistic perceptions, his possession of real style, his charm of line, his genial expression, his sense of harmonious and dignified colour. An exhibition which should bring out these points in our English master was worth organizing.

THE *Breakfast Piece*, by William Hogarth, containing portraits of the Strode family, Dr. Arthur Smith, &c., now among the 'old masters' at Burlington House, is presented by the

executors of the late Rev. William Finch to the Nationnl Gallery.

Mr. Madox Brown, whose work on the frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall has been much impeded by the constant visitors to the place, is to be paid 375*l.* each for the remaining designs; and an extra 100*l.* each was also decreed by the Town Council in January on the pictures already executed. Even on these terms Mr. Madox Brown's work must still be accounted a 'labour of love.'

The most important picture yet painted by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., has been on view at the Gallery, 168 Bond Street, during the last month, and an engraving will be issued by the publishers, Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth. The large canvas, measuring sixteen feet by eight, represents the entry of the Holy Family into an Egyptian city, wayworn and weary, at evening time, when a procession in honour of the divinities of the country issues from the outer court of a distant temple, and with images borne aloft and pomp of priests and soldiers and files of playing and singing maidens, sweeps round almost into the foreground of the picture. Immediately in front, and occupying the centre of the composition, is the Virgin riding on an ass and supporting the Babe, while Joseph walks beside; to the left a dying child, in the lap of his mother, has caught the pitying attention of the Virgin; a swarthy seller of images, a pair of lovers, and a graceful group of children, give incident. Much carefully sought out detail in the background of painted temple, pyramid and palm-grove, in processional effigies and symbols, in costume and ornament, clever management of a multitude of figures into scenic composition, a thoughtful scheme wrought out with frank literalism, mark this ambitious picture, which, however, as to colour or style and technical qualities, is no new departure on previous work of the artist. The picture is exhibited under the title *Anno Domini*, but Mr. Long's intention was to call it *The Unknown God*, a name which better indicates the underlying thought.

An Exhibition of forty-two oil pictures and ninety-six water-colour drawings by Mr. Alfred Hunt was opened last month by the Fine Art Society, and Mr. Edmund Gosse supplied a Preface to the Catalogue of very discriminating quality. Therein it is truly remarked that Mr. Hunt is among English artists the only one who 'has consistently and intelligently retained the Turnerian scheme of landscape-painting;' and, like Turner, is occupied primarily with the beauty and magic of Nature herself, any introduction of the human figures being quite subordinate. The public know Mr. Hunt chiefly through his contributions to the elder Water Colour Society, into which he was elected 1862, and soon took a position apart for the subtlety, aerial quality, and delicate truth of his work. The oil pictures, which from time to time have been hung upon the Academy walls, have never looked their worth amid the distracting and aggressive surroundings, being of too sensitively sought qualities to stand what coarser work will bear. But in this small exhibition it is seen how in many oil pictures, especially those painted between 1860 and 1876, the same fine capacity for rendering the complexity, the variety, the multitudinous and exquisite veracities of Nature is felt as charms one in the water-colour work. *Flood and Wind at the Head of a Welsh Pass* (1860), *Summer Days for Me* (1875), *Mountain Joyous with Leaves and Streams* (1873), *Whitby—Morning*, and *Whitby—Evening* (1876), stand perhaps highest among the oil-pictures, together with *Debateable Land* (1863), which in the water-colour version as *Whitby Scaur*, of later date, is very fine. Among the water-colours again *The Rainbow—Dolwyddelan Valley*, and *Llandechwyn*, show in highest degree an artistic power over the 'poetry of distance,' quality and variety of light, delicate perspective relations and the mysteries of cloudland. Special exhibitions of work by living artists are not always to be wished for, but in the case of Mr. Alfred Hunt one may say that only by such collective display can the public truly estimate how much English landscape art owes to this patient worshipper of Nature and highly gifted painter.

The articles written by M. Louis Gonse in the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts' upon the French *genre* painter, Eugéne Fromentin, revised and enlarged by original extracts from letters, diaries, and unpublished fragments, have been published in book form, and now appear in an English translation by Mary C. Robbins, through the publishing houses of Osgood, in Boston, and Messrs. Trübner, in London. M. Gonse knew Fromentin as a friend, and has an enthusiasm for him both as man and artist: the biography is highly coloured in eulogium, even making allowances for a fervent style. But it is discriminating also; there is excellent criticism here and there, and the biographical study is pleasurably complete.

Eugéne Fromentin was born, in 1820, at La Rochelle, his father was the clever physician of a *maison de santé;* his grandfather was a barrister of eminence. He himself was destined for the legal profession and civic honours; but the inclination to literature was stronger than a taste for law, and literary ventures, chiefly in the line of poetry, early saw the light in the daily press. Although when the artistic talent was awakened in him, at an age when the born painter has usually achieved some success, it developed rapidly, yet to the last M. Gonse is right in saying Fromentin was greater as a writer than a painter. What became, however, specially notable in this man who had the dual capacity for expression, was the unity of his gifts. Precisely these qualities which distinguish his writings, apart from the difference in the language of expression, are the charms of his art, the subtle and sensitive perception, the sense of relation, the condensing and etherealising faculty. At the same time one must note as a curious thing in Fromentin's development, that while he appeared to obtain almost instinctively an exquisite and original literary style, yet to the last he was not wholly certain of the technical grammar of his art, and progressed by assiduous patience and effort. The influence of Marilhat and a passion for the peculiar beauty and character of Algerian scenery and forms of life, then comparatively unknown, determined the bent of his art, and inspired his unique books of travel, 'The Sahel' and 'A Summer in the Sahara.' He wrote also a novel, 'Dominique,' which was held highly by Georges Sand, who admired Fromentin enthusiastically and esteemed him no less. His only other published book was 'Les Maîtres d'Autrefois,' a criticism upon the chief Flemish and Dutch painters and the country native to their works, of singularly sympathetic penetration and power of analysis most felicitously expressed. The critique on Rubens is an example of close and eloquent research. M. Gonse has been able to add to the Life letters, and also fragments, hitherto unpublished, from the literary material which Fromentin accumulated for books or public addresses never carried out, his fastidious taste and his humility both conspiring to keep him from further steps to publicity. His reverential attitude towards ideal aims constantly appears; he deplored the lack of them in French art, and his worship for Nature would brook no disdainful trickery with her, such as appears in the abnormal whims of the day. He could be courageous enough when the word was in his mouth; for example, the Dutchmen wished him at the devil for daring to be plain-spoken about Rembrandt. We abstain, though reluctantly, from quoting from a translation, however well rendered, a writer with whom thought and language were so singularly inseparable from each other, and so distinctive of the man. The art of Fromentin is not well known in England, although frequenters of the *salon* and the International Exhibitions must be familiar with his chief pictures—*An Arab Fantasia*, *The Quarry*, *the Heron Hunt*, *The Land of Thirst;* beautiful as they are in spirited and characteristic design, and a colouring that is at once brilliant and careful of tone, relying much upon the value of greys, yet they are but echoes of the word pictures to be found in his books; in either case the images are the record of vivid and retentive memory, aided by notes, letters, sketches, &c. Fromentin died when about to receive election into the French Academy; and although the honour could never be bestowed, the intention marks the position attained by the artist in the literary world.

FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE WILY.

THE extensive district of 'The Wiltshire Downs,' which embraces the larger part of the south-eastern division of the county, consists of a succession of undulating chalk hills, intersected by numerous valleys, some of which are of considerable extent. One of the largest of these extends from the neighbourhood of Salisbury for many miles in a north-westerly direction, and is watered by the river Wily, a stream which indirectly gives its name to the county. Taking its rise near Kingston Deverill, it flows at first in a north-easterly direction towards Warminster, but, before reaching the latter place, takes a sweep to the right, and, flowing to the south-east by Heytesbury, the double village of Codford St. Peter and Codford St. Mary, Stockton, Steeple Langford, and Wishford, joins the Nalder a little below the ancient town of Wilton. It is from the Wily that Wilton derives its name, which in its turn it passes on to the county of which it was formerly the principal town.

An uneventful course the river holds, as it wanders along the wide, flat valley, through plashy water-meadows, by mill, and bridge, and stately park. As it leaves Codford it receives a slender tributary, and, spreading itself out at the meeting of the waters over a broad shallow bed, is forded by the lane leading to Hindon, and by the side of the ford runs the long footbridge—formed partly of wooden planks, partly of slabs of stone—which gives the title to the accompanying etching.

R. S. CHATTOCK.

THE ARTIST IN VENICE.

III.

THE love of beautiful architectural and sculptural detail, which was so deeply rooted in the Venetian heart, does not seem to have been confined exclusively to the upper classes. The trefoil windows and pear-shaped gables which adorned the palaces of the patricians are reproduced on a humbler scale with ruder material in the modest dwellings of the lower classes. They had their balconies and their Gothic doorways. And who can tell how many a generation of lowly lives may have been gladdened by the fragments of beauty which have found their way into these homes of the poor?

The roofs of these houses are gay with masses of creepers and with the flowers which spring up everywhere, while the very chimney-pots, in their endless variety of height and form, become picturesque. I have seen twelve or thirteen, of every conceivable shape or size, and two or three dormer-windows, collected on the roof of one house, and with the help of a bush of trailing ivy and a swallow or two skimming before the fleeting clouds they made a very pretty picture.

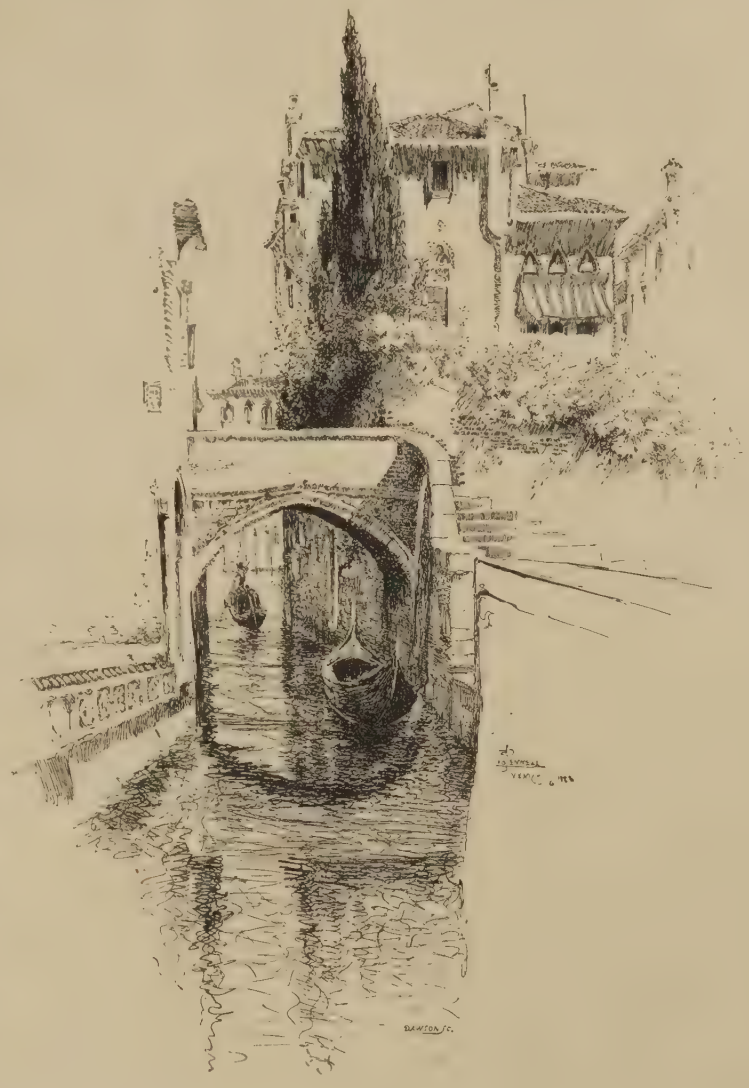
But so it is in Venice. Wherever you roam beauty clings to your steps, haunting the dreariest nooks and looking you in the face where you least expect to see her.

You are standing on the little quay at the door of your house, watching the curly heads of the boys swimming round the stakes in the canal, and enjoying the pleasant warmth of the spring sunshine in that *dolce-far-niente* mood which grows upon you more every day you spend in Venice, until you begin to love your ease as much as Aretino, and understand his bitter lamentations at being sent to meet the Emperor and forced to exchange the luxurious motion of his gondola for the jolting of a horse! Suddenly you are startled by a sound of singing, and looking up towards the convent roof which rises above the black cypresses, you see a procession of brown monks descending the white steps of the bridge on their way to attend some festival at the church opposite. One bears a silver cross high over his head, the younger ones are singing snatches of psalm or litany in fitful, irregular bursts, and their deep voices vibrate through the air as they pass, filling the sweet spring morning with melody until the last has passed out of sight, and you are left looking at the black outline of the cypresses against the white Istrian stone and at the green water sparkling below, half in doubt whether the forms you have just seen were living human beings or only the shadowy creations of your own brain.

Or else your gondola is waiting at the door of a carpenter's shop while some heavy Mestre boats are passing under the bridge, and you see the owner within at his work, and watch him as he tosses out the shavings which go floating down the water in golden piles. A heap of tools are lying in the corner with the light catching the edge of the plane, just as in that famous *Annunciation* which you saw the day before over in S. Rocco yonder. A girl is standing in the shadow of the further room. It is all so like Tintoret's picture that you almost expect to hear the rustle of angel wings in the air above, when a door in the background is flung open, a sudden rush of light floods the shop, and across the narrow canal outside you catch a vision of a Gothic staircase and a terraced garden where oleanders and roses are flowering above

the marvellously wrought iron-work and carved stone of the balcony.

One of the prettiest processions I ever saw in Venice was the funeral of a child. A long file of gondolas started from a *palazzo* at the back of the Riva and moved along through the narrow canals, bearing the bier with a crown and handful of flowers lying on the pall and a funeral train of brown-cloaked monks, followed by some twenty *facchini*, clad in the long white tunics and light blue capes of the Confraternity which had undertaken the office of burial. Each bore a tall gold candlestick with a lighted taper as the little company landed at the *riva* of S. Salvatore, where the priests came out with crosses and candles to meet them. Through the open doors they passed in, chanting as they went, and making a brightness with their lights and their blue and white draperies in the gloomy aisles of the vast Palladian church, while the great *Christ at Emmaus* looked down from the altar opposite in sublime calm and raised His hand in blessing, as if joining in the solemn service. It was an impressive sight with no excessive display of mourning, no ugliness of funeral trappings; and when the little procession wound through the canals towards San Michele there was something pleasant and soothing in the thought of starting for your last journey over the sunny lagoon and gliding peacefully along the smooth, green waters to the rest of your long home. When it is the Scuola di San Rocco who undertakes the last rites, scarlet capes and girdles are worn by the bearers. Thus even the gloom of funeral processions is relieved with a touch of colour, and something of brightness follows the Venetian to the end.



Of course much of all this charm is owing to the effect of the water, to the movement and colour and reflected light it gives by its presence

'In the broad, the narrow streets, ebbing and flowing.'

But it would be unjust to the dry land if we did not acknowledge the picturesqueness of the *calle* where the high roofs shut out all but the narrowest strip of blue sky, and where swinging shutters and jutting balconies and window-sills with crimson and yellow stuffs hanging over them, and little shrines of Virgin and saints, each with their lamp or candle burning, and shops and wares and laces, are crowded together in the most inextricable confusion.

Out of these crooked and bewildering streets, with their bright medley of form and colour we emerge on to the *campi*, or squares, in front of the churches, to which they were originally attached as burial-grounds. Each of these squares is now a little centre of life, and has its farmacia and grocery and fruiterer's shop, perhaps a palazzo with the upper stories to let, sometimes a tree or two swaying leafy boughs against the balconies. Each has its well generally raised on steps, round which the gossips of the place collect and where you may glean many a characteristic and amusing incident of Venetian life. Every morning at eight o'clock the iron lid which closes its mouth is unlocked, and then there is a clanking of heels on the stone pavement and a brisk chattering of tongues, as the water-carriers, stout-built peasant-maidens from Friuli, each wearing the same high-crowned hat and

short skirts, come to fill their copper buckets at the well. Many of the *campi* in front of the well-known churches have furnished subjects to our painters, such as the square in front of San Giovanni e Paolo, the burial-place of the Doges, which is further adorned by the presence of Colleoni's glorious statue and that masterpiece of the Lombardi's art, the *Scuola di San Marco*. Another favourite bit is the little Campiello di San Rocco with the back of the church of the Frari towering over the roofs and some trefoil windows in a house on the right which formed the subject of one of Prout's pictures.

Less familiar, but quite as well worth knowing, is the still grassy square in front of the remote church of the Madonna dell' Orto, where the tall Gothic windows and traceries of red and white marble with which Bartolommeo Buoni adorned that fair shrine look down on the sunny turf. This is the very edge of the lagoon. A few steps further on you have a splendid view over the wide expanse from the creek or Sacca della Misericordia. This charming old abbey of the tenth century, the most interesting convent in Venice, has been desecrated and stripped of its best sculpture, but nothing can destroy the view of Murano, with the cloud of smoke always hanging over its furnaces, and of the long line of dusky shore, with its fringe of low trees and the peaks of Cadore rising in the faint blue distance. That view brought Titian to live here in Birigrande, where at sunrise he could see the light touching the sharp edges of his own Alpine heights, and where, far from the traffic of the Rialto and the busy Merceria, he could enjoy the rural delights and simple pleasures of the country. Here he had his loggia and his terraced garden, where until a few years back the round-leaved tree which he studied for his picture of the Death of Martyr Peter was still standing. Here cardinals and princes came to visit him, and he entertained his chosen friends at those exquisite little suppers and musical evenings which Aretino has celebrated. Since those days, a new embankment has been built, and houses and wharves have sprung up to hide the view, and you must climb the roofs if you would see the hills of Titian's native land from the house where he lived and died.

A little further still, along the Fondamenta dei Mori, so called from the palace which still bears the camel of the Moorish merchants, a carved Gothic balcony of white stone marks the house where Tintoretto lived. Unlike Titian, and Giorgione, and most of the greatest Venetian painters, Jacopo Robusti was no native of Cadore or Castelfranco, but the son of a dyer in the heart of Venice. Yet he too came to dwell in these quiet regions where he could lead the peaceful, secluded life that was most to his taste, and devote himself to the art he loved better than all other things, until he was laid to rest by Marietta's side in the Madonna's shrine close at hand.

All this eastern side of Venice has a peculiar attraction from the views which it affords over the lagoons and far islands. As we float along under the wall of the Arsenal, past the quaint red towers and the famous lions of the Piraeus which guard its gates, and by the tall campanile of S. Pietro di Castello, the old Cathedral of Venice, we come across a hundred subjects which our artists have made familiar.

Only it is hard to know where to stop, and harder still to turn back. Murano tempts us with its dear Bellini cherubs and sweet, blue-robed Virgin, and we know that yonder are the bent and twisted stakes which mark the pathway in the sea to the ancient Torcello. It leads across the lagoon, between grassy banks, where wild flowers and sea-weed grow together, and samphire and cockle-gatherers are fishing knee-deep in water; past maize-fields and fruit-gardens, where the pomegranates hang in bright scarlet clusters. Here and there the lonely bell-tower of a ruined church rises out of a clump of cypresses, and we almost wonder that the low red

wall which fences it around has so long resisted the force of the advancing waves.

A strange approach, you say, to a city once populous and important, which had its cathedral, and for more than a thousand years its Bishop, and which writers in the tenth century could describe as a great emporium of commerce. But the place itself is stranger still in its utter loneliness and desolation, its seventh-century basilica stands on the forlorn piazza, almost alone among wretched huts and ruinous buildings, fast crumbling to pieces. Within, Byzantine sculpture and mosaics dimly foreshadow the glories of St. Mark's, and the praying Virgin on the apse, with the big tear-drops on her cheek, seem to weep over all this pitiful decay and waste of human effort.

It is worth visiting if only for the sake of the view from the top of the old brick Campanile over the blue lagoon, dotted with red and white sails and the towers of Venice rising out of the sea between the snowy Alps of Cadore and the far-away line of Euganean Hills. And you will think it still better worth your pains if as you return the sun is going down and steeping those same mountains of Padua and Vicenza in hues of deepest purple. Then with the streaks of fire lacing the clouds and the molten gold of the lagoon below you can hardly tell if those flashing towers and spires belong to sea or sky, whether the city is descending, like a bride, out of heaven, or whether the sound of her evening bells come as those of Vineta of old from the depths of the sea, telling strange stories of the treasures which lie buried with her under the waves.

On the way back you can stop at pretty little S. Elena, with its romantic gardens and ruined cloisters, or at the Public Gardens, where you are safe to be alone, but, if you are of my mind, you will hasten past these to the Zattere. There you will see the dying glory of the sun as it floods the broad Giudecca, and watch the last rose-tints lingering lovingly on the dome of the Redentore and the lonely Campanile of St. George of the Sea-weed.

It is a pleasant, quiet nook, this quay of the Zattere, and all the quarter in which it lies is full of interest. S. Trovaso, with its *campo* of bright acacias and irregular old roofs, is there; and at the other end S. Sebastian, where the great Veronese lies surrounded by the joyous sprightliness and splendour of his own paintings; and there is a particularly charming corner under the walls of the little oratory of the Orphans, where three bridges meet, and boats cross each other in the most picturesque fashion. Opposite the quay is the Fondamenta di San Biagio.

You can never go there without recalling that sad little song in which poor Alfred de Musset has immortalised the joy and the sorrow of those Venetian days, which formed the most memorable episode of his life. With fine poetic feeling he has caught the spirit of mingled gaiety and melancholy which breathes in the atmosphere of the place, and the sweet melody of his verse haunts us like the wild musical pathos of the gondolier's cry.

'A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca
Vous étiez, vous étiez bien aise
A Saint-Blaise.
A Saint Blaise, à la Zuecca
Nous étions bien là.
Mais de vous en souvenir
Prendrez-vous la peine?"
Mais de vous en souvenir
Et d'y revenir.
A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Dans les prés fleuris cueillir la verveine,
A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Vivre et mourir là!

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SOME ITALIAN PICTURES.

I.

MANY things have lately combined to reopen the vexed questions of connoisseurship. A critical stage has been reached in the work of constructing a plausible theory of the progress of modern art, and especially of Italian Painting, on the foundations provided for us by the old writers, from Vasari downwards, by traditions and documents, and by the internal evidence of pictures and drawings themselves. Within the last thirty years connoisseurship has advanced from the position of a harmless amusement almost to that of an exact science; the catalogues of nearly every important gallery in Europe have been re-written, and the bare framework afforded by the great *capi-scuole* has been filled in with the creations of the vast crowd of followers who were once all but lost in the broad shadows of their leaders. The additions to our time-honoured lists of notable artists have been neither few nor unimportant, and many a painter who was not even a name to the last generation of critics has had his life-work restored to him by happy accident or untiring research.* Our own national collection is little more than half a

* From the catalogue of painters worthy to be represented in a national collection, which was compiled by Sir Charles, then Mr., Eastlake, for the Trustees of the National Gallery just thirty years ago, several names which now fill a large space in art histories are absent, and yet it contains nearly two thousand entries.

century old, but in those few decades it has seen both the methods of the connoisseur and the canons of the critic undergo a revolution which has led first to a kind of 'general post' among the pictures themselves, and secondly to the appearance beneath them of several names unknown to the ordinary art lover. In these papers upon the authorship of some old pictures our examples are taken mainly from a gallery easily accessible to most of our readers.

'L'art de deviner l'auteur d'un tableau en reconnaissant la main du maître est le plus fautif de tous les arts,' wrote the Abbé de Bos,* and there can be no doubt that, in one sense, he was right enough. Although it is easier to recognise the hand and mind of a master than he believed, to show good cause for the recognition is one of the most delicate and irksome tasks a critic can undertake. After years of patient observation and comparison, he arrives, we will say, at a fairly complete knowledge of the Italian quattro-centisti; he burrows through the methods and mannerisms of Filippo and Filippino, of Perugino, Botticelli, and the rest, until he arrives at a final comprehension of the individualities behind, and can recognise the physiognomies of their pictures as readily and surely as the faces of his friends. His position is then like that of a man who has won a distant goal by a difficult and tortuous path; he knows that he has reached the bourne at which he has long been aiming, but before he can induce his friends to believe in his success and share its fruits, he must pick his way back over his fading footsteps and lead them painfully, and perhaps without their own good will, along the path he had himself tracked out. Who can wonder that in so many instances he is content to rest at the point to which his toil has brought him and to call to less successful seekers to join him as best they can?

The chief dangers that beset connoisseurship may be divided into two classes. On the one hand we have those arising from an excess of the analytical impulse, and from that want of sympathy with the creative qualities of a work of art which seems so often to accompany it; on the other we have the defects of the opposite temperament, its proneness to plausible but misleading generalisations, its dislike for minute investigation and contempt for those accidental differences which are of so much use in distinguishing between second-rate painters of the same school; above all, its habit of mistaking subjective for objective impressions, and attributing the results of its own too facile imaginings to the deliberate intention of the artist. In short, the tendency of the synthetic mind is to make connoisseurship an art instead of a science. From the disorder into which the science has been thrown by the successive and different blunders of these two sets of writers, it can only be rescued, I believe, by establishing a definite idea as to what should be required of a connoisseur, and by accepting with the greatest reserve the opinions of those who fail to show they have reached the standard thus set up.

An ideal connoisseur should, then, have the native gifts required for forming a right judgment as to the aesthetic value of any work of art, irrespective of such extraneous circumstances as authorship and date. It is because they are without those gifts that many writers fall into the hopeless blunders of appreciation which do so much to lessen the authority of what they have to say. In the second place, the connoisseur should—to borrow the words of a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review'—'possess the impartiality of a judge, the ardour of a zealot, and the patience of a saint;' he should have an unerring eye, both for the only unchanging element in any man's work—the personality at the back of it—and for those unconsidered details of execution on which no real expert need greatly depend for his own guidance, but which are, nevertheless, so useful in forcing conviction upon less experienced students. He should be ready to carry on the all-important work of comparison without regard to time or distance. Finally, he should be free from that dislike to confess his ignorance which spoils so many critics. When confronted by some canvas that cannot be satisfactorily ascribed to any master he knows, he should say so, and avoid the confusion caused by mere guessing, both in his own standards and in the minds of his readers. In this particular one of the most distinguished of modern connoisseurs, the Commendatore Giovanni Morelli, sets an example that humbler seekers might do well to follow. The writer in the 'Edinburgh Review'—whose identity is an open secret*—goes on to say that 'the best connoisseur is he who compares on the largest scale and with the narrowest nicety.' Granted those native powers to which we have alluded, we should wish to add nothing to such a definition, but just at present we all appear to be in some danger of accepting mere patience of study as the one thing needful. This danger, like most of those with which the historian, whether of art or anything else, is surrounded, is a reaction from its opposite, an ill-founded respect for the dicta of men who had compared on a narrow scale indeed, and had built up their notions of the work of this or that painter upon a general gazing at such examples, doubtful or otherwise, as might happen to cross their path.

Another fruitful parent of confusion, at least in

* 'Réflexions critiques sur la Poésie et sur la Peinture.' 12mo. 1732.

* Since these lines were in print Lady Eastlake's essay on 'Raphael and his Times' has been reprinted under her own name.

this country, is our curious habit of allowing a reputation gained in one branch of study to give authority to statements made by the same man in another, although he may never, so far as we know, have given an hour's thought to it in his life. Of this, we might, if we chose, give many curious examples. Our national unwillingness to believe that art is a language which must be learnt like any other, is at the bottom of most of our mistakes of taste. It is a language, and in this country it has been allowed to become a dead language; so that its rules and structure must be taken from those who have learnt it as they would Greek or Latin. But yet people whose study of art is confined to a yearly visit to the Royal Academy and another, while they are in the vein (!), to the National Gallery, think the public money is being wasted because they cannot see why Mr. Burton gave two thousand guineas and some hundreds besides for Mantegna's *Samson and Delilah.* And the worst of it is they can give effect to their notions. In Germany, France, and Italy, the 'knowing-what-I-like' idea is reckoned at something like its proper value; but here the most difficult of the arts, an art in which excellence is so rare that all who distantly approach it win a niche in Walhalla, is held to be a matter on which the ignorant have a right to be heard.

The chief factors in revolutionising the methods of connoisseurship have been the invention of photography, and the increased attention given to drawings. After Sir Thomas Lawrence's death, the dispersal of his collection and the discussions that sprang out of it drew more eyes to these modest works of art than they had ever yet attracted. Men began at last to understand their value, both for the spontaneity of their inspiration and as historical documents. Looked at in the latter aspect they have the singular advantage of lending themselves to reproduction almost as readily as books. In these days absolute facsimiles of drawings can be sold at a trifling cost, and any aspiring connoisseur can surround himself with materials for study at which he could only arrive by a great outlay of time and money twenty years ago. Drawings are, in most instances, free from restoration; time has treated them tenderly; they offer more variety in material and treatment, and, therefore, more points of comparison, than paintings. Lermolieff calls their study 'one of the purest pleasures granted to man on earth;' but it is not without its dangers. In the first place, drawings can be forged with comparative ease. All that cannot be traced back into the last century—when their forgery would hardly have been worth the candle—should be submitted to very close scrutiny indeed. The nature of the subject, the presence or absence of such difficulties as a forger would be likely to avoid, the make of the paper and its water-mark, are some of the points to be considered. And it is often far from easy to fix standards of comparison. The habit of Italian masters of setting scholars to copy their studies makes it difficult in many cases to choose a single example to which no doubt can attach. Even in the case of so great an artist as Leonardo da Vinci there are many drawings as to which we cannot say for certain that they are or are not by his own hand. In the treatise on proportion written by Luca Paciolo, a contemporary and friend of Leonardo, we are told incidentally that the master was left-handed, a statement that is confirmed by his habit of writing from right to left, and by the fact that in the great majority of his drawings the strokes of the shading slope down from left to right, instead of from right to left. But even a habit arising, like this, from a physical peculiarity, cannot be given as a certain test, for it would exclude several things which the most sceptical students of Leonardo can attribute to none but the master himself; we may name as an instance a study, now in the Louvre, for the head of Christ in the *Vierge aux Rochers.* In all this we have a good example of the uncertainty of what is called the experimental method when used alone and without a full comprehension of the larger constituents of an artist's style.

But in spite of such drawbacks as these the student whose eye has been brought to some degree of competence by the study of pictures and the actual practice of some form of art—without the latter I cannot believe that a full understanding of art-language is possible—will do well to base his connoisseurship upon drawings. By all the more important masters of the Italian school there are at least one or two examples upon which a knowledge of their style—and style, we know, is the man—can be safely formed. In the case of men of the second rank, such for instance, as Lorenzo da Credi, two or three facsimiles will be enough, while of each of the chief leaders—Michelangelo, Leonardo, Titian, Raphael, Mantegna—and of those who represent a development from one epoch into another, such as Giovanni Bellini, Perugino, Signorelli, and a few more, a series tracing them through their successive phases should be formed. Upon such a foundation a really solid structure may be raised. By this I do not in the least mean to say that questions the most intricate may not arise in the matter of drawings, but only that in his first thoughts for pictures the mind of a painter may be seen naked as it were, may be seen before any of those external graces are put on which are, or at least were, thought as necessary for a finished picture as for a finished gentleman.

Some of the difficulties that face the picture student increase with every year that passes. Signatures are forged, doctored, or obliterated altogether; pictures are transferred from wall and panel to canvas, while incessant patching and restoring help to disguise their true features. If it were not for such dis-

turbing causes connoisseurship would not be the delicate matter it is, for the painters who have never signed a work are a small minority, and many of those have other distinguishing marks. The owl (Civetta) of Henrik de Bles, the dogs and partridges of Catena, the parrot of Girolamo da Santa Croce, the horned snake of Lucas Cranach, the red and white dog of Bonifacio the Elder, are some of the numberless symbols which in these days can only be accepted as suggestions to be confirmed or refuted by other evidence. 'Ivan Lermolieff' was the first to point out that almost every painter treats the minor details of the human form in a fashion peculiar to himself. At first sight we might suppose that he would take the shapes of hands, ears, &c., from those of his model, but on comparing the works of a single master we find that as a rule it was not so, that he adhered throughout to a single type,—a type which even in the case of great men like Giambattista Cima, and his namesake, Moroni of Bergamo, could have much that was arbitrary in its constitution. In his treatises on the Borghese Gallery at Rome and on Italian pictures in German Galleries, Signor Morelli describes what we may call the signs-manual of a large number of painters, most of them lying in the treatment of hands and ears. Unlike some of his disciples, however, he makes use of the evidence thus obtained chiefly to corroborate opinions based upon the wider and more certain foundation of style.

To discriminate between an original picture and a fine old copy, is to most amateurs far more difficult than to separate one master from another. To do so successfully we must depend on the artistic rather than the scientific side of our minds. We must ask ourselves whether the picture before us is equal, not in all its parts, but in all its elements. If the balance of line, the massing of light and shadow, the choice of tints, the introduction of avoidable foreshortenings, and so on, suggest an experienced artist; while monotony in the handling, a want of quality in the colour and vivacity in the heads, and especially in the eyes, betray a timid executant, we may be sure that we have to do with a copy. Some great painters are much easier to copy than others; Raphael and Leonardo for instance, than Titian or Correggio; and it is

ECCE HOMO. BY CORREGGIO. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

conceivable that one or two of the famous Madonnas of Raphael's penultimate stage may be Italian or Italo-Flemish reproductions. Over and above these aesthetic signs of originality a picture often gives proofs that can be understood by the most unskilled. Of these perhaps the most important are *pentimenti*, or changes of intention on the part of the artist during the progress of the work. After carrying his picture far on towards completion he may find that some minor detail requires to be altered—some mass of colour broken, the position of a hand or the sweep of a fold reconsidered—and proceed to make the change by placing fresh paint over the old. In course of time the white-lead upon which his pigment depends for its opacity becomes transparent, and the original hand, let us say, looms like that of a ghost through the colour under which it had been buried. A *pentimento* like this may be seen in an early picture by Antonello da Messina in the National

Gallery (No. 673), and one of a far more extensive and interesting kind in Correggio's *Ecce Homo* (No. 15).

By the most recent historian of Correggio who was anything of a connoisseur, Dr. Julius Meyer, doubts are thrown upon the authenticity of this *Ecce Homo*. Dr. Meyer tells us that Allegri's picture (which, as we know from Ramdohr, was in Rome as late as 1784, and then considered the best Correggio in the city) was so much admired by the Carracci that Agostino engraved and Ludovico copied it; and, further, that so great was the excitement caused by Ludovico's copy that the original was shouldered aside and forgotten! It is strange that so careful a writer as Dr. Meyer should have failed to notice the contradictions in his own narrative, and to discover the strong evidence of originality contained in the picture whose character he was taking away. Any one examining this *Ecce Homo* with moderate care will find that the whole of its lower left-hand corner has been remodelled. Originally there was but one figure, that of the fainting Virgin, in the space below the head of Pilate (see fig. 1). But the artist finding, as we may guess, that the blue expanse of her drapery threw his work out of balance, set about reducing it, first by drawing it down from her throat and right cheek as well as from the fingers and right fore-arm of Christ; secondly, by showing its lining of a paler blue, and, lastly, by introducing the supporting Magdalen, whose head is painted on the light ground afforded by Pilate's drapery and the ledge over which he leans, while through her hand the dark blue of the Virgin's robe has come so strongly as to destroy its carnations (fig. 2). Now we know from engravings, and from internal evidence, that Correggio left the composition as we see it at present, so that if our picture be really by Ludovico, we must suppose that his admiration for the original was, after all, not enough to prevent him from making a vain attempt to improve upon it. But, indeed, it is waste of time to argue with those who can believe the brush of a Caracci ever touched this panel, and I have only entered into all these details to show how valuable *pentimenti* may be as evidence, and because one or two writers—the author of the Correggio in the 'Great Artist' series, for instance — have blindly followed the wild goose set afoot by Dr. Meyer.* Our other large Correggio, the *Education of Cupid*, is not free from *pentimenti*. The figure of Mercury was originally bisected by a staff of some kind, a caduceus perhaps, which has been painted out, but may now again be traced.

There are a host more of signs to which the connoisseur may turn for the resolution of his doubts. The make of a canvas, the wood of a panel, will sometimes be decisive. Signor Morelli deprives Correggio of the famous *Reading Magdalen* at Dresden, partly because it is on copper, a material that did not come into use in Italy until after the master's death.* Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle lay great stress upon the shape of the cracks—what a potter would call 'the crazing'—with which the surfaces of most old pictures are covered. Speaking generally of all evidence of this kind, we may say, that a fine judge will use it rather as a buttress than a foundation for his opinion. It is plain that to deprive a master of this or that picture solely on the faith of a general statement is dangerous. It may be broadly true that copper was only introduced into Italy as a regular material for the painter late in the sixteenth century, and yet a few isolated instances of its use may have occurred long before; and similarly we may allow that Michelangelo did not as a rule paint easel pictures, and thought oil only fit for women, and yet he may have spent a few odd hours in trying both. We know that he completed one easel picture, the *tondo* for Angelo Doni now in the Uffizi, and that he began two more a large number of critics, perhaps the majority, believe. The unfinished *Madonna* and *Entombment* of the National Gallery have been attributed respectively to Domenico Ghirlandajo and Baccio Bandinelli; but I would ask what evidence have we that Ghirlandajo had so mastered the human frame as to have modelled the head and neck of this Virgin? And what have we to hint that Bandinelli ever approached the Magdalen of the *Entombment* in grandeur of design or the St. John in the same panel in knowledge of structure? In discussing these two pictures in his book on the National Gallery Dr. Richter follows the Italian connoisseur, Dr. Frizzoni, in giving one, *The Entombment*, to Michelangelo, and the other to some unknown painter who had come under the influence of Ghirlandajo and Buonarroti.† To my mind both panels are incontestably the work of the same brain and hand; and I think if the readers of the PORTFOLIO will compare them, on the method so strongly advocated by Dr. Richter himself, with such undoubted productions of the great Florentine as his *Pieta* in St. Peter's, his *Madonna* in the sacristy of San Lorenzo at Florence, with almost any of the Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine and with the *Madonna* at Bruges, they will be enabled to come surely to the same conclusion.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

---

* The doubt seems to have been put into Dr. Meyer's head in the first instance by M. L. Viardot, whose dicta on such questions were often hasty, to say the least.

* Signor Morelli suggests that this little picture is the work of Van der Werff, or of some artist under his immediate influence. Supposing him to be right, how are we to explain the fact that old copies are in existence, dating apparently from a period long before the birth of the Dutchman in question?

† Dr. Frizzoni suggests Francesco Granacci, an ascription that will be discussed in the next paper.

PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION.

FROM THE RELIEF IN TERRA COTTA BY GEORGE TINWORTH.

THIS was one of the largest and most important of the artist's works exhibited at Conduit Street last summer. It was executed in 1881, and, as a composition, is not equal to *The Release of Barabbas*, which was the work of the following year. But, if somewhat confused in arrangement, it is distinguished in a high degree by its author's remarkable powers of invention and dramatic expression. Of all the works in the gallery it was perhaps the one before which visitors lingered the longest. To those of our readers who do not possess Mr. Gosse's catalogue, the following identification of the various figures will be interesting:

'The time selected for illustration is that immediately before the Crucifixion, the necessary preparations being almost completed. The Saviour stands in the centre, His eyes are closed as if in prayer; the soldiers divest Him of His clothing. Simon, the Cyrenian, is kneeling before the Lord in worship, having assisted in bearing the Cross to the place of crucifixion. On the right a soldier holds the writing which is to surmount the Cross and also the cup containing the draught which is provided for the Saviour. Further to the right soldiers are binding one of the thieves. The wife of this malefactor, with her infant, appears just behind; on the left, in front, the soldier who has been digging the hole to receive the Cross is resting against the beam, and is regarding the Lord with sympathetic interest. The centurion in charge of the Crucifixion is speaking to the Apostle John, who stands behind, accompanied by the Virgin, her sister, and Mary Magdalene. Still further to the left are soldiers preparing the second malefactor for execution. This man, having received the draught usually administered, appears to be partially stupefied from its effects; his parents attend in the background. In this part of the panel are seen Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, together with mounted Roman officers, and a woman is represented extending her lifeless child towards the Lord, in the hope that it may be restored. The Apostle Peter appears in the attitude of repentance just behind a soldier who is pushing back the crowd, and close by a Jew is pointing to the Roman banner in the spirit of the words, "We have no king but Caesar." Another Jew is engaged in conversation with the soldier who holds the inscription. The crowd behind is kept back at all points by soldiers acting under the direction of the centurion in command.'

CHALDAEAN AND ASSYRIAN ART.

THE translation of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's 'History of Art in Ancient Egypt,' by Mr. Walter Armstrong, was received with such well-merited cordiality, that little delay has been allowed to intervene before the reproduction in similar form of the next work in their series, this 'A History of Ancient Art in Chaldaea and Assyria,' in two volumes. The illustrations given are again very numerous, four hundred and fifty-two in the text, and fifteen steel and coloured plates. They are not only selected with great judgment, but in no case are we offended by those mismanagements of novel processes which are unwelcome anywhere, but are especially out of place among pages which make pretension to raise and correct an interest in Art.

To have done with what moderate fault-finding is required, the want is to be noted of a well-digested chronological table; also of a general map of the course of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, embracing indications of adjacent districts on either side and their characteristic frontiers, with names of sites both ancient and modern. The references to the plates and figures are in sad confusion, and a fuller table of contents and index would have been appropriate in a work which invites and is worthy of study.

It is only within some forty years that the great empires of Mesopotamia have become known to us by their monumental art. The number of works of art and general antiquities which have been already described, delineated, and recovered, is vast and surprising; and the industry and sagacity devoted to the study of the cuneiform inscriptions have led to the decipherment of the names of the potentates to whose pride and power most of these works were due, and thus to recognition of their true chronological sequence. Still, even apart from doubts to be decided and blanks to be filled in, the materials for a history in the strict sense of Mesopotamian Art are not over-abundant. History implies progressive development, and of this, especially at critical epochs of transition, we have but very indifferent glimpses; in its absence, what we have to look for is less a History, than an Account of a system of Art which had but superficial variations in the course of centuries. To speak of history, therefore, in such a case is somewhat premature. The time for this may come when excavations, as complete and systematic as those of Khorsabad, have brought to light the records of centuries more ancient, which are now hid under innumerable mounds. There is nothing premature, however, in this summary of what is known.

The authors criticise the early theories of restoration of Mr. Fergusson as precipitate; but they are in

PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION.

FROM THE RELIEF IN TERRA COTTA BY GEORGE TINWORTH.

THIS was one of the largest and most important of the artist's works exhibited at Conduit Street last summer. It was executed in 1881, and, as a composition, is not equal to *The Release of Barabbas*, which was the work of the following year. But, if somewhat confused in arrangement, it is distinguished in a high degree by its author's remarkable powers of invention and dramatic expression. Of all the works in the gallery it was perhaps the one before which visitors lingered the longest. To those of our readers who do not possess Mr. Gosse's catalogue, the following identification of the various figures will be interesting:

'The time selected for illustration is that immediately before the Crucifixion, the necessary preparations being almost completed. The Saviour stands in the centre, His eyes are closed as if in prayer; the soldiers divest Him of His clothing. Simon, the Cyrenian, is kneeling before the Lord in worship, having assisted in bearing the Cross to the place of crucifixion. On the right a soldier holds the writing which is to surmount the Cross and also the cup containing the draught which is provided for the Saviour. Further to the right soldiers are binding one of the thieves. The wife of this malefactor, with her infant, appears just behind; on the left, in front, the soldier who has been digging the hole to receive the Cross is resting against the beam, and is regarding the Lord with sympathetic interest. The centurion in charge of the Crucifixion is speaking to the Apostle John, who stands behind, accompanied by the Virgin, her sister, and Mary Magdalene. Still further to the left are soldiers preparing the second malefactor for execution. This man, having received the draught usually administered, appears to be partially stupefied from its effects; his parents attend in the background. In this part of the panel are seen Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, together with mounted Roman officers, and a woman is represented extending her lifeless child towards the Lord, in the hope that it may be restored. The Apostle Peter appears in the attitude of repentance just behind a soldier who is pushing back the crowd, and close by a Jew is pointing to the Roman banner in the spirit of the words, "We have no king but Caesar." Another Jew is engaged in conversation with the soldier who holds the inscription. The crowd behind is kept back at all points by soldiers acting under the direction of the centurion in command.'

CHALDAEAN AND ASSYRIAN ART.

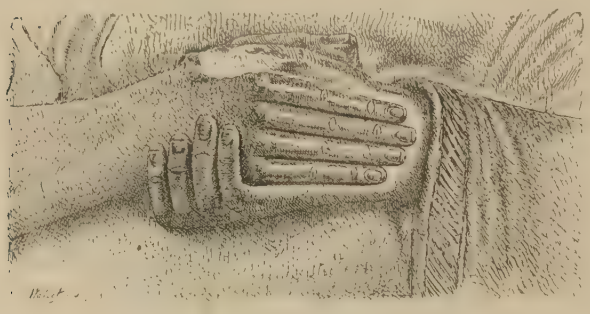
THE translation of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's 'History of Art in Ancient Egypt,' by Mr. Walter Armstrong, was received with such well-merited cordiality, that little delay has been allowed to intervene before the reproduction in similar form of the next work in their series, this 'A History of Ancient Art in Chaldaea and Assyria,' in two volumes. The illustrations given are again very numerous, four hundred and fifty-two in the text, and fifteen steel and coloured plates. They are not only selected with great judgment, but in no case are we offended by those mismanagements of novel processes which are unwelcome anywhere, but are especially out of place among pages which make pretension to raise and correct an interest in Art.

To have done with what moderate fault-finding is required, the want is to be noted of a well-digested chronological table; also of a general map of the course of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, embracing indications of adjacent districts on either side and their characteristic frontiers, with names of sites both ancient and modern. The references to the plates and figures are in sad confusion, and a fuller table of contents and index would have been appropriate in a work which invites and is worthy of study.

It is only within some forty years that the great empires of Mesopotamia have become known to us by their monumental art. The number of works of art and general antiquities which have been already described, delineated, and recovered, is vast and surprising; and the industry and sagacity devoted to the study of the cuneiform inscriptions have led to the decipherment of the names of the potentates to whose pride and power most of these works were due, and thus to recognition of their true chronological sequence. Still, even apart from doubts to be decided and blanks to be filled in, the materials for a history in the strict sense of Mesopotamian Art are not over-abundant. History implies progressive development, and of this, especially at critical epochs of transition, we have but very indifferent glimpses; in its absence, what we have to look for is less a History, than an Account of a system of Art which had but superficial variations in the course of centuries. To speak of history, therefore, in such a case is somewhat premature. The time for this may come when excavations, as complete and systematic as those of Khorsabad, have brought to light the records of centuries more ancient, which are now hid under innumerable mounds. There is nothing premature, however, in this summary of what is known.

The authors criticise the early theories of restoration of Mr. Fergusson as precipitate; but they are in

fact following his example—his good example—themselves, in endeavouring to make the best of what evidence is forthcoming so far as it goes, and to place their conclusions, with whatever confidence, or under whatever reserve, before the world at large. Enough of this evidence is exposed to popular view in the British Museum and in the Louvre, to stimulate curiosity; but very much more is only accessible in the engraved illustrations of works which, from their expensiveness, are only accessible in great libraries, and even these are too large and unwieldy to invite frequent use, unless by special students. A popular, condensed, and summarised review of the subject, such as these volumes supply, is, therefore, welcome, and certain to obtain the acceptation which it well



HANDS OF A STATUE FROM TELLO. LOUVRE.

deserves. When a rational interest in the subject is awakened, the questions which it prompts run much upon these lines: How far did this system of art and civilisation spring from an original germ?—what of its specific character, its power or powerlessness of unchecked development?—how far was it subject to mutual reaction from Egypt, Phœnicia, or elsewhere?—and what elements did it contribute before extinction to that main current of human development, which was never quite secure from fatal reversal till its channel became deepened and directed by the hand of the Greek?

So far as appears at present, a population seated on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates has as good a claim to originality in giving an independent start to the arts of civilisation as the population of the valley of the Nile. There is much analogy between the circumstances of both; marvellous fertility of the soil supported a swarming population, with labour to spare, for employment on colossal works; each nation arrived by a somewhat similar process, though by a route of its own, at an art of writing that stopped short at about the same point; each expended its energies in the erection of temples and palaces of vast scale, but most contrasted in materials and construction, and its ingenuity and invention on forms of design and sculpture as distinct, as inevitable similarity of application allowed them to be, in style and genius. The relation of Upper to Lower Egypt with the alternate predominance of Thebes and Memphis, has analogy again to that between the lower alluvial districts nearer to the Persian Gulf, Chaldaea proper, of which the greatest city was Babylon, and Assyria, the country associated with the great name of Nineveh, which spreads at more varied and broken levels higher up between the rivers, as it widens out towards their distant sources. There are grounds of presumption, which are generally held to be conclusive, that the germ of Mesopotamian art was native in Chaldaea, and manifested vitality there in ages to which that of Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar was modern. Here the types which afterwards were rife throughout Assyria originated, but it is here especially that information, important as it is so far as it goes, falls distressingly short. Babylon itself, the mighty Babylon, has so far yielded little return to the explorer; Babylon, on whose walls Herodotus said that a four-horse chariot might turn, and as it now appears was unjustly charged as an impostor for saying so. The chief material of massy structures was crude, sun-dried bricks, of which the supply was unlimited to those who commanded labour without limit. But the architectural glory of Nebuchadnezzar, as of his predecessors, like the statue of his dream, had thus only foundations of clay, and, when unprotected and unrepaired, its ruin was speedy and complete.

Babylon, however, was but modern in Chaldaea. Other sites which are marked as more ancient far by the style of the cuneiform inscriptions, have been partially explored, and even have yielded remains of sculpture of surprising interest. In all of them the art of architecture is most importantly in evidence. Of this it must suffice to say that walls of dwellings, as of cities, in the scarcity of stone, were constructed of unburnt, sundried bricks, faced only sparingly with masonry, but usually strengthened with burnt bricks, and in important apartments cased with sculptured alabaster slabs. Apartments were long and narrow, and covered probably with barrel vaults, as the city doorways certainly were, while some square rooms were even covered by domes, and recesses by semi-domes or coves. Bitumen was variously employed, pipes carried away storm-waters and drainage to ingeniously vaulted conduits. How far, and in what manner, timber was employed for roofs, and even columns, or superstructures of whatever kind, is a complex question for the solution of which the keenest sagacity will be the most eager for recovery of positive evidence. Temple architecture was an architecture of solid square platforms of sundried brick of constantly diminished area, as they rose stage above stage, bearing the symbolical colours of the planets, and ascended by external ramps. Of these sufficient remains have been found to cause us to read ancient accounts with more respect than formerly, and to understand how such works excited wonder even in travellers who were familiar with the pyra-

mids. No royal tombs have yet been discovered, nor indeed any others of importance, but it is far too soon to renounce the hope that depositories which have given up such rich contributions to our knowledge of antiquity elsewhere, will be lighted upon sooner or later in these regions also.

The great revelation of the earliest-known Chaldaean monuments is due to the explorations of M. de Sarzec, French Consul at Bassorah, in 1876–81. The sculptures obtained, and now in the Louvre, are certified as archaic by the undeveloped scheme of the cuneiform inscriptions they bear. They differ exceedingly in style and technical execution. Some are coarse enough and worthy of their subject—the exhibition of birds of prey carrying off remains of slaughtered enemies, such as the late Assyrian kings loved to gloat over on the walls of their private apartments. But what is most remarkable is that heads and statues of the same period exhibit a style which is at once more natural and more artistic than any that have been recovered from the ruins of the later empires. It seems as if a history of art, when it comes to be written here, must be written backwards. Sculpture, which in Hellas advanced from rigidity and formality to the refinement of drapery and appreciation of the varied motives of bodily action, here appears at its best in the most important respect of all, in its earlier efforts; it then, for all that we know at present, suddenly and completely declined to mechanical reproduction of mere types; figures of kings, viziers, eunuchs, gods, are as little individualised in their numberless repetitions as the pawns and pieces of a chessboard. The illustrations (vol. ii., p. 185) represent the seated statue from Tello, 5 ft. 3 in. high, now in the Louvre, and the hands of another erect king (vol. ii., p. 183). The sculptor, it is observed, has attempted with much truth and simplicity to suggest the relief of the drapery and the direction of its folds. This early and timid attempt at studying folds is all the more remarkable as nothing like it is to be found either in Egyptian sculpture or in the later works of Assyria. 'It bears witness to a sculpturesque instinct that does not reappear until we arrive at the art of the Greeks, and the magnificent development of draperies and their significance which we then encounter.'

ASSURNAZIRPAL OFFERING A LIBATION. BRITISH MUSEUM.

But the sense of grace in the flowing lines of drapery which is indicated here is of even less importance than that of the subordination of drapery to the indication of the forms that it covers. This is entirely foregone in later Assyrian sculpture. It is not merely that the robes of Sennacherib or Assurnazirpal are too heavy to take folds; we are left to assume that they were even too stiff to yield to the most pronounced swell and sinking of the limbs that they envelope (vol. ii., p. 104). Compensation has to be accepted in elaborate finery

—fringes, tassels, borders, and incised representations of elaborate embroidery and woven patterns (vol. ii., p. 241). On the other hand, when the nude limb—arm or leg—of a figure in action had to be shown, the muscles were rendered by absurdly exaggerated bosses and rope-like projections. Even the Egyptians were as little studious as the Assyrians of giving that due characteristic diversity to hands and feet, to fingers, toes, and knuckles, which is apparent in the works of the primitive Chaldaean (pp. 183, 184). Another peculiarity of these works is that they are fully executed in the round, and frankly treated even at the back, whereas what detached Assyrian figures we have appear more like high reliefs that have been separated from their ground.

BRONZE CUP.

The centre of the intellectual life of Mesopotamia appears to have been originally and to have continued, in Chaldaea, and to this we may ascribe the impatience with which it submitted to Assyrian domination and provoked repeated repression. The abundant cuneiform literature will probably one day reveal what were the precise relations of the civil and hieratic elements of the state to the military monarchs who so largely engross the sculptured records. Pope took his examples very low down indeed when he wrote,—

> 'Heroes are much the same; the point's agreed
> From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.'

Modern history since his time has supplied further as apposite examples, and for ancient we have now before us the characteristics of the founders of the empires overthrown by those whom Alexander overthrew. But noisy vainglory and unscrupulous aggression which usurped an undue space on the sculptured slabs of Assyria or Chaldaea, as they are apt to do of contemporary histories, were consistent, as they have been later, with the progress of studies and arts among classes with whom, despised or downtrodden as they might be, the best of victories was to fall at last. The contrast between the sculptured palace and the contents of the cuneiform libraries of Assyria, is the very same that meets us in the eleventh century A.D. The figures which commemorate the conquest of England on the Bayeux tapestry are comparable to those which we see in the storied alabaster of Assurbanipal; there is as little individualisation in one case as the other; a fighting man is a fighting man; and flood and forest are indicated as naïvely in one case as the other; and the meaning of victory is equally clear if the exhibition of Norman cruelty is not so brutal as that of the hewing in pieces, the dragging by hooked lips, the empaling and flaying alive of the prisoners of the Assyrian. If we turn our eyes from the exploits and atrocities of the Norman to the cells where Lanfranc, Anselm, and Berengarius, his contemporaries, were preparing the revival of free thought and philosophy, we shall better understand how, in spite and even under cover of insolent warfare and warriors, humanity was working its way gradually to the better conquest of knowledge and nature. The observations of Chaldaean astronomers became in time available materials for the students whose labours had results of which we are at present in the enjoyment,—the Chaldaean stargazers did that service for Hipparchus, which Newton owed to Tycho Brahé, and so pre-

pared no less than Tycho Brahé and Kepler for Newton. Accurate measurement, which is the basis of all natural science, and of so many of the arts, took its norm from the Babylonians; and the measures of weight, length, and capacity, and divisions of time, of the chief ancient nations as indeed of moderns also, as dependent on definite standards and a sexagesimal system, were borrowed from the same inventors.

How far the arts and sciences of Mesopotamia had influence eastward is another inquiry; what more concerns ourselves, and at present, is their bearing on Egypt and Greece. It seems strange that reaction either way should have been so trifling in the case of Egypt. Assyria was as far from imitating Egyptian statuary, or its system of incised relief, as its hieroglyphics or its architecture. Some details of ornament it may have borrowed; among these merely as ornamental enrichment to its native symbol of the sun, we recognise some accompaniments of the Egyptian winged disk. Otherwise, as on a beautiful bronze dish, it turned forms which in Egypt had meaning and even sacredness, into mere decoration. (Illustrations, vol. ii., p. 332.)

It did not attempt to imitate, it could not emulate, the majestic or the devotional repose which is so imposing on the banks of the Nile. An Assyrian king before his divinity is as formal and as frigid as the eunuch in attendance on himself. (Illustrations, vol. ii., p. 204.)

When we look to early Greek art for Assyrian analogies, the most striking, perhaps, so far as sculpture is concerned, is the affection for a very flat style of relief; beyond this we are thrown upon observation of ornamental details. It seems strange that pottery never attained even the first stage of perfection in a country where clay was treated so variously in the decorative use of glazed and enamelled bricks. (Illustrations, vol. i. p. 292.) It is upon Greek pottery that we meet with the earliest and most precise reproductions of Assyrian ornaments. Among these, bands or friezes of animals, natural or fantastic, are conspicuous. Even in sculpture, decidedly the greatest Assyrian successes are in representations of animals, not only in the exciting incidents of royal lion-hunts, but in captured cattle or free wild goats. Other very excellent representations occur on the interesting series of bronze dishes and shields; the concentric bands into which their surfaces are divided are occupied sometimes with native floral, or adapted Egyptian patterns, and sometimes with animals, often executed with great spirit. The work is for the most *repoussé*, but often finished with the burin.

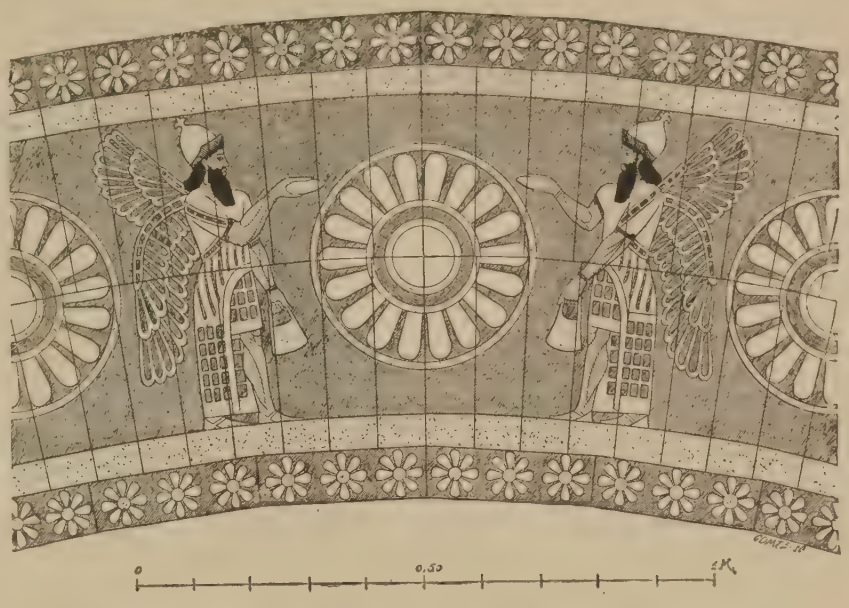
In these bands we see the prototypes of those upon the earlier Greek vases, associated as they are there with combinations of the bud-and-flower pattern which is so prevalent in Assyria (Illust. i. 240). This pattern is subject to a number of ingenious and, indeed, effective variations in its native place, but it was only when drawn by the free hand of the Greek that all those capabilities of grace and variation became evident which have made it perhaps more abundantly employed than any other, even at the present time. Another ornament which the Greek borrowed to elaborate and perfect is the cable, or

FRAGMENT OF A GLAZED BRICK. BRITISH MUSEUM.

guilloche (Illust. i. 295, fig. 127), which, however, was, by its nature, more completely appreciated by its inventors. Most important of all must be specified the Ionic volute of which the prototype is discernible over and over again in various forms, in none of course that approaches the unrivalled beauty which was given to it in the style of architecture of which it is a chief characteristic. It is remarkable again that, whether they did so or not, the Greeks might have taken early lessons in working their fine-jointed, accurately bonded, and clamped masonry from a people who had so little true masonry to show as the Assyrians.

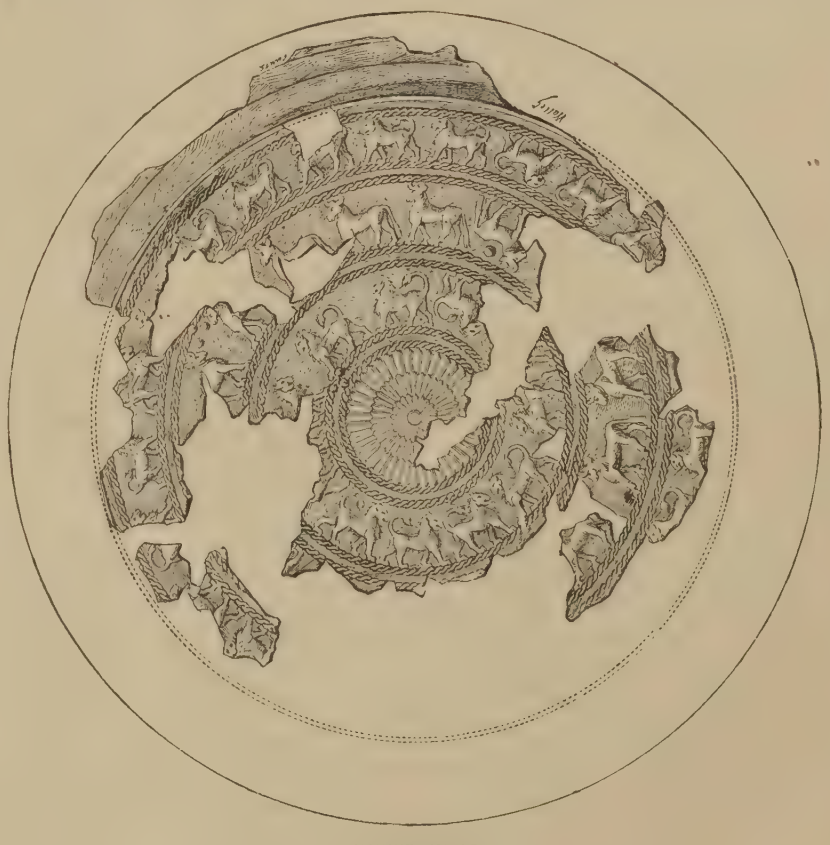
We need not be at a loss with respect to the route

by which many of these interchanges were effected. It is not necessary to urge that war, commerce, or adventure, were likely enough to carry early Greeks occasionally to Assyria. The Phoenicians were more constant intermediaries, and it was doubtless by articles of their commerce, such as certain highly decorated bronze dishes or platters, and the textile wares especially, as Babylonian stuffs and carpets, or their own imitations of them, that the ornamental details and patterns of Assyria are as rife in the art of the Etruscans as of the Greeks.



DETAIL FROM ENAMELLED ARCHIVOLT, KHORSABAD.

The authors engrave a votive shield (Illustrations, vol. ii., pp. 347 and 334) of the same work as the bronze platters, but with what they call a curious arrangement of figures on the concentric bands, of which they can point to no other example. A circle of bulls is intermediate between two circles of lions around a central rosette. 'Both lions and bulls have their feet turned sometimes to the centre of the shield and sometimes to its outer edge.' This is in fact an endeavour to deal with an incongruity which modern artists have sometimes ventured on not very successful expedients to mask, and sometimes have been content to ignore. As the appropriate position of a shield is upright if a circle upon it is to be occupied by a continuous subject, as on Flaxman's shield of Achilles, some of the figures will be upside down. By the Assyrian arrangement, all the animals in all the bands on the upper side of a horizontal diameter have their feet to the centre, and those on the lower side of it are kept duly on their legs by their feet being towards the circumference. In each semicircle, also, the direction of movement of the animals is from each side towards the vertical diameter, so that the upper and lower series move away from each other on both sides. On the bronze platter the three rows of animals move continuously round the centre, and the artist contents himself with giving the largest and finest outer circle of bulls a reverse movement.



VOTIVE SHIELD.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

TURNER IN WHARFEDALE.

MR. RUSKIN'S chapter on 'The Two Boyhoods' is not likely to be forgotten by those who have read it. Like Turner's later painting it is full of beauty and power, and most mysterious. If Turner found in Yorkshire (whether first or last) 'beauty, freedom, and peace'; and if here he 'began' (after a trying apprenticeship to other influences) 'to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft white clouds of heaven,' it seems scarcely possible to avoid going over the ground once more, and studying the landscape which he saw. In other parts of 'Modern Painters' Mr. Ruskin attributes a predominating influence to Yorkshire in the moulding of the artist, and his theory of the man is worked out from Turner's rendering of the landscape of Bolton more than from any other data.

In studying the character of this scenery, I shall confine myself to the valleys of the Wharfe and its tributary the Washburn. For some miles round Farnley,—which is situated near the junction of the two rivers, and which is well known as Turner's Yorkshire home,—the basis of the landscape is the Millstone Grit. The sides of the valley slope down gently to the river from the moors on either hand. At intervals the bed crops out, and becomes a distinct ridge, crowning the dale with rocks of various sizes, some of which are very massive.

Three or four miles north-east of Farnley may be seen a fine specimen of this formation. Great Almscliff stands boldly out, and, being visible for great distances round, is a natural landmark. The character of a grit cliff is this,—enormous masses of it appear without a flaw, either standing upright or toppling forward; on the top of one gigantic mass there is often a tabular block imposed: the disposition of the rock is not in layers; its substance is uniform and granular. The quality of the stone varies, some parts decompose more easily than others under atmospheric influence, so that they often appear as if chiselled by human hands. The upper surfaces of the cliffs are readily approached over the slopes of *débris*, which are invariably to be found about and between the members of the group, and thus these castle-like rocks may be scaled by hidden ladder-paths. Among this *débris*, or shale, a great variety of plants find root-hold.

Almscliff on a summer's day must have delighted Turner's heart. The magnificent blocks, sheer upright on the west and north, are coloured grey with darker weather-stains drawn down the faces. In front and on the sides, and sweeping up from behind on to the crest, are slopes of turf lighted up by patches of dazzling violet 'ling,' whose spire-like flower when plucked, assumes, in the hand, a purple hue. The sound of husbandry through the warm stillness of the summer air, and the wafts of new-mown hay (late cut in these upland regions), charm other senses besides that of sight, and call forth the poetical power of a Turner or a Cox to represent by simple signs the scent and sound through the medium of the eye.

In some cases the smaller rocks lie in heaps, as if they had been shot down upon the hill; to use Turner's expression, they are a veritable 'litter.' The stone when broken is yellow, except near the surface, where the rock is bleached some inches deep. The surface itself is lighter-coloured in the lower parts than in the higher, which when wet look almost black. But the appearance is not dependent only on the absolute structure or colour of the cliffs, for the intervening distance is often filled with a vaporous blue, or flooded with an emerald glow, under which the coarse millstone grit is charmed into the likeness of fairy fastnesses above the peaceful valley. Whether from the pleasing deception of these natural buildings, or from some ancient tradition, it is certain that peasants of this generation have peeped into the crevices of these rocks expecting to see fairy dances, and confidently hoping to hear the tinkling of Titania's bells. Sunrise was the favourite hour, hence these fairies were not of that class who

> 'Must for aye consort with black-browed Night.'

But their leader might have said with Oberon—

> 'We are spirits of another sort;
> I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
> And, like a forester, the groves may tread
> Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.'

Nearly thirty miles up the valley is another crag—Kilnsey. This striking object in the landscape differs in many ways from the millstone grit specimen of Almscliff. Kilnsey Crag is formed of mountain limestone; and whereas Almscliff tops with a massive crown the sloping side of the valley, this scar rises abruptly from the level of the river one hundred and seventy feet. It is not a pile of rocks forming a litter of all shapes and sizes, but is composed of innumerable layers of limestone. It is said that the lower portion of the cliff has been worn away by the action of ice, and also by the sea; the top overhangs, and the base has a battered, bleached, weather-beaten look. The surface at the summit of the precipice is clothed with grass, and this modest plant has crept down, and along the horizontal crevices as far as its vegetable caution permits. Trees, also, are to be seen

growing out of the rock. At the bottom is a heap of *débris;* this, too, is covered with grass. The surrounding parts of the valley, composed of the same stone, have the same appearance of bare, bleached, glittering rock, packed in layers of living herbage. The aspect of the crag is not unlike that of solid remnants of masonry in some Roman ruin. The springing arch down-fallen, the grass-grown brows of darkened summit, and the light and shade of pale stone and obscure crevice—all are there. Below the shale, which seems to be gradually drawing into the earth and enveloping this natural ruin, flows silently a shallow, but crystal-running stream; and across the valley stretch flat fields of alluvial earth.

In this district of limestone, covered in places by only a few inches of soil, Ceres holds many of her

'Turfy mountains where live nibbling sheep;'

and she has instituted a very wise natural law which saves the lives of many of these 'silly' animals. The more precipitous rocks are climbed by goats, whose inclination leads them to search for the tufts of grass which grow in the most dangerous parts of the cliff, and whose nature allows them to do so in safety. On this account the edges of these fat but bleak pastures are eaten so bare that the woolly comrades of the goat are not tempted onward to destruction by the alluring nature of the herbage, but content themselves with the safer lands.

A picturesque sight might have been seen regularly some years ago at the commencement of harvest. Flocks of geese were kept by the farmers up the dale under the impression that they benefited the land upon which they were pastured, and made it more suitable for cattle-grazing. When the stubble began to be available, droves of these cackling birds were brought down from the hills, and for some weeks the roads became at intervals nearly blocked by them. The decline of farming has caused this annual custom almost to die out.

In that part of the valley known as the Bolton woods, which lie midway between Almscliff and Kilnsey, lie the Kinderscout Grit (which is the more specific name for the Almscliff formation) and Yoredale Shales. The former rock has at one point resisted the river so successfully that it obliges it to pass through a narrow bed—the Strid—as the Romans compelled a conquered army to pass under the yoke. The yoredale shales, which are exposed at Bolton Priory, have led Mr. Ruskin into a very elaborate exposition of their nature; and he deduces Turner's faithfulness from it, showing at the same time that Turner's system was to give the whole character of a district from a single composition. These yoredale shales are described by simple folk as 'rotten rock,' and this name gives a very good idea of their nature. Their consistency is of a sandy clay mixed with small flat stones. They take, in some places, an inky, and generally an oxydised or rusty look. When sapped by the river, or washed down by a stream, they are able to retain an inclination not far removed from the perpendicular, but the overhanging appearance of Mr. Ruskin's and Turner's cliff is opposed to the character of shale. Though I venture by this remark to controvert Mr. Ruskin, I do not mean to deny the main position of Turner's great superiority as an artist; but I think it possible to start from what he and his great critic have taught us, and reach on to, and look for in the future, such an artist as shall produce equally beautiful dreams, or works of art, without turning Alpine precipices into yoredale shales, or millstone-grit rocks into Mont Blancs.

In a former paper I have attempted to discuss some of the aspects of a Yorkshire moor, and I will not now go further into its beauties. We know that the moors were favourite resorts of Turner, and that, with his kind host, Mr. Fawkes, he enjoyed social and sporting, as well as artistic, pleasures on the heather. From commanding eminences, such as Almscliff or Otley Chevin, he would look down on the widespread valley, and depict the receding curves of trees crossed by the silvery streak of the river. In these drawings the slope is neither above nor below Mr. Ruskin's wall, for the wall itself is absent.

In the limestone portion of the dale the rounded, grassy hills used to be covered by hazels of the most prolific kind, and these trees are still to be found, but in fewer numbers, dotting the green banks. I have already alluded to the decline of farming, and I may again mention it as having had a very serious effect upon the trees and hedges of the valley. Two influences have been decidedly at work: less grain has been grown, and, in consequence, there have been fewer birds to manure, and generally attend to, the trees and hedgerows; and, in the second place, the drainage of the land has been so much neglected that trees have become stunted and have died down.

However, with all drawbacks, the foliage of the district is in many places most exquisite: the Bolton woods, and portions of the Washburn valley, afford specimens of woody glens of the most perfect and delightful kind. The trees are generally mixed in sweet confusion, though here and there may be seen a patch of beechwood with its own stately charm, or an isolated elm in rugged grandeur. Perhaps the finest sweeps of wood that came under Turner's eye were those which he studied below Farnley, more especially in the noble park at Harewood.

The most delicate colours which Nature puts on are no doubt to be seen in the spring, when the beech and elm display masses of tinted buds, and the cone-bearers vie with the forest trees in friendly rivalry

of hue. And the time of gorgeous illumination must be conceded to the autumn, when the blaze of red and yellow of the dying leaves scorns the efforts of the poppy-bedecked cornfields on the one hand, and the purple fields of heather on the other. But summer and winter have their own beauties; the latter clothes the 'barren branches' with lovely crystallizations, and the cool screen of full luxuriance of the former enhances other sunlit glories which its deep colours throw into relief.

As we cannot think of Turner on the moors as an artist only, so neither can we picture him by the river without a rod as well as a pencil. Of the two valleys Washburndale has, indeed, greatly changed since the time when Turner rambled through it; it now contains three reservoirs, which have a certain lake-like grandeur. But between these sheets of water there still remain portions of the secluded glen through which the tiny river trickles. The Wharfe itself, however, has been altered only by the power of its own uncontrolled torrent. Rossetti's beautiful lines well describe the Wharfe after rain:—

> 'Stream, when this silver thread
> In flood-time is a torrent brown,
> May any bulwark bind thy foaming crown?
> Shall not the waters surge and spread
> And to the crannied boulders of their bed
> Still shoot the dead leaves down?'

In its state of fury it must often have afforded to Turner opportunities of making studies which afterwards resulted in some of his finest works.

The river begins to subside, and we see him at this exquisite corner under the trees casting his line into the turbid water. Perhaps he was as taciturn as the Yorkshireman of the present day, who keeps his own counsel for two reasons. If asked as to his success when he has had no sport, he will grumble out something indistinct in self-defence; whereas, if he has caught a few fish, he hopes to give himself importance by throwing an air of indifference over the affair. But bottom-fishing gives way to the throwing of the fly as the river becomes more gentle and transparent. The water is of a brownish-red colour as it sweeps over its stony bed. At one point it is divided by an islet of graceful trees, and meets again on a slope where large pebbles break its surface. The sun makes a high light of this broken water as it glints from the neighbouring trees, and throws into shadow their lower portions as well as the darkened pool beneath.

Or we may leave the woods, and approach the river through the rich farm-land which it has gradually formed. As we enter this gate from the highroad, and make for the ford, we see a tall line of light blue campanulas standing against the hedge, and, close by, among the dangling oats, is a patch of scarlet poppies, surrounded by the purple wood-cranesbill and the common vetch. On the bank to the left is a mass of rest-harrow, yellow vetch, and meadow-sweet, among which grows the somewhat rare agrimony. At the right, on the hedge, are branches of wild roses, proud of their late profusion, and the road itself is covered with white and red clover, trefoil, small hawkweed, and orange-leaved cinquefoil; while on the bank of the river we see the universal ragwort, the devils-bit scabious, knapweed, silverweed, and (an exquisite blending of greens) the common spurge, and golden-dusted yellow galium. By the water's edge, below the water-mark of faded grasses left by the flood upon the lower branches of the trees, is the washed-out waterdock. Standing by these deep, dark pools, into which an angler is throwing bait, we see a large chub landed, whose best properties are to be obtained only by careful dressing, and whose flavour must be artificially supplied.

One of the best-known scenes in Turner's life is that in which he displayed enthusiasm on seeing a thunderstorm from Farnley Hall. The magnificence of such an event is often very striking in Wharfedale. A brown thunder-mist comes up from the west; broad bands of light pour from the opened clouds, and cause the roofs of the village to cast a red reflection. The hill in front stands out green below and rocky above; the trees in the foreground, round and rich. The scene shifts, and on the western horizon is a yellow, while over the east spreads a white light, against which, on the right as we face the east, is shown up a mass of dark trees. On the left the heavy black cloud, which brings darkness almost as deep as night, is broken into a waving fringe, which recedes into yellow rolls over the top of the hills. The middle distance is also black; the whole sky is hidden by a rolling curtain of inky vapour, the edges of whose parallel folds are of a lurid yellow. The only outlet is through that opening of grey haze on the far hill-top. A few moments more, and this distance too is enveloped in the funereal wrappings; the space between cloud and hill is closed with a yellow-brown sheet, where the broken edges of the black canopy can be seen to roll and surge. No breathing space appears; the sulphurous veil closes over the valley from side to side—we are shut up with the storm.

More wonderful still is the thunderstorm by night. The gathering of the clouds together cannot be so well seen as by day, but the utter darkness and the feeling of powerlessness complete the sense of awe. At times the flashes are so frequent that the light appears to flicker continuously, and illuminates the valley from end to end. The coach, making its way from some distant part of the dale, is caught by the tempest passing through a wood; the horses shake with fear, but are too much terrified to give

trouble to the practised hand that holds them, and in which they seem to trust; the leaders can only be guided by the light of the flashes by which the eye is startled into seeing through the blinding rain.

'Beauty, and freedom, and peace; and yet another teacher, graver than these.' The preaching of Ruin is the fourth thing which Mr. Ruskin thinks young Turner found by Bolton Brook. Perhaps it was; but the ruined Priory has many lessons to teach, and Turner can hardly have been prepared to learn them all. The contrast in the religious life of Turner's and Giorgione's time cannot be discussed in a single chapter, still less can the position of art in connexion with religion be fully appreciated. Scarcely can we look upon this decay at Bolton, this 'nest whence the night-owl may whimper to the brook,' this 'ribbed skeleton of consumed arches,' as an image of death, for the altar stands where the old Saxon altar stood, as the best of Saxon institutions have re-emerged from the evils of feudalism; and the picturesque buildings are a monument (whatever drawbacks there may have been to the Dissolution) to the free life of English religion. The bright world of Giorgione indicated to him perhaps nothing of any deadness in its inner spirit; on the other hand, the mouldering Priory, with its early associations, its history, and its present loveliness of surrounding landscape, might represent to us fittingly the death of Superstition, and the birth and growth of Truth.

GEORGE RADFORD.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Dudley Gallery Art Society opened its water-colour exhibition in February. A recent venture, entitled 'The Nineteenth Century Art Society,' organized ostensibly for the encouragement of youthful and deserving talent, also survived in a second exhibition, and added one more to the over-supplied list of London picture shows.

AMONG minor exhibitions opened during the previous month may be noted, first, a collection at Messrs. McLean's Gallery of sketches and pictures chiefly on the Riviera and about Lake Como by Mr. Pownall Williams. The Riviera subjects are the third instalment of a series between Marseilles and Genoa. There is a freshness in the drawings which commends itself to the enjoyment of the spectator; the artist himself seems to have been happy, and his pleasure is catching. He paints securely with a full brush and a confident manner, on rough absorbent paper generally, seizing upon distinct and poetic aspects of southern scenery with no especial finesse and no trembling effort after detail, but with a delightful feeling for colour and true perception of qualities of light. Although some of his pearly-grey sketches are among the most pleasing, he is not afraid of splendour, and rarely gets wrong. The room holds nearly eighty drawings, *all* of which have been done, the artist states, within one twelve month, not all out-of-doors, of course. At Messrs. Dowdeswell's have been shown a number of oil pictures and water-colour drawings of cathedrals, in England and on the Continent, by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the author of certain literary efforts upon art subjects having a mystic vein. Mr. Bayliss is ambitious as an architectural painter, and has tackled stoutly some of the finest interiors on the Continent—Milan Cathedral and St. Mark's, Venice, Chartres, Coutance, St. Rémy at Rheims, Caudebec, Tréves, and so on; Westminster and St. George's, Windsor, at home. It is impossible to withhold respect for the persistent endeavour of the artist in his arduous task. If we fail to receive from his performances the solemn impression of wonder and beauty which he has felt while painting them, it is due to our own infirmity no doubt, also to the uncomfortable discovery that the better acquainted we were with the subjects depicted the less adequate we found the painter's version. We suspect that as a mystic Mr. Bayliss paints a little too much from mental vision; certainly as regards colour there is a monotony in his favourite scheme of apricot yellows and purple for warm buildings and plain grey for cold; while greater distinctness of characteristic line and detail would be welcome substitute for a certain showy effectiveness. The combination of accuracy with poetic impression in architectural subjects on any scale will, however, always remain one of the difficulties in pictorial art hardest to achieve.

At the rooms of Messrs. Goupil, in Bond Street, English people who did not visit the last *Salon* have had the advantage of seeing for the first time the large picture of *Psyche*, awaiting Charon on the banks of Acheron, by M. Jules Lefévre, which deservedly made a sensation therein. This study of the nude, so refined and yet full of lovely life, should be a wholesome lesson in England, where the nude figure rarely passes beyond a mere copyism of the model, except to lose all gracious and genial reality. Mr. Lefévre's masterly drawing and technique must commend themselves, moreover, though one may find his colour somewhat chastened into chilliness.

THE Royal Institute of Water-colour Painters opened their free schools in Ormond Street on the fourth of last month; the first Visitors appointed are in the figure Mr. Linton, in landscape Mr. Parsons. The Council of the Institute have decided to give a costume-ball in the month of May, a principal feature of which will be a procession artistically and historically arranged after the fashion of such shows in Germany. The surplus proceeds from sale of tickets are to go towards the maintenance of the schools.

THE Burlington Fine Art Club, Savile Row, propose to hold an exhibition of especial and interesting character in the ensuing May, namely, drawings of Architectural subjects by deceased British artists. Mere architect's working drawings, professional designs and plans will be excluded from the collection on one hand, and on the other landscapes in which buildings give a subject, but take a subordinate part in the design. Drawings will be admitted in which the architectural character of a building is the primary motive, and treated from the artist's point of view rather than from that of the builder, the topographer, or the antiquarian; they may be executed in any material, and include studies and sketches. We believe that the committee will be glad of information as to drawings available for the exhibition, communications relative to which can be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries, Mr. T. L. Roget, and Mr. Edward Dillon.

AT the election held in February to a vacant Associateship, Mr. Colin Hunter, a leading member of the Scottish school, was the successful candidate; but Mr. Alfred Hunt ran the winner hard. Mr. Colin Hunter has been prominent on the exhibition walls for many years as a painter of sea and coast and inland water, after a vigorous manner, which has of late rather intensified than diminished in energy both as regards colour and execution. Mr. Hunter is also a spirited etcher.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN's lecture at the London Institution, on 'The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century,' which was delivered twice over in successive weeks of February, owing to the pressure of audience, proved to be not merely symbolically entitled, after the lecturer's wont, but a *bona fide* discourse on cloud phenomena. Mr. Ruskin states that in the year 1871 he first began to note a peculiar quality of storm cloud, the characteristics of which are a horrid darkness spread over a widely extended area, a blanching of the sun instead of the reddening of it, as in case of an 'honest fog,' a quivering wind of malignant bitterness, from whatever quarter it comes, and in short a general blinding and blighting of man and nature. The Professor threw much scorn upon the insufficiency of scientific instruments or scientific teachers to give you full data about natural phenomena, and he condemned the misleading and frightful inaccuracy of scientific people's terms, Latin-English words, which have 'neither the grace of the one nor the sense of the other.' The human eye, with the human intelligence at the back of it, and a spirit tempered by reverence for nature, command Mr. Ruskin's reliance, and with these instruments and modes of inquiry which he himself possesses in such high degree, he confronts the scientists, and bids his audience believe in the 'storm cloud' and the 'plague wind' which for him shut out hope of the fair lights that used to shine on sea and land. The lecturer has lost none of his descriptive eloquence. There is no one who comes near him in prose word-painting, and he adds detail to detail with such convincing good faith that few can resist conversion. Whether or no the frequency of a darkened atmosphere, a state of mournful sunlessness, to which not only in towns but generally we have, at any rate in England, been condemned of late years, be indeed part of a new sign in the heavens, nobody can contradict the reality of the trouble thus far. The irreverent among Mr. Ruskin's audience whispered that the man of science has long ago answered and docketed his questions as to visible and invisible mist, transparent and muddy vapour; also as to the colours that white and black cloud receive from sunshine by transmission, refraction and defraction of rays, and that it was only the witchery of words that gave novelty to much that was said. But whether he be accurate or novel in scientific speculation, Mr. Ruskin was the true poet when he discoursed on the beauty of land or cloud; and some of us may even be inclined to pardon him for concluding his lecture like a seer of old time, as he called on men to read the signs of the times if they would not accept the sign in the heavens, and bid them 'cease from the insolence of their lips and the troubling of their passions,' and prove by return to rectitude and peace if God would not open the windows of Heaven and pour forth a blessing.

IT is stated that the Director of Fine Art in France has arranged for the publication of popular epitomized catalogues to the National museums, which will be sold at very low prices, while copies will also be placed in the galleries for free use. It is also proposed to issue at the same time full and critical catalogues for the benefit of the cultivated visitor. Another popular move under the same category is to be the authorized issue of good photographs at cheap rates from seven thousand of the finest pictures in the National museums throughout France. Here in London we have been waiting years for a catalogue of our National Gallery, though we are willing to pay for it. As for free or cheap helps for the people in their art studies they get provided by volunteer effort from without sometimes; belief in the capacities of the working classes to benefit by art collections cannot be expected in official headquarters when the opening of museums on Sunday, the free day of the employed, still remains an unattainable privilege.

THE sale of pictures by the Impressionist leader and painter, the late M. Manet, at the Hotel Drouot a month since, did not indicate that works of this school are held safe speculation in the art market. The highest price, 500*l.*, was given for *Argenteuil*, *Olympia* fetched 400*l.*, the *Ball at the Folies-Bergères*, 235*l.*; but the bidding came not from dealers or the outside public, but from within the Impressionist clique.

MESSRS. ORCHARDSON, R.A.; R. Macbeth, A.R.A.; and E. T. Gregory, A.R.A., have been invited to contribute to the International Exhibition at the Arts Decoratifs. Mr. Burne Jones was also asked, but unable to comply.

THE sale of the Castellani collection in Rome is fixed for the 15th of the current month.

SINCE our last issue another name, that of Mr. J. H. Parker, of the Oxford publishing firm, has been removed from the living roll of archaeologists to whom the movement known as the Gothic revival in England owed its first impetus. The excesses of the restoration craze by which some gothic enthusiasts brought discredit upon their party, and with which Mr. Parker is to some extent associated, may under the present reaction, cause the admirable service which he did by his text-books on Gothic architecture to be overlooked. Of later years he identified himself with Roman Archaeology, and has been a central figure among the learned excavators whose researches have brought buried Rome to light. Mr. Parker was laborious to the last, and might metaphorically be said to have died grasping in one hand the spade of the *scavatore*, and in the other the pen of the recorder.

WE have received two numbers of the new and revised edition of Bryan's well-known 'Dictionary of Painters and Engravers,' now issuing in monthly instalments from the publishing house of Messrs. George Bell & Sons. The general supervision of the reissue is conducted by Mr. R. E. Graves, of the British Museum, whose co-operators in the compilation seem, to judge by results, of very unequal capacities, some of the notices having pretension to critical as well as biographical accuracy, while others are marked by precisely that vagueness of information and unmeaning kind of comment, which are as unpardonable as they are unhappily frequent in a dictionary of reference. The names of Mr. W. B. Scott and Dr. J. P. Richter are mentioned among contributors of special notes whose work may be relied on, and the latest researches of authorities on art matters are largely drawn upon for material. The volume is likely to extend to double its previous bulk.

MR. E. L. HOLDEN, of Trinity Hall, writes to us from Cambridge in reference to Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Pick-a-back*:—

'Perhaps the following account of the *Pick-a-back*, corrected from family papers, may be of interest to some of your readers. This picture, now in the possession of Lord Monson, of Gatton Park, Surrey, was painted in 1778. The lady represented was Philadelphia, daughter of Hon. James de Lancey, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, who lost a large property through his attachment to the English Government in the American Revolution, and died at New York, 31st July, 1760. She died at Salt Hill, 1785, aged twenty-seven. Her husband was Stephen Payne (assumed the name and arms of Gallwey, by Act of Parliament, 9th George III.), who died 2nd April, 1803. It is he, I believe, and not Sir Wm. Payne Gallwey (*vide* 1st ed. of Grosvenor Catalogue, 1884), who is represented in one of the Dilettanti pictures. The little child is *not* Charlotte, but Charles Payne-Gallwey, afterwards an officer in the 85th Regiment, A.D.C. to General Stoper. "Returning from a masquerade to his lodgings in Maddox Street, he went to bed leaving the candle burning, by which means the bed caught fire. In attempting to subdue the flames, rather than make his escape, Captain Gallwey was so shockingly burnt that he died in great agony at five in the morning of the next day (19th April, 1795), in his nineteenth year. He was a youth of uncommon talents, seemed to have a peculiar genius for the military life, and advanced himself by his merit at a very early period." The daughter Charlotte (sole heiress of Stephen Payne Gallwey, her father) became the wife of John Moseley, of Owsden Hall and Glemham House, in the county of Suffolk, and of Tofts Hall, Norfolk. She was married at St. Pancras Church 25th May, 1797, and died Dec. 5, 1841, in Spanish Place, Manchester Square, *æt.* sixty, leaving an only daughter Charlotte, who married (10th Aug. 1824) Sir Joshua Ricketts Rowley, Vice-Admiral R.N., of Tendring Hall, Suffolk, and died 11th December, 1862. It is curious that nearly every published account of this picture should be inaccurate in some particular, but on this account I think you may rely. A tempera portrait of the same Philadelphia (accredited to Gainsborough), and a miniature of the *Pick-a-back*, are now in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Holden, 20 Redcliffe Square, S.W.'

In the Art Museum of Rugby School is at present exhibited a collection of seventy drawings by W. E. Dighton, a pupil of Müller, and an artist of great promise, who died in 1853 at the early age of thirty-one, and whose work is mentioned in the second volume of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. The Museum contains a number of drawings by ancient and modern masters, and Lectures on Art are frequently given there, in which the boys are said to evince an unmistakable interest.

'TROJA: the Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, &c., by Dr. H. Schliemann; with Maps and Illustrations. J. Murray.' The 'Troja' of Dr. Schliemann, a handsome volume worthy of companionship with his 'Ilios' and 'Mycenae,' contains the report of his 'latest researches and discoveries on the site of Homer's Troy,'—a report which bids fair to be conclusive on most of the questions respecting this site which have been so long uncertain. The dust of controversy cannot be expected to subside at once, and there is always a residuum of such dust that never subsides or is left long at rest after subsidence. But otherwise there is the best reason to anticipate that the results of Dr. Schliemann's explorations are destined to be accepted, by those best able to judge, and therefore generally as proving that whatever Troy ever did exist, was upon and about the hill of Hissarlik; and that, moreover, the city, which therefore has a fair claim to be referred to as representative of the poet's Ilium, Troy, or Pergamus, was of sufficient importance, relatively to its neighbours and contemporaries, to supply tradition and poetry with all the materials required for exaggeration and embellishment. 'Troja' is supplementary to the author's 'Ilios,' which contained the results of his original investigations; its great value consists in the completion and correction of former explorations and theories. The author did not flinch from engaging competent architects and surveyors to assist him in his final adventure, and so risking disproof of his independent and very pronounced conclusions. With equal frankness he himself publishes their decisions, and he has not hesitated to revise his own in accordance with them, to an extent that of course exposes his critical faculty to cavils, which, strong in truthfulness, he may afford to disregard. Dr. Schliemann, it may be thought, started in his investigation both of Mycenae and Troy very much in the spirit of a schoolboy in search of the colony of Robinson Crusoe, but, we may better say, in the spirit of Columbus. Columbus did not reach India as he anticipated, and Dr. Schliemann did not find the sceptre of Agamemnon or the head-tire of Andromache, but the failure in either case is trivial compared to the success. To cavil at the discoveries of our contemporary because they are not quite what he expected, and even sometimes assumed them to be, is as futile—indeed, is as ungrateful—as it might have been to twit Columbus as an impostor for calling the natives that he brought back to Europe, Indians.

The numerous engravings do not comprise many illustrations of primitive art that are novel or important after those in the previous work. Neither iron, nor traces of iron, are found here, as they were equally absent among the mingled bronze and stone weapons and implements at Mycenae. So far the representatives, locally at least, of Homer's opposed populations, are on a par. We must go further east,—to Caucasus and to Assyria,—for the surprising case of nations that were not unacquainted with iron, but still employed it most sparingly, and for the most part clung to the use of bronze with the tenacity of a Peninsular veteran for 'Brown Bess' against the Minié rifle. Another point of contact is traced in the abundance of spindle whorls, the small weights which at once gave tension to the thread as it was drawn out from the distaff, and by the momentum given to it by rotation, confirmed the twist. These were found in hundreds at Mycenae, almost all of a beautiful blue stone, and in thousands at Troy, for the most part of terra-cotta. A spindle is the recorded emblem of the Trojan Palladium, and some purpose of dedication is required to account for the numbers. Dr. Schliemann indicates a reference to the goddess as Athene Ergane, the patroness of feminine industry. But he might have boldly argued for a larger,—a cosmical significance of the symbol. This is not quite the place to follow back the hints of a primitive conception of the visible diurnal rotation of the heavens, as that of a mighty whorl,—the whorl of the spindle of the Fates. Plato combined antique associations with ideas of his own of marvellous poetic power, which take for English ears poetic form in the verses of Milton—

> '—— In deep of night, when drowsiness
> Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
> To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
> That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round,
> On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.'

Early symbolism is not the less poetic because it is frequently of commonplace and popular origin; what became an adamantine spindle with Milton, passing through the universe from pole to pole,—'to keep unsteady nature to her law,' was with Shakspeare, as an invisible axis, an appropriate symbol of the eloquence of Nestor—

> '—— A bond of air, strong as the axletree
> On which heaven rides.'

It is not necessary to suppose that the populations of the Troad or Argos had already been influenced by the theories of Chaldaea. Still it is remarkable that the only analogy to the flounced costumes of the figures on the Mycenaean signet-ring, has appeared in the recently discovered most primitive Chaldaean sculptures. Mesopotamian characteristics again curiously reappear in the architecture of Troy, which these last explorations have done so much to develope. We have the same combination of crude brick with burnt brick; and the system of applying fire to crude bricks after they were already built up into solid masses, appears to be traceable in some vitrefied masses at Nimroud.

It is much to be regretted that Dr. Schliemann did not determine to make room in this volume for the details of his examination of the ruins of Orchomenus, with illustrations. These have not yet been very satisfactorily presented to the English public, or, indeed, at all to the English public at large; but they are all-important in the study of the art and national relations of the contemporary occupants of Mycenae in the south of Hellas, Orchomenus in the north, and even of Troy. The chief ruin at Orchomenus is that of a structure of the same nature and plan and scale as those of the 'Treasury of Atreus' at Mycenae; and the great reward of its excavation was the recovery of an ornamented slab that roofed the small, attached rectangular chamber. Slabs of large size at Argos and casing slabs of the treasuries, as well as small objects, are ornamented with double spirals in a continuous row or connected both horizontally and vertically. That this ornament in simple form occurs in Egypt, might be by mere coincidence. The slab of Orchomenus, however, exhibits the same pattern with an enrichment of palmettes that absolutely certifies derivation from Egypt.

Finally, it must suffice to say here, that the interest of Dr. Schliemann's career as an investigator, and appreciation of his services, will always be felt most by those who are best acquainted with the difficulty and importance of the problems respecting Homeric poetry and the commencement of Hellenic arts and culture, and their relations to Asia Minor.

IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

ETCHED BY LÉON LHERMITTE.

THE region of the *Champs Elysées* appears to have been created by the modern Parisian mind in a state of reaction against the old narrowness of tortuous Parisian streets. The *Champs Elysées* are, in fact, not *fields* (Elysian or otherwise), but an exceedingly wide street in the upper part, and after that a sort of square in the lower, near the *Place de la Concorde*. The formality of the region is rather displeasing, perhaps, to English tastes, and yet it is the favourite quarter (along with what Thackeray mischievously called the '*Roo de St. Honoray*') of our countrymen who settle permanently in Paris. To Parisian tastes it is naturally agreeable, as it combines the merits of the Boulevard (well-shaded tables and chairs, and frequent possibilities of refreshment) with purer air and ampler space. It may be truly said in favour of the *Champs Elysées* that when you emerge from the little cafés and plantations the perspective is, in its own way, quite unrivalled. There is nothing in city views comparable in magnificent simplicity to the broad way that apparently ends to the west with the *Arc de Triomphe*, and to the east with the gardens of the Tuileries and the palace of the Louvre.

RUE DES CHIFFONNIERS, PARIS. DRAWN BY LEON LHERMITTE.

As a striking contrast to Elysian glories we subjoin a sketch by M. Lhermitte of a poor street in Paris inhabited by a very plebeian sort of society, the *Rue des Chiffonniers*. It is now the principal quarter of the rag-sellers, though it may have had more distinguished inhabitants in former times. The picturesque appearance of the houses is liked by artists, but if we were obliged to choose between this street and the *Champs Elysées* as a place of residence, we should probably follow the usual taste of our countrymen, and find ourselves in the better air and light of the comfortable English colony.

ABINGDON AND DORCHESTER.

FOLLOWING the Thames downwards from Nuneham we find it making a curious loop, exceeding anything that is to be found in any other part of its course. It does not indeed meander like the Euphrates at Ardericca, of which Herodotus tells us that they who sail thereon come thrice to this same village on three several days; but its course is strangely circuitous, and, it must be owned, a little tedious. From the 'Cottage' in Nuneham Park to Clifton Hampden Bridge is, as the crow flies, little more than a mile and a half; but the pedestrian who follows the towpath will find the distance to be very nearly eight.* The Oxfordshire shore still shows as far as Culham some rising ground, but the river valley generally, as far as natural features are concerned, is somewhat uninteresting. It takes us, however, to a town in which we may linger awhile, and not unprofitably.

SUTTON COURTNEY.

Any one who follows the fortunes of Abingdon will find much to interest him. Its glories are of the past, though it still holds the nominal rank of the county town of Berkshire; but it has been a notable and, so to speak, a typical place in its day. A royal town in the times of the so-called Heptarchy, it became the appanage of one of the most splendid of the monastic foundations of England. With this its distinction and its prosperity were intimately connected; with the fall of this began its decay.

The documentary remains (to be found in Dugdale's 'Monasticon' and elsewhere) which attest the wealth and dignity of the Abbey of Abingdon are unusually copious; of the structure itself very few remains are left. Of the Abbey Church, which we know to have been of stately proportions, not a vestige survives. No patriotic burgher, such as we shall hear of at Dorchester, was found to purchase a part of it for the devotions of his fellow-townsmen. But a few fragments of the domestic buildings may still be seen. Two or three rooms, still roofed, and used, I believe, for storehouses, and some arches, columns, and other fragments, enclosed in a private garden, remain to mark the site of what was one of the largest and wealthiest of the Benedictine foundations. The Abbey of Abingdon ranked indeed both in antiquity and in dignity second only to the Glastonbury. Its chroniclers did not pretend to claim a founder so venerable as Joseph of Arimathaea, but they were zealous enough to claim an antiquity which took them up far beyond the date of St. Benedict himself. They declared that it was first founded by King Lucius, and, after suffering from the persecuting zeal of Diocletian, had given an education to the great Constantine himself.* More authentic history assigns its origin to the reign of Centwin, king of the West Saxons, in the latter half of the seventh century. The original body consisted of twelve monks and an abbot. They suffered severely at the hands of the Danes, and still more severely from the victorious Alfred, who is said to have taken away from them their most valuable possessions, the town of Abingdon itself among them, because they had not made him a sufficient requital for vanquishing their enemies. Alfred's grandson, Edred, repaired the damage done by his predecessor, and restored the lands, which fortunately the Crown had not alienated or granted away. The Abbey chroniclers are loud in his praise, telling, among other things, how at least one miracle was wrought in his honour. Coming one day to inspect the work of restoration, then just in its commencement, he measured all the foundations with his own hands, and, his work finished, was invited by the Abbot to dine. Edred had a gay company of Northumbrians with him, and he and they helped themselves freely to the metheglin. The Abbot's store consisted, it would seem, of but one flagon; but in this the liquor was never permitted to fall more than a span below the brim. All day long, we are told, the company sat and feasted without exhausting the cup. At night the 'Northumbrians departed with great joy.'

The foundation continued to increase in wealth

* On an average the river course is a little more than twice the distance measured in a straight line. From Folly Bridge, Oxford, to London Bridge is 112 miles, while the distance by road is about fifty-six.

* Henry I. was actually a pupil in the monastic school, and, if we may judge from his surname of Beauclerk, seems to have profited by his education.

and dignity. Its head was one of the twenty-four mitred abbots who sat in Parliament. At home he kept such state as must have been remarkable even amidst the monastic splendour of these days. Fifteen times in the year he dined in the great refectory with his monks; and it was the custom that on each of these days a hundred poor should be fed from his table. The long list of more than fifty dignitaries who filled this post does not contain a single name of note. One authority indeed asserts that the historian Geoffrey of Monmouth was abbot, and that he was buried in the convent. The second part of this statement may be true, but the first seems to be without foundation. With Thomas Pentecost, otherwise Rowland, fifty-second in succession from Heanus, the list came to an end. Rowland fell upon the evil days of Henry VIII. and the visitors of religious houses. He and his brethren did not receive a very good report from these gentlemen, but he made ample amends by his promptitude in resigning his foundation into the king's hand. It was a great prize, the net revenues amounting to more than 1800*l.* in the money of that time,* and the complaisance which made it readily available was promptly rewarded. Thomas Rowland was pensioned with 200*l.* per annum (until he should obtain preferment of equivalent value), and was permitted to reside for the rest of his life at the manor-house of Cumnor, which had been the country-seat of the abbots.

CLIFTON HAMPDEN.

Abingdon makes little mark in history. In Saxon days the kings of Wessex seem sometimes to have had their residence there, and to have sorely burdened the abbey with the expense of their retinues. The Conqueror was entertained here in 1084 by Robert D'Oyly. In 1451 the insurrection, known commonly by the name of 'Jack Cade,' appeared in the town, its bailiff for the time being a ringleader. In the wars of the Commonwealth some fierce fighting took place in it, the Cavaliers from Oxford making several desperate efforts to recover it out of the hands of the Parliamentarians. We read that in the last of them (March 1646), Prince Rupert got within the fortifications and posted five hundred men 'within the abbey,' which we may therefore conclude to have still existed in tolerable preservation.

Abingdon is a town of a certain picturesqueness of appearance, but it can hardly be said to show its best side to the river. The old inn, almost overhanging the water, of which we give an illustration, is a noticeable object. It bears every sign of having accommodated many generations of travellers by water; but it looks, it must be confessed, at least as well on paper as in reality. The market-place, an irregular quadrangle in shape, and surrounded by houses which show an agreeable variety in style, is somewhat, if not much, above the average of country-town *fora*. Of the town-hall, erected in the last year of the seventeenth century, we may say, now that it is permitted to admire buildings other than Gothic, that it is handsome. The Church of St. Nicholas (which must have stood just on the outskirts of the Abbey buildings, and which one passes on the way to see what remains of them) shows a Norman doorway which is worth inspection. The other church, St. Helen's, is spacious and, in its way, imposing. On one side of the churchyard stands what is perhaps the most picturesque building in the town, a row of almshouses, which owe their existence to the ancient foundation of the hospital of the Holy Cross, a name changed after the Reformation to Christ's Hospital. The low-roofed wooden cloister, plentifully adorned with texts, which shelters the doors of the almshouses, is a feature which one does not often see in England. The Grammar School of John Royse, which may be considered the mother of Pembroke College, Oxford, as Merchant Taylors' School is of St. John's, is another noteworthy object in the town.

Clifton-Hampden, a little village on the Oxfordshire bank, lies, so to speak, at the back of Nuneham Park, and continues to show something of its picturesque scenery. It takes the first half of its name from the cliff which here rises from the river, a striking feature, all the more grateful to the traveller's eye after the level region through which he has been

* This may be approximately reckoned as equivalent to something between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.*

passing, though not to be compared for a moment to the genuine cliffs, overhung with masses of varied foliage, which are to be seen in the Quarry Woods below Marlow and in Park Place between Henley and Wargrave. The 'cliff' is a bank of sandstone, about thirty feet in height, on which stands the one object of interest which the village possesses—the parish church. This, indeed, well deserves a visit. It has been recently restored, and though the exterior has, as was, perhaps, unavoidable, something of a modern look, the work of restoration has been done with care and taste. The oldest part of the building, the south aisle, belongs to the latter part of the thirteenth century. It seems to have been, from its beginning, one of the possessions of Dorchester Abbey. In 1272 one Richard de Clifton held land here of the Bishop of Lincoln; and as some of the architecture is of that date, it is natural to suppose that he had something to do with the building. In the inventory of the Abbey's possessions at its dissolution in 1538 we find, 'The Rectory of Clyftonne' (meaning the great tithes) 'let to William Yong for a term of sixteen years at a yearly rent of 9*l.*' The Rectory was transferred to Oseney Abbey at the time when it was proposed to make that Abbey the Cathedral of the newly-established see of Oxford. When the Church of St. Frideswida was substituted for Oseney, the advowson was sold, and it is now in private hands.

A course of about two miles, giving but little to note on either bank of the river, brings us from Clifton Hampden to 'Day's Lock,' itself almost exactly a mile above the junction of the Thame with the main river, and the most convenient spot for halting for a visit to Dorchester. The interest of the scenery now increases, but it is on the Berkshire, not, as before, on the Oxfordshire, bank that its bolder features are found. The picturesque village of Little Wittenham, with the wood that bears the same name, are in the near neighbourhood of the river, and beyond the wood rise, crowned with their groves of beech-trees, the conspicuous heights of Sinodun Hill and its lesser and nameless companion. The range of down-like hills runs for about two miles parallel to the river till it comes to an end opposite to Shillingford. Sinodun Hill has, without doubt, been the scene of important events in the history of the Roman Conquest of Britain. What Tacitus, an invaluable authority about British history, might have told us has unhappily been lost, and we are left very much to conjecture as to localities and dates; but it is certain that Sinodun—a name of immemorial antiquity, holding probably some secret which it would be worth much to discover—was a British stronghold. The earthworks and intrenchments remain, little obliterated by time and cultivation, and archaeologists are, I believe, agreed in supposing them to be British work. It is at least probable that the hill was the scene of one of the chief battles which Caractacus and his brothers, sons of Cunobelinus, fought against Plautius, Claudius's lieutenant, between the years 43 and 47 A.D. About the origin and meaning of the remarkable constructions, locally known as *Dorchester Dykes*, there has been more doubt, and the controversy is not yet settled. The works consist of a double rampart, with a deep ditch between, cutting off a bend of the river, which they touch, or nearly touch, for the plough has been busy at either extremity. Common opinion has hitherto been that the 'Dykes' are Roman work; and the late Mr. J. H. Parker, an archaeologist of no mean authority, declares that their Roman origin must be evident to any observer. For myself, I do not pretend to be an expert in these matters, but I may say that I was struck by the resemblance between these massive ramparts and the undoubtedly British constructions of Avebury in Wiltshire. They evidently must have cost the labour of many men for many days. They could not have been the temporary camp even of those industrious wielders of the spade, the Roman legions; while the permanent camps, as Silchester remains to witness, bore a wholly different appearance. Nor would the position have been a safe one with the whole of the river front open to attack. The Britons were an enemy against whom a stream, some fifty or sixty yards, was no protection, and a legion encamping within the 'Dykes' would have had to be almost as much on the watch as if they had been bivouacking without a rampart on the open plain. It is at least a plausible conjecture that we have here an outwork of the British fortification on Sinodun Hill, the occupying force of which would thus get the necessary command of a supply of water. The whole would be of a date far earlier than the Roman invasion, and would have been an important strategical position in the wars carried on between the Belgic tribes and those which Caesar describes as aboriginal. On this theory, the Roman attack would have been made from a position which Dorchester now occupies; nor are there wanting signs that the town is built on the site of an old stationary camp of the common quadrangular form. That there was a Roman station of some importance is certain. An altar, dedicated by a Roman officer, was found here in 1738, and coins of dates which cover a considerable part of the period of Roman occupation have been discovered from time to time.

Of Roman Dorchester beyond these facts we know nothing. The history of the place begins with the foundation of a bishop's see by Birinus, some time between 634 and 640 A.D. Birinus was sent to evangelise England by Pope Honorius, and after labouring for some time in Essex, fixed his residence

at Dorchester, then on the boundary between Wessex and Mercia. Mercia was still wholly heathen, but Penda, its king, though himself obstinately clinging to the old faith, was tolerant of the new. Birinus died in 650 A.D., and was buried at Dorchester. Shortly after the Conquest, Remigius, a monk of Fécamp, whom William had appointed to the See, removed his throne to Lincoln. The Bishops of Lincoln still had one of their numerous residences in the town. It was, we are told, the favourite abode of one of the most famous of their number, St. Hugh.

The Dorchester of the present belongs to a still later period. Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, formed a monastery of Black Canons in 1140, and the stately church which now dominates the town was, in part at least, built by him. The abbey never rose above the rank of one of the smaller houses, and at its dissolution in 1538, its revenues were valued at 184*l.* But the Abbey Church might well have adorned a more splendid foundation.

THE THAMES AT SHILLINGFORD.

Dorchester owes its preservation to Richard Beauforest, a wealthy burgher of the time, and probably a kinsman of an Abbot Beauforest, whose highly decorated tomb still remains in the church. Beauforest gave 140*l.* for the fabric, a sum which may be reckoned at about 3000*l.* of our money; and it remains, after three centuries of neglect and damage which a more pious or more tasteful generation has now begun to repair, a splendid monument of his liberality. It does not pretend to the dignity of a minster, nor can it even be ranked with such parish churches as St. Botolph's at Boston; but it has the grandeur of size and stately proportions, especially in its great length of 200 feet, the uninterrupted view of which makes no small impression on the visitor. It contains, too, many objects of interest. The east window is of unusual magnitude and beauty, and the 'Jesse' window, on the north side of the Lady Chapel or Presbytery, is one of the most curious examples of painted glass in England. 'In the centre at the base of the tree is sculptured the recumbent figure of Jesse, and from his body rises the tree. The branches are ornamented with foliage their whole length, and with a figure sculptured at each intersection of a mullion; that of David occupying the lower angle on the east side. Some of them are male, some female; several are crowned, and some have wings.' 'The chancel wall,' writes Leland, 'hath all been painted very gloriously with all sorts of beastes.' These are no longer to be seen, but pieces of pattern still remain.

Some of the monuments are remarkably interesting, that for instance of the cross-legged knight, clad in the chain-mail commonly worn in the thirteenth century, who lies as if in the act of drawing his dagger. His features, though blunted and mutilated, still wear a singular expression of fierceness, and afford a curious contrast to the placid mien of the man of peace, John de Stonore, a judge of the following century, whose effigy is close at hand.

The Thame, which flows through Dorchester, though not a navigable stream, is one of the chief affluents of the more important river to which indeed, according to one account, it contributes the greater part of its name. 'Thame and Isis,' writes Camden, 'here, as it were, join hands in wedlock, and with their streams unite their names; and as the Jor and Dan in the Holy Land, and the Dor and Don in France, form the Jordan and the Dordon, so these rivers go by the compound name of Tamesis.' But it may be remarked that while Camden's illustrative instances are anything but conclusive, on the other we find the full name Tamesis in the earliest mention of Britain, the 'Commentaries of Caesar;'* nor can there be any reasonable doubt that this name was attached to the main river from its source to its mouth. The name Isis does not occur till it is used by Leland in his 'Itinerary.' The word, however, bears a curious resemblance to 'Ouse,' the British name so

* The Greek geographer Pytheas seems to have visited Britain about the close of the fourth century B.C., but his works are not extant.

commonly given to rivers, a name of which there is an undoubted survival in Oseney, still one of the suburbs of Oxford, and possibly in Oxford itself, Oxford being, according to some etymologists, a corruption of Ousenford or Osenford. It would be an interesting fact, if we could find that 'Isis' was the classical form given by the scholars of Oxford to the Ouse of the popular language.

ALFRED J. CHURCH.

SHILLINGFORD BRIDGE.

THE NAMING OF ST. JOHN.

FROM A CARVING ATTRIBUTED TO ALBRECHT DÜRER.

THIS small but exquisite specimen of carving, executed in high relief in perspective in Pappenheim stone, has been very generally assigned to be the work of Albrecht Dürer, as it bears his monogram with the date 1510. The late Mr. Payne-Knight obtained possession of it at the end of the last century in the Netherlands; in 1824 he bequeathed it to the Nation, and it has since then been in the British Museum.

There are two similar carvings in existence, also representing incidents in the life of St. John the Baptist, and bearing the same date; one, *The Visitation*, is in the Episcopal Seminary at Bruges, and the other, *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, is in the Brunswick Museum. For many years this magnificent specimen of mechanical skill in the art of carving was one of the great attractions in the Print Room of the British Museum, and to many of its visitors it had such a fascinating charm that I have known several practical workers in the art of carving, and others, who came there time after time requesting permission to gaze on and study its marvellous beauties. One person in particular I remember; a clever coach-maker, living a short distance from London, who, whenever he came to town on a holiday or business, invariably called at the Print Room and asked permission to view it. Fortunately, the restrictions which formerly prevented the general public having free access to this splendid work no longer exist, since a space has recently been allotted for its exhibition among the works illustrating the History of Engraving, in a part of the Museum formerly occupied by the Collection of Fishes, and it is, therefore, now always on view to the general public.

S. JEROME IN HIS CELL. AFTER ALBRECHT DÜRER.

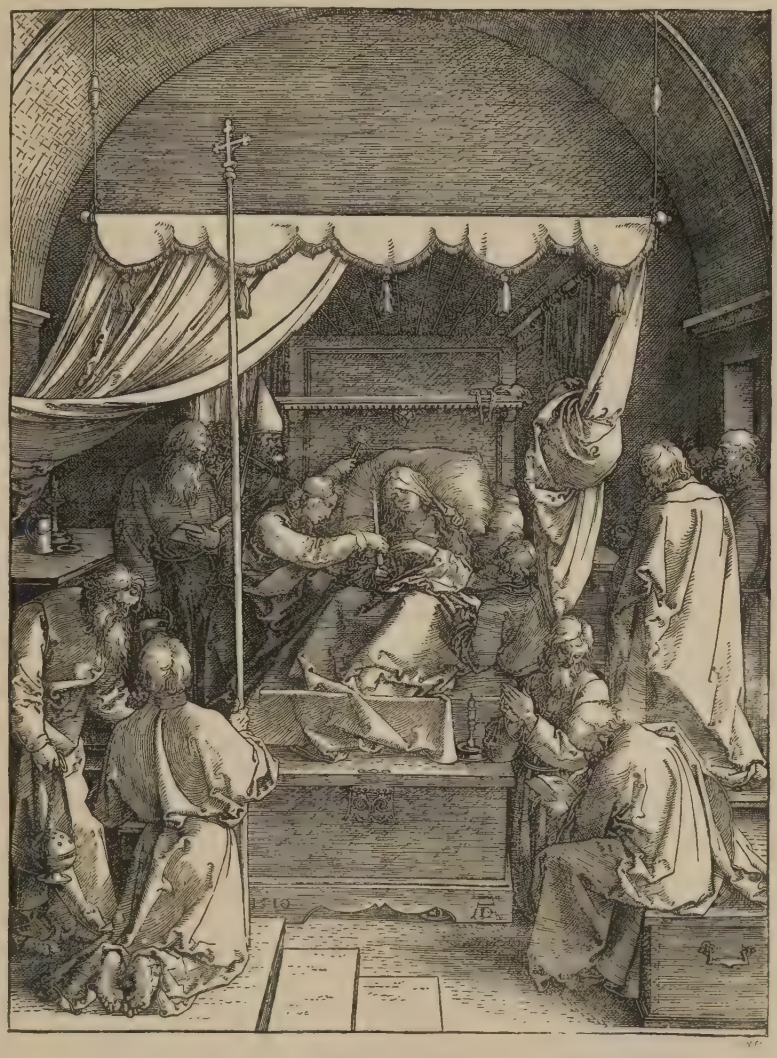
Notwithstanding that this carving, as well as those at Bruges and Brunswick, all of which bear Dürer's monogram and the same date, 1510, have been generally accepted as the work of

Dürer's hands, grave doubts have been entertained by many as to their really being his work. Herr Thausing, the distinguished student of the Fine Arts, who has spent a lifetime in the study of Dürer's works, and whose opinion, therefore, ought to carry considerable weight, declares all these carvings to be spurious imitations of Dürer's work, and nothing but literal renderings into sculpture of his wood engravings. Herr Thausing says, in his 'Life of Dürer:'—

'These highly-prized reliefs are nothing but successful forgeries. Their very affinity to Dürer's woodcuts is against their genuineness; for so thoughtful an artist was too well versed in the requirements of each method and material not to know that all the richness of a wood-engraving gives but a poor effect when rendered in relief, just as on the other hand wood-engraving is altogether incapable of interpreting plastic softness and roundness of surface.'

Herr Thausing ascribes these carvings to Georg Schweigger, a sculptor of Nuremberg, highly esteemed as a master in all kinds of sculpture and metal foundry, who lived and practised his art in the middle of the seventeenth century and died at Nuremberg in 1690. On this subject Herr Thausing says:—

'We shall not be far wrong in attributing to the sculptor of the remarkable works in the Ambras Collection at Vienna (Georg Schweigger) the three spurious reliefs of 1510. At any rate these reliefs have more in common with the overdone, pseudo-Düreresque sculptures signed by Schweigger, than with anything that can be attributed to Dürer himself, who would certainly have worked in a simpler manner.'



THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN. FROM THE WOODCUT BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.

The results of Herr Thausing's investigation and the most minute examination and comparison of the carvings of Schweigger with Dürer's woodcuts lead him to the conclusion that these carvings were the work of Schweigger and not of Dürer. Whether Dürer ever did execute any work of sculpture on stone, as was generally supposed, is a matter about which nothing really reliable is known, and the belief that he did, therefore, mainly rests upon the strong resemblance the carvings bear to his woodcuts and the monogram and date upon them. But the monogram and date in themselves afford little guide in judging of the authenticity of the works, for it is a matter of common knowledge that false monograms, marks, and dates, are frequently placed upon works of art to give them an appearance of being what they are intended to represent; and in point of fact, there exist many works bearing Dürer's monogram, and which are on that ground attributed to him—such as certain medallions—the genuineness of which is more than questionable.

It is not a new idea that Dürer had no hand in this work. The late Mr. W. Hookham Carpenter, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, maintained, for instance, many years ago that the work was more likely to have been executed by one of the skilled workers in metal of the sixteenth century, and probably that gentleman, in forming this opinion, had in his mind the engraved plate, *La Vierge*

à la Porte,* which has been found to have been entirely made up of parts of Dürer's well-known woodcuts cleverly dove-tailed together.

But apart from the question of whether this carving was or was not executed by the hands of Dürer, or by whomsoever it was done, there can be no question as to the marvellous excellence it displays, and the charm of its wonderful beauty remains the same, whether Dürer or any other artist produced it.

ARTIST DRAWING FROM A MODEL. AFTER ALBRECHT DÜRER.

In the composition of *La Vierge à la Porte* one can see what is really possible to be done in the way of clever combination. If this spurious print was so cunningly executed as to deceive for centuries the best connoisseurs, why should not similar deceptions be accomplished in carving or metal work?

A good deal of the composition in detail of the *Death of the Virgin* is the same as in the *Naming of St. John*, but the wonderful and skilful treatment in perspective, so unusual in carving, is in itself almost sufficient to incline one to the belief of Dürer being the author of the work, insomuch as none but a great genius could have successfully thrown so difficult a composition into perspective, an art to which Dürer had, among his various studies, given much attention. The reduced reproduction of the woodcut of the *Death of the Virgin* will give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself the various points of resemblance, and the other illustrations are introduced with a view of giving a fuller knowledge of Dürer's usual treatment of interiors.

GEORGE WILLIAM REID.

* See the 'Fine Art Quarterly Review,' vol. i. New Series, page 401.

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SOME ITALIAN PICTURES.

II.

BEFORE I attempt to pick up the ends left loose in my first paper, it may be well that I should here pause for a moment to set forth, if I can at all contrive it, what it is, apart from the more or less accidental details we have been considering, that the critic sees in all works of art *that approach the first class* to make him so sure of their origin. Perhaps the easiest way to dispel some of the clouds that obscure the question to the general reader is to borrow an illustration from an art upon which a far larger number of people have right notions than upon painting—I mean the art of Poetry. In a poem language is used on exactly the same principles as paint in a picture. The main idea or subject is indeed the centre round which all the rest revolves, but it is the treatment of the idea that makes the poetry. We may define a poet as one who at once compels all the powers of language to help him with his thought, and has a keen eye for ideas susceptible of such treatment. Words have natural and intrinsic values as well as the arbitrary meanings we find in a dictionary. As sounds they can reach depths in our souls from which they are shut out as symbols; their length, their cadence, their fulness or tenuity, their position in a line and effect upon its rhythm, and, collectively, the forms of lines, their succession, and the methods of their binding together, all belong to the technics of poetry, but it is upon their management that the most poetical conception must depend for its effect. And so is it with a picture. A

complete painter is one who makes use of all the powers of paint to enforce a pictorial idea. In his productions the main theme is actively assisted by the choice and quality of every tint, by the flow of every line, by the place, shape, and value of every light and shadow. Such a canvas as Titian's *Entombment* has a power to impress a cultivated mind greater beyond comparison than a picture composed with the notion of realising the likely facts of the scene could have; the concentration of its masses, the ample sweep of its lines, the solemn glory of its colour, are not 'only execution,' they are part of the story, and the best part, because the feelings they rouse do not depend upon association, but upon the directness of their appeal to that innermost part of our nature which only a language of nature can touch.

If this be so, if every detail of a work of art have this power to speak, it is clear that those who have learnt its language—for even a language of nature has to be learnt*—have materials for an opinion on the authorship of a picture similar in kind to those which guide a reader to the true origin of a poem. But the connoisseur has an immense advantage over the critic of letters in the infinite width of the field from which the painter draws the first elements of his work, and in the freedom with which he is allowed to impress his own personality upon them, while a writer is confined with the narrow bounds of a tongue language with its more or less rigid laws of grammar and orthography. And it is by the unity due to the coherence of its elements that a painting becomes a picture, and a carved stone a statue; without coherence they are either dead paint and clay or nonsense. When a true artist is called upon to decide whether a work has artistic merit or not, his answer is not directly governed by the amount of pleasure he receives from it, but by the presence or absence of internal evidence that its author was alive to the expressive value, and consequently to the power of mutual corroboration and contradiction of those so-called technical qualities from whose influence the ignorant so pride themselves on being free. Pictures or pieces of sculpture may be coherent without being great works of art, but without coherence they are not art at all.

From all this it follows that a picture by Michelangelo would bear all over it the stamp of the noblest personality of the Renaissance and of a mind which turned instinctively to the purity of sculpture as its natural means of expression, and, putting aside for the moment the question of copies or forgeries, it would teem with minor signs of its origin. In both those National Gallery pictures to which I alluded at the end of my first paper there are such signs in abundance.

FIG. 1.—THE ENTOMBMENT. NATIONAL GALLERY.

Let us take them systematically.

In the first place, what are the antecedent probabilities? Is it likely that Michelangelo left behind him a couple of half-finished panels, one painted in tempera, the other partly at least in oil. In view of all that we know of his life and sentiments, the likelihood of his having done so is so great that, even were no such works now forthcoming, we should have little doubt that they once existed. In a picture by Michelangelo we look for paint laid on with a laborious rather than facile brush, for the clinging draperies of the sculptor, for the trenchant arabesque of a bas-relief; we expect, particularly in a work left unfinished, plenty of crude, unbroken colour, and especially various shades of red. The whole of these we find in our *Entombment* (fig. 1) and in the 'Taunton' *Madonna* (fig. 2). In fact, apart from the alleged want of grandeur in the conceptions, there is absolutely nothing that we should expect to find in a Michelangelo picture that cannot here be pointed to, while there are a crowd of personal tricks and

* Witness music.

mannerisms, if we may use such a word of such a man, which can only be accounted for in pictures by another hand on the hypothesis of deliberate, elaborate, and most ingenious forgery. And here we may dispose of the argument, from the alleged unworthiness of these two pictures, by declaring, what few will deny, that they are at least as fine in conception as the Doni *Holy Family*, the only undoubted easel picture by Buonarroti. Let us take that *tondo*, the Pietà in St. Peter's (fig. 3), the Bruges *Madonna* (fig. 4), and the San Lorenzo *Madonna* (fig. 5), and carefully compare them with the two pictures in Trafalgar Square. In all six the treatment of the robes is practically the same, and Michelangelo arranged drapery like no one else that ever lived. In all six the clothes are dragged and twisted as if their wearers had slept in them; their edges meander like a Greek fret; they have a tendency to fall into what dressmakers call 'box plaits;' they are confined by various bands and girdles, between which appear those short, broken folds, like soft paper crumpled, which can only be obtained by wetting a model's drapery. Compare the tunic of the boy holding a scroll in the Taunton *Madonna* with that of the Virgin in the St. Peter's Pietà, the sleeve of the Magdalen in the *Entombment* with that of the unfinished Virgin in the chapel of San Lorenzo. In all six works we see underskirts with folds mainly perpendicular, covered by heavy, blanket-like tunics with folds mainly horizontal. In all but the Uffizi picture and the San Lorenzo group play of limb is obtained by the introduction of a step or plinth, and the consequent raising of one foot of a chief figure some inches above the other. In the three *Madonnas* this motive is carried out exactly in the same way. In all six we have the expressive finger-play arising from a complete knowledge of hand structure, each finger having a physiognomy and significance of its own, instead of being lost in the breadth of the hand. In both the London pictures we find the foot of an important figure planted on a loose end of drapery, while in the Bruges *Madonna* and in the Taunton *Holy Family* the infant Christ is supported by a loop of the Virgin's robe. Of these two tricks many examples may be found in the works of Michelangelo, and nowhere else, so far as I can discover. In our pictures and in the Uffizi tondo the seated figures have the skirts of their draperies spread out fanwise on the ground, a mode of treating the lower part of a composition which is natural to a sculptor, and may be found repeated with no change but that of material in the Bruges *Madonna* and the St. Peter's Pietà. The type of the Virgin's head in the Taunton *Madonna* has been thought unlike Michelangelo; but, allowing for necessary changes, it is little else than a repetition of the Eve in the panel of the *Temptation* on the Sistine ceiling. Between the *Entombment* (fig. 1), too, and the Pietà (fig. 3) there are striking analogies, suggesting that one is, in a sense, a sequel to the other. The type of the Christ, with which so much fault has been found in the case of our panel, is precisely the same in both; the same oval head, with long hair and a small beard confined to the point of the chin; the same features, especially the rather tightly compressed mouth with its upturned corners; the same slender form, a little hollow at the waist, but by no means cadaverous. It has been objected to the *Entombment* that the Christ is not a corpse, that it has neither the rigidity nor the sunken

FIG. 2.—MADONNA WITH SAINTS. NATIONAL GALLERY.

muscles of death. But this oversight, if by any possibility it be one, is no less conspicuous in the St. Peter's group. Note the natural fall of the legs, the hollow, but still soft and rounded lines of the stomach, the pendent fingers gently separated by a fold of drapery, and especially the yielding of the pectoral muscle over the supporting right hand of Mary, a motive which is exactly repeated in the picture, where one hand of Joseph appears beneath the left arm of Christ. In the figure of St. John, too, there is a significant detail in the peculiar shortness of the left thumb, a singularity that is constantly found in the earlier works of Michelangelo.* The weaknesses of modelling which undoubtedly exist in the picture, though hardly to the extent sometimes asserted, prove nothing in view of its unfinished state. On the other hand, there are parts, such as the face and feet of Christ, that are far beyond the powers of any one whose name has been connected with the picture, with the single exception of Michelangelo. From all these details, as well as from the general design and conception, this *Entombment* must be assigned to a much earlier date in the master's life than the drawings of a dead Christ (?) in the Albertina, at Vienna, to which Mr. Burton has appealed as tending to confirm the ascription to Michelangelo. The general physiognomy of this drawing, its heavy limbs, long body, small head, and comparatively narrow shoulders, indicate, as Mr. Burton has pointed out, the period of the Pauline Chapel and the *Last Judgment.*

FIG. 3.—PIETÀ. ST. PETER'S, ROME.

And here I may suggest an explanation which will reconcile these dates. My attention was called some time ago by Mr. Comyns Carr to the great similarity between the Albertina drawing and the Christ in an *Entombment* in the Bridgwater Gallery, there attributed to Sebastiano del Piombo, but more probably, so far as the high position of the picture allows one to judge, by Daniele da Volterra. The general design of the figure may well have been given to Daniele by Michelangelo, just as he gave sketches for the *Lazarus* to Sebastiano twenty years before. In that case it would not be unreasonable to see in the Vienna drawing a plagiarism by the aged master from his own youth, from a picture which had never been carried to completion.

I think I have now said enough to prove that at least the conception and design of our two panels belong to the great Florentine, and to no one else. I might, had it seemed worth while, have carried the work of comparison into details still more minute, but I think readers of THE PORTFOLIO will allow that such an array of coincidences as those I have set out are conclusive when added to the general physiognomy of the pictures. That the actual painting is also the work of Buonarroti is, I think, no less certain. In the case of the larger panel, the fact that extreme skill in the modelling of certain parts (such as the neck and shoulders of the St. John), and generally fine draughtsmanship, are combined with a want of experience in the management of the material here and there — in the red drapery of St. John, for instance, and in the painting of the swathes about the body of Christ — so great as to suggest a hand which had seldom worked at an easel picture, is, it seems to me, decisive against Mr. J. C. Robinson's theory that in the *Entombment* we see the design of a fair draughtsman (for Bandinelli was no more), carried out by an artist who had won a considerable reputation as an executant in oil. In fact, both these pictures are strong where copies or pasticcios would be weak, and *vice versâ;* and again, had they been copies

* Of this peculiarity many curious instances might be given. I may here content myself with naming the *Sibylla Erythraea*, in the Sistine, and the South Kensington *Cupid*, both of which have thumbs nearly a third too short.

from Michelangelo or elaborate imitations of his art, they would hardly have been left unfinished. In them we have, in all probability, an early attempt by Buonarroti in the use of tempera, abandoned when a chance to take up the chisel came in his way, and a panel on which he made at least partial experiments in oil, thrown aside, perhaps, for the same reason, perhaps in impetuous disgust of his inability to manage the strange medium without an amount of labour he was disinclined to give. Michelangelo said oil was only fit for women; is it not likely that he had once tried it, and found himself unable to say with it what he wished?

FIG. 4.—MADONNA AND CHILD. FROM THE MARBLE AT BRUGES.

From this last sentence it may be supposed that I agree with the unkind things that have been said of this *Entombment* as a conception; but I do not. It appears to me that some of those who have written about it have not studied the picture with sufficient care to see the real aim of the artist. He has painted the carrying of Christ to His grave under a pictorial impulse similar to that which guided his mind and hand when he produced the cartoon of Pisa. He has chosen an instant when all his main figures could be brought into pictorial sympathy one with another by the call for sudden muscular exertion,—John, Magdalen, and Joseph of Arimathea, are lifting the corpse up rock-cut steps to a tomb roughly marked out above, which a pair of energetic figures are but now opening. On the left, Salome has sunk upon her heels, as if to stay with Mary (the erased figure on the right); but at the same time she is brought into harmony with the main incident by her action. The Magdalen looks round as if for guidance over the irregularities of the path which her burden prevents her from seeing, and to her Salome motions to step up and lift. By this gesture she is connected slightly, but sufficiently, with the energetic figures in the centre of the panel, while her position and attitude bring her into sympathy with the fainting mother in the opposite corner. The outward swing of the bodies of John and the Magdalen, the fashion in which their left legs echo each the line and action of the other, the hang of the limbs of Christ towards the male bearer, suggesting the greater vigour with which he lifts, have been called blemishes; but to me they seem to give an *élan* to the whole conception, which, allowing for its unfinished state and inexperienced handling, make the picture one of the most remarkable of Michelangelo's works.

From Michelangelo to the early Venetians is, perhaps, as long a step as could be taken within the limits of Italian painting. By the latter there is a group of pictures in our National Collection which has long been a crux for connoisseurs. They are attributed in the present edition of the Catalogue to Giovanni Bellini and his school to Cima, and to Marco Basaiti. Within the last few years critics have almost unanimously agreed to consider two of them, Nos. 234 and 694, as works by the comparatively little known Vincenzo di Biagio, commonly called Catena, by whom there are in England a considerable number of pictures, nearly all ascribed to other North Italian painters. And yet Catena's style is not difficult to recognise. It is quite peculiar in its union of intellectual simplicity and shallowness with breadth of handling and a fine eye for the pictorial value of colour. The large canvas of *A Knight Adoring*, which was ascribed in the dark ages of connoisseurship to Giorgione, and is now given to the school of Bellini, is probably the masterpiece of Catena, and a thorough acquaintance with its characteristics will help us to identify the hand—he had little mind—of the artist when we meet it elsewhere. The draperies of Catena do not hang; they stand; they appear to have been studied from some stiff material that breaks naturally into rectilinear folds; in most cases they are so arranged and held that if the figures they envelope were to move,

they would drop to the ground. They are painted very simply, with a broad brush, and as a rule with but two or three shades of a single colour. His flesh tint is a grey yellow; his heads are passionless, almost unconscious; his hands long, delicate, and boneless. Catena's peace is death, his placidity a state of coma. In colour he supplies a link between the solemn glow of Venice and the colder brilliancy of the Florentines. His composition is simple to the verge of naïveté. Even in a fine work like our *Knight Adoring*, the figures are models who have each gone through their parts in the absence of the rest, and are connected at last only by their attitudes and the direction of their eyes. There has been a fine Catena at each of the last two Winter Shows at Burlington House. In the exhibition just closed Mr. J. P. Heseltine exhibited one under a general ascription to the Venetian school, and in 1883 a fine *Virgin and Saints* was contributed by Lady Audley under the name of Giovanni Bellini. In both of these the distinctive features we have noticed were as conspicuous as in the two National Gallery pictures, and in others still in Italy which are looked upon as standards of Catena's work. But there is a third picture in Trafalgar Square in which some connoisseurs are inclined to see the hand of the Trevisan master, and this is the *Madonna*, numbered 598, at present assigned to Marco Basaiti. In it we find several of the characteristics of Catena, but mostly with a difference. The stiff, standing draperies are not stiff quite in the same way; the bright cool tints are more broken, the transparent impasto is thinner, the placidity of the Virgin Mother is less profound, less like indifference, than in his undoubted works; on the other hand, the forms of heads and hands and the management of flesh-tints certainly point to Catena. Some light will be thrown on the authorship of this picture if we compare it with the *Death of St. Peter Martyr*, ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, and acknowledged to be his by nearly every critic who has written upon the Gallery. It is signed on a cartellino in the lower left-hand corner, the signature, *Joannes Bellinus ft.*, being in italics, which, according to Lermolieff, Giovanni never used. But, of course, such a positive assertion of so wide a negative must be taken with a grain of salt.

Before we pursue this question farther let us describe the individuality of Giovanni Bellini as it appears in his works, and especially those sides of it which seem to mark him sharply off from such men as Catena, Cima, Basaiti.

In Giovanni Bellini the intellectual faculties are far stronger than the aesthetic sympathies. In those undoubted works of his which have come down to us, and they are none too many considering that he lived but ten years short of a century—we are impressed by the depth and strength of the emotion of which they tell rather than by the completeness of the telling. Bellini's composition is often little but

FIG. 5.—MADONNA AND CHILD. FROM THE UNFINISHED MARBLE IN THE SACRISTY OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.*

accident; his draperies are often wanting in style, his moving figures do not always move. On the other hand, the gravity and dignity of his Madonnas and holy children, the fierce truth and vitality of his portraits, the straightforward insistance of his drama, excel on their own ground everything else the school of Venice has left us. They are the relics of a nature strong rather than facile, constant rather than adaptive, deep-rooted rather than wide in its sympathies, in fact, of a personality differing both in kind and degree from the men named above. Between the works of such a man and those of the intellectually shallow but aesthetically gifted Catena, the differences 'jump to the eyes,' but the gap between the two is bridged over by men whose natures had something in common with both.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

* From a drawing by Mr. Fagan.

GOTHIC REMAINS AT RAVENNA.

IN recent articles I have already described those churches and tombs which belong to the first age of Ravenna's greatness, when in the days of Honorius and his sister she became an imperial city.

The troubled period which elapsed between the death of Galla Placidia and the fall of the Empire of the West was not favourable to architectural works, and during those six-and-twenty years we hear of no new monuments in Ravenna. Of the nine Caesars who followed Valentinian III. in rapid succession, only one, the brave and able Majorian, whose virtues made him worthy of a happier age, showed the slightest care for the condition of his subjects or attempted to repair the public buildings during his brief reign.

At length even the imperial title ceased to command respect, and in 476 the last phantom Caesar, Romulus Augustus, was deposed by the Herulian chief, Odoacer, who built himself a palace in Ravenna, and from behind her strongly fortified walls resisted the assaults of the Gothic king, Theodoric. The armies of the northern leader encamped under the shadow of the pine-forest which had sprung up in the port of Augustus, and for three years the siege lasted, until, partly by force and partly by intrigue, Theodoric triumphed, and his rival was murdered by the hands of the conqueror in Valentinian's palace of Lauretum.

Then came that strange moment in the history of Italy when, under the rule of a barbarian chief whose reign had begun in strife and violence, her people enjoyed thirty years of such peace and prosperity as had been unknown to them for generations; when, for once in that age of bloodshed and anarchy, the tumult of war and the noise of contending leaders was silenced; when an Arian king gave the Church rest, and taught, or tried to teach, his subjects, orthodox and heretic alike, to live together in charity. Of that dominion, so remarkable in every way, Ravenna became the seat, and, if she had no other claim on our remembrance, this alone would make her illustrious among the cities of the earth. Legend has associated the name of Theodoric with Verona, where he also resided occasionally, but his true home was Ravenna. This was the seat of his court, the centre of his wise and beneficent government; here he built his most sumptuous palace and his noblest church; here was the garden where his courtiers marvelled to see the royal warrior cultivating flowers with his own hands.

From Ravenna went forth those famous edicts which breathed a spirit of toleration altogether new to the Roman world. Acting on the great principle here laid down that no man can be forced to believe against his will, the Arian king gave freedom of worship to men of all religions, and allowed his Catholic subjects the same undisturbed use of their churches as the members of his own sect, and an equal share in civil rights. He even visited Catholic churches, and when he went to Rome offered silver candlesticks at the shrine of St. Peter.

Reverence for ancient monuments was another striking feature in the character of this enlightened prince. Contemporary writers tell us how the Gothic king, during his visit to Rome, looked every day with fresh wonder on the Column of Trajan, on the Coliseum of Titus, and the 'marvellous Twain' brought from Alexandria to adorn the Baths of Constantine. His admiration for antiquity did not stop here. We read that he framed laws to restrain citizens from injuring ancient monuments; and besides assigning a large sum to be spent in annual repairs, appointed a public officer to watch over those works of art, which he regarded as the noblest ornament of his realm.

But Theodoric was not only a restorer, he was also, as the historian of his reign loves to tell us, 'the builder and adorner of cities.' He bestowed a lasting benefit on Ravenna by rebuilding the aqueduct of Trajan to supply the lack of water which in classical times had given rise to the saying that in Ravenna a well was more precious than a vineyard; and in the six richly decorated columns which still stand in the ancient Forum we see a fragment of an open portico that probably belonged to another of his public works.

The conquerors of later ages have done their best to destroy what the Goth created, but although Charlemagne plundered Theodoric's palace, and Justinian's orthodox subjects scattered the Arian monarch's ashes to the winds, Ravenna still retains more than one memorial of her greatest ruler.

In his own day the monument which excited the most wonder and admiration among his contemporaries was the house which he built and decorated with a magnificence that surpassed all the earlier palaces of the Caesars in Ravenna. Local writers dwell with delight on its beauties; they describe with enthusiasm the colossal mosaic above the portal representing Theodoric himself on horseback, in shining armour, between the figures of Rome and Ravenna—this last hastening to the king, with one foot on sea and one on land. Unfortunately, this mosaic, which would have been a still more interesting specimen of secular art than the portraits of Justinian and Theodora in San Vitale, perished in a popular tumult soon after Theodoric's age. Opposite

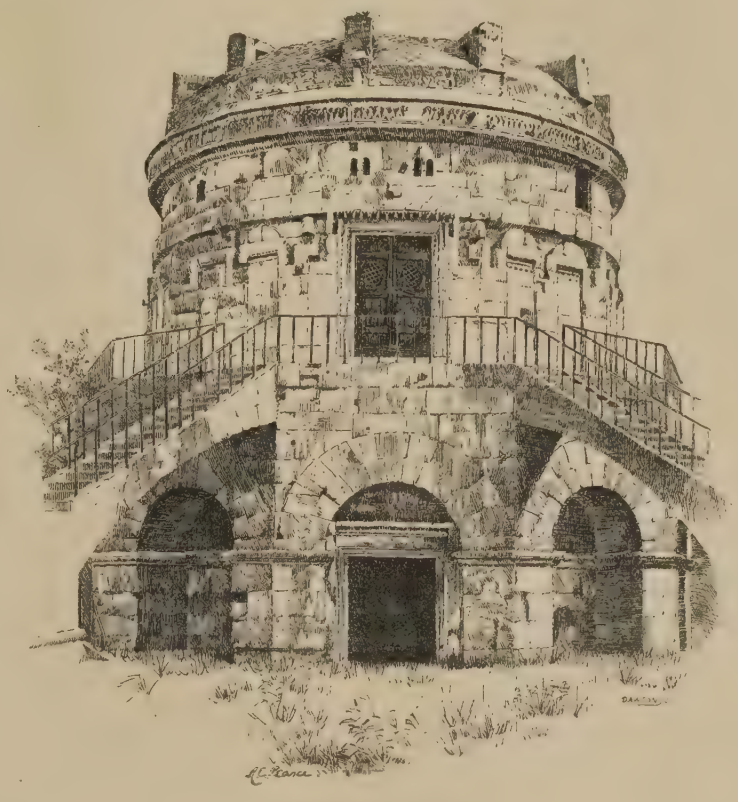
the palace stood another splendid effigy of the Gothic king. This was an equestrian statue of gilded bronze, representing him bearing in one hand his shield, in the other his uplifted spear, a marvel of skilful workmanship such as northern eyes had never beheld when, in the ninth century, Charlemagne came to Ravenna, and, struck with wonder at its beauty, carried it off with him across the Alps. The same conqueror took down the marble pillars of the palace, and, with Pope Hadrian's permission, bore them away to adorn the new cathedral at Aachen and his own palace of Ingelheim, whence, several hundred years later, some are said to have been removed to Heidelberg for the decoration of the now ruined Ruprechtsbau.

In this palace Theodoric breathed his last, vexed with remorse for the murder of Boethius and Symmachus, whose faces haunted him as he lay dying, and whose slaughter was a dark blot on his glorious reign. After the fall of his kingdom the building became in turn the residence of Byzantine exarchs and of Lombard kings. It is probably to the age of the latter that we may ascribe the fragment of masonry which now bears the name of Theodoric's house, and which no doubt belonged originally to the palace which he founded.

This consists of a wall, apparently the narrow end of a wing, adorned with a row of small arcades along the upper storey, and a semicircular recess or apse. Below, in the centre of the building, is a large, round-headed doorway of decidedly Romanesque character, in which Von Quast and other German historians discern symptoms of Teutonic influence, mingling with Roman and Byzantine traditions, in the work of the Gothic king of Italy. Whatever the date of the fragment may be, it marks the site of Theodoric's dwelling-place, '*Palatium Regis*,' as it was called long after his time, and under which name it appears in the mosaics of S. Apollinare Nuovo.

The other monument which, in a special manner, keeps alive the memory of Theodoric to-day, is the tomb which Agnellus tells us he raised in his own lifetime, and where his daughter, Amasalontha, laid his bones with pious care.

Without the walls of Ravenna, where poplars and acacias grow thickly in the damp fields, and frogs croak all day in the marshes, on a spot which of old overlooked town, and harbour, and sea-shore, is the mighty pile where Theodoric chose to sleep, far from the noise of the city and the busy haunts of men. This huge mausoleum is a rotunda built of enormous stones of Istrian granite, resting on ten massive arches deeply sunk in the ground, and crowned by a dome made of one single block, thirty-six feet wide and two hundred tons in weight—a fitting sepulchre for the great man who, although king of Italy, came of a race which sprung from the giants of the North.



MAUSOLEUM OF THEODORIC.

The interior is divided into two storeys, a lower vault in the shape of a Greek cross, now partly filled with water, and an upper sepulchral chamber of circular form, lighted by twelve small windows. A frieze of small arches, running below the sculptured cornice, originally adorned the exterior, and bronze statues of the twelve Apostles are said to have guarded the urn which held Theodoric's ashes, but when Justinian's armies entered Ravenna, and the orthodox party triumphed, the bones of the Arian king were no longer allowed to rest in hallowed ground, and the mausoleum was stripped of its ornaments.

This mean action contrasts ill with the care and reverence which Theodoric showed for the resting-places of the dead when he sent to Rome for a sculptor of renown named Daniel, that he might carve sarcophagi for the people of Ravenna, 'seeing,' he adds, in his royal mandate, 'that this adorning of the tombs of the dead gives no small consolation to mourners.'

The same spirit which made Theodoric adopt Roman laws and forms of government led him to imitate the art of his predecessors. There is nothing new or distinctive in the form of his churches or in the style of architecture and the ornaments which he employed. He sent to Rome not only for sculptors, but also for mosaic workers to adorn his palaces, and brought the marble pillars of his basilicas from Constantinople.

Of the six Arian churches which we find in Ravenna at this time three are still standing—the great basilica of St. Martin, now S. Apollinare Nuovo, which he built at the gates of his palace, the smaller one of S. Theodore, now S. Spirito, the original Arian cathedral—'*Ecclesia Matrix*,' as it is called by Agnellus—and the baptistery attached to it by a portico, afterwards called S. Maria in Cosmedin, from a church of that name at Constantinople. S. Spirito has little remaining but a double row of ancient columns and composite capitals. The baptistery, although terribly ruined, and used as a warehouse at one time, retains the round block of granite which marks the spot where the font stood, and the mosaics with which its cupola was decorated in the age of Theodoric. The subjects are the same as those in the cupola of the Catholic baptistery—a central medallion surrounded by the twelve Apostles. Some slight variations appear in the treatment of the figures. The Baptist holds a twisted wand in his hand instead of the cross, and places his hand on the head of Christ. The nimbus round his brow is absent; the shaggy locks and camel's-hair skin point to a more realistic conception than of old, and his whole figure, with its bony limbs and long, angular forms, shows a tendency to the new ascetic ideal which in Byzantine art was to take the place of the old classical types. The Christ, on the contrary, is still youthful and beardless, with flowing locks descending on His neck and shoulders. Instead of looking down He lifts His eyes to the Baptist as the stream of water falls on His head, not, as usual, from St. John's hand, but from the red beak of the dove which represents the Holy Ghost. The river-god, Jordan, a white-bearded apparition, crowned with red lobster-claws, and holding a reed in his hand, sits on the bank, and looks on in wonder without taking part in the ceremony. At his side lies an overturned vessel, probably some classical attribute from which water flows to mingle with the river. The Apostles are divided by palm-trees, from this time commonly introduced in Ravenna mosaics instead of foliated ornaments; their robes are white, and the nimbus here, for the first time, crowning their brow is pale blue. On one side St. Peter, bearing the keys, on the other St. Paul holding two rolls, advance towards a veiled cross on a throne, symbolising the presence of Christ. Wherever the original mosaic has escaped the restorer's hand we see the same dignified forms, the same classical folds of drapery, although the whole conception is inferior to that of the Catholic baptistery, and marks a step in the gradual decline of Ravenna art from its first high level.

But these churches fade into insignificance by the side of Theodoric's great basilica, called in his own time S. Martino in Cœlo Aureo, from the splendour of its golden roof and rich decorations. In early ages it was also known among the orthodox by the name of the Sacellum Arii, and only received its present appellation, S. Apollinare Nuovo, or *in città*, when, on the approach of the Saracens in the ninth century, the bones of the patron saint of Ravenna were removed here for safety from the great basilica of Classis.

This magnificent shrine was first dedicated in 504, and after the fall of the Gothic kingdom and triumph of the orthodox party, it was re-consecrated by Archbishop Agnellus between 553 and 566. Both Theodoric and Agnellus left a record of their work on the walls of the church, the Gothic being in the Latin inscription which he caused to be written in mosaic on the tribune:—'*Theodoricus Rex hanc Ecclesiam a fundamentis in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi fecit*;' the Catholic Archbishop in the mosaic portraits of Justinian and himself which formerly adorned the entrance wall. Theodoric's inscription has disappeared long ago, and the portrait of Justinian, wearing his jewelled diadem and earrings, as in the well-known mosaic of S. Vitale, is the only fragment of the Archbishop's commemorative picture now preserved in S. Apollinare Nuovo.

The mosaics of the apse and arch of triumph have disappeared, and this portion of the building has undergone complete transformation. The aisles have also suffered, and side chapels have been added to them in modern times, but the nave remains almost untouched. With its noble colonnade and its glorious frieze of mosaics, as unique in that way as those of Galla Placidia's Chapel or the Baptistery, the interior of S. Apollinare Nuovo presents one of the most beautiful and complete examples of church decoration. The twenty-four columns of Greek marble were originally brought from Constantinople, and are remarkable for their rich sculpture and classical detail. Considerable traces of gilding and painting may still be seen about them, and the arches are enriched with stucco decorations and arabesques of antique patterns in great variety.

Immediately above the arches is the lower course of mosaics, added, we are expressly told, by the historian Agnellus, under the Byzantine, at the time of the church's second consecration. We may conclude from this statement, as well as from the strong internal evidence which the work itself affords, that the

upper courses of mosaics in the nave, consisting of twenty-six small-sized subjects from the life of Christ, and thirty life-sized figures of saints, were executed in the Gothic age, probably before or soon after the original dedication of the church.

A heavy panelled roof, lower than the old one, has been added to the nave in modern times, and has unfortunately cut down the upper storey of mosaics above the windows. This has considerably injured their effect and made their study a matter of some difficulty, which is the more to be regretted as the subjects are taken exclusively from the New Testament. 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ' was the motto which the Gothic king inscribed on the walls of his basilica, and of the twenty-six subjects thirteen on the left side of the nave represent the miracles and parables of Christ, while the other thirteen are devoted to scenes from the history of His Passion and Resurrection. All are in comparatively good preservation, having for the most part escaped the restorer's hand, and form a valuable link in the chain of Ravenna mosaics, while, as supplying material for the future development of the history of our Lord in art, the series is one of unequalled interest and importance.

In the course to the left of the nave there is no attempt at historical sequence. The events of the birth and childhood are omitted, even the Adoration of the Magi, which we find so frequently in the paintings and sarcophagi of the first Christians, is absent here. The great aim of the artist has been to set forth Christ as the divinely inspired teacher and worker of miracles, the object of His people's worship. He is always the centre of attraction, conspicuous alike by His tall stature and commanding gesture, whether His hands are engaged in works of mercy, or raised in counsel and warning, His eyes look out of the picture as if to arrest the attention of the spectator. In this earlier series He is represented as youthful and beardless, with thick locks clustering round His brow, and boyish, almost childlike countenance. In both He wears the cruciform nimbus, which appears here for the first time in the mosaics of Ravenna, as a distinctive feature of Christ.

The series begins with the cure of the paralytic, who is represented as a youth bearing an antique bedstead on his shoulders, and obeying the command to rise up and walk. Both this subject and the Raising of Lazarus—the seventh in number—are closely copied from early Christian representations in the Catacombs, but with two important innovations. One is, that while Christ and His attendant disciples are always clad in antique garb, the other actors in the scene are represented in contemporary costume, and are clothed according to their rank and station, the Pharisee of the parable wearing the dress of a wealthy Byzantine young man; the publican and blind men, those of the lower orders to which they belong; even St. Peter and St. Andrew, in the miraculous draught of fishes, are represented in the short tunic of the ordinary fisherman, while the Samaritan woman wears a red robe with a broad stripe of black. The other novelty is the introduction of a single disciple, as the representative of the twelve, in constant attendance upon his Master. He wears the white, gold-bordered mantle of the Apostles, and sandals on his feet. His gestures and expression reflect the emotions excited by the scenes before him, and by this means help to explain the situation.

Two other miracles of healing are the subjects of the second and third compartments—the cure of the demoniac, who kneels at the feet of Christ, 'clothed and in his right mind,' while a yawning cave behind him signifies his dwelling among the tombs, and three swine are chasing each other into the sea; and the healing of the sick of the palsy, whom we see let down by ropes from the roof into the presence of Christ, who advances with outstretched hand to meet him. The severing of the sheep from the goats is curiously represented. Christ, seated on a grassy bank between two angels, one in red, the other in sombre blue, addresses the word of welcome to the faithful, symbolised by three white sheep on His right hand, while on His left three spotted sheep stand for the goats, who are types of the lost. Next we have the widow laying her mite on a desk, while Christ stands opposite, and directs the disciples' attention to her action. Then comes the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, the former standing on the tesselated pavement of the Temple before a draped and pillared wall, extends his arms heavenwards, and, both by his gesture and his costly raiment, presents a striking contrast to the publican of plebeian type, who stands apart, his head bowed, and his hand smiting his breast. Lazarus coming forth wrapped in grave-clothes from the tomb at the command of Christ, and the woman of Samaria drawing her pail out of the well, follow next. In this last the attendant disciple is present, and in the Draught of Fishes, where St. Peter and St. Andrew are in the boat, he stands by Christ on the shore. In the parable of the sheep and goats he is absent, and in the feeding of the five thousand two disciples bring the loaves and fishes to receive Christ's blessing. The woman that was a sinner is represented lying prostrate on the ground, wrapt in garments of ashy hue, with three richly clad Pharisees standing behind her. This is followed by the healing of the two blind men, on whose eyes Christ lays His finger, and the draught of fishes, where a dolphin, from early days a favourite Christian symbol, is seen swimming towards the net which St. Peter is drawing

into the boat. The feeding of the five thousand and gathering up of the fragments complete the cycle. This last subject has suffered more from restoration than the rest of the series; and it seems very doubtful if, in its original condition, it was not intended to represent the marriage of Cana, and the four so-called baskets are not water-jars, which the servant is in the act of bringing to Christ, whose outstretched hand works the miracle. In all of these subjects the grouping of the figures, the perspective of the architectural background, the careful disposition of light and shade, and the clear, vigorous colouring, point to a time when classical traditions still retained a powerful influence in Christian art. Some defects there certainly are in the design, some visible faults in the drawing; both in this series and in that on the opposite wall the length of the limbs is often uneven, and there is in consequence a visible failure to express the sense of movement which is so admirably given in the baptistery mosaics. On the other hand, the individual character of the heads is very striking, and in some cases varying emotions are rendered with masterly skill. The contrition of the publican, the misery of the blind men on whom the work of healing is wrought, and the surprise on the faces of the Apostles who draw in the net full of fishes, are all depicted with a power immeasurably superior to anything in the later mosaics of Ravenna.

The second series on the south wall of the nave, consisting of thirteen subjects from the history of the Passion and Resurrection, is of especial value as supplying original conceptions of many scenes never as yet attempted by Christian artists. The Crucifixion, Deposition, and Burial, are all three omitted; the dead, even the suffering, Christ, is not once brought before our eyes. In the Garden of Gethsemane he stands erect under the olive-trees; a little further on he goes to meet death like a conqueror to receive his crown. All through we are made to feel, as in the earlier series, the power of a supernatural presence. Whether before the judgment-seat, or on the way to Golgotha, Christ is still a king and a ruler of men, the object of His servants' love and adoration. In this series He is represented as bearded and older in countenance, with oval-shaped face, slightly bent nose and long locks. As before He wears the purple mantle, flowing robe, and sandals of the antique Roman dress, and presents the same contrast to the other actors in the scene, who are all clad in contemporary costume, and are all short of stature, with broad faces and short hair.

The opening scene is that of the Last Supper, which here for the first time forms part of the historical narrative. The guests are represented reclining on couches round a horseshoe table, on which six round loaves and two large fishes are laid. Only the forms of Christ and one Apostle—no doubt intended for St. John—are fully seen. Then in regular succession we have Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, the Kiss of Judas, the Betrayal and Capture, Christ led before the tribunal of the High Priest, the Denial of St. Peter in two separate subjects, the Remorse of Judas, Christ before Pilate, and the Way to Calvary.

The power of expression that appears in the former series rises to a considerable degree of dramatic force in these closing scenes of the life of Christ. We note the troubled, anxious faces of the Apostles in the Garden of Gethsemane—all eleven are huddled together in the foreground—the impetuous haste with which St. Peter grasps his sword as the traitor's plot flashes upon him, his piteous alarm and protesting gesture when the maid in the high-priest's porch recognises him as a follower of the Galilean. Perhaps the finest of the whole series is the scene in the judgment-hall of Pilate, where Christ stands calmly majestic among His accusers, silent and resigned, as a lamb before his shearers is dumb, but, little mindful of their presence, looking far away into the distance with mournful prophetic gaze. In the following picture, the Way to Golgotha, He walks on with fearless brow and kingly bearing, followed by His persecutors, who seem to shrink back in awe from their victim, and whose faces exhibit far more terror and dismay than triumph. The three last scenes relate to the Resurrection. In the first the Maries approach the sepulchre and bend inquiring eyes on the white-robed angel sitting on the stone of the open grave, a small round temple, evidently a copy of the Anastasis, or Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. In the second, the risen Lord, with gracious air and persuasive speech, consoles the disciples on their way to Emmaus, as they walk and are sad. Finally, in the last scene of all He appears to the assembled Twelve, and reveals Himself to the astonished eyes of Thomas, who bends before Him in lowly adoration. The wounds, however, are not visible; even this trace of suffering is purposely hidden in the glorified form of the Son of God. As in the other scenes, the meeting takes place in a grassy meadow with blue sky above, the only indication of the upper room being given by a panelled door in the background.

Such, briefly told, are the contents of these most interesting pictures with which the nameless artists of Ravenna adorned the basilica of the Gothic king nine hundred years before Giotto's time. Strange it is to see in their work the first faint endeavour to render the story of the Cross and Resurrection which Tuscan and Umbrian painters were to invest with so much beauty and tenderness, strange indeed to note in these timid attempts the first appearance of those subjects which were to inspire an Angelico and a

Perugino, a Raphael and a Lionardo, with their sublimest creations. That mastery of hand and brain to which the men of the Renaissance attained was not given to the forgotten artists of this remote age; but as they worked, they caught something of the pathos of the theme before them, and in their conceptions we see already a foreshadowing dim and far of the day that was to come.

Each subject in this upper course of mosaics is divided from the next by a shell-shaped niche and a pair of doves. Two more doves drinking from a bason are seen above the windows, making as many as one hundred and twenty-eight of these favourite symbols. No emblem occurs more frequently in Ravenna. Whether drinking or pecking grapes, perched on crosses, or wreathed in crowns of victory and palm-branches, whether worked in mosaic, or carved on sarcophagi and ambones, this type of the Christian soul feeding on heavenly food and thirsting for the water of life meets us everywhere.

Under the shell-shaped niches, between the clerestory windows of the nave, are mosaic figures of life-sized saints in white mantles and antique draperies on a ground of sapphire-blue. There were originally sixteen on either side; but two have been effaced, so that only thirty remain. All of them bear red books in their hands, and have the pale blue nimbus common to Apostles and angels at this period. The exact meaning of these finely modelled figures is uncertain, but they are probably inspired teachers or doctors of the Church, engaged in contemplating the divine mysteries of the life of Christ set forth in the upper row towards which they turn their faces.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

(*To be continued.*)

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Society of Painter-Etchers intend to hold their Exhibition this year in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool during the month of September. Works intended for exhibition are to be delivered at 4 Pall Mall Place, London, between July 21 and August 2; or at the Liverpool Gallery not later than August 9.

THE Science and Art Department has decided to hold, during the summer, an exhibition of manufactured works designed or executed by pupils in Art Schools throughout the kingdom since 1862, for the purpose of testing before the public the influence over English industries of the national system of art training. Specimens and designs in ornamental and decorative art, fictile objects, fabrics, metal work, &c., and examples of the interpretive processes,—etching, woodcut, lithography,—will be admitted. Mr. George Wallis, who superintended the similar exhibition organized in 1862, has undertaken the task again.

THE Art Club formed in connexion with the Royal Water-colour Society, though independent of that body, held its first conversazione on the 26th February. A collection was shown of drawings by English artists executed between 1700 and 1850, illustrating the history and progress of water-colour art.

A SPECIAL loan collection of water-colour drawings by Peter de Wint was, in commemoration of the centenary of his birth, gathered last month at the gallery of Messrs. Vokins. Miss Tatlock contributed largely from her inherited treasures. Messrs. L. Huth, G. F. Smith, G. W. Moss, Lady Clive, Lord Windsor, and others, sent fine examples. Several large and elaborated compositions served to show again how fortunate it is that the bulk of De Wint's work was of the nature of studies and sketches. His eye for colour, singularly harmonious so long as he kept to a palette of simple range, seemed to get wrong when he essayed a more varied scale. Neither was he happy when a subject involved any intricacy of composition. He has been said, on excellent authority, to have been 'neither an idealist nor a realist;' he invests Nature with no witchery from his own imagination, neither does he attempt to reproduce her infinite detail. But yet is his art not prosaic: it is always strong in character. With a skilled condensation, the principal features in a scene are seized securely, and pronounced with fine sense of their relative value and a certain dignity; while the luminous skies and suggestion of space give a singularly delightful sense of freshness and freedom—qualities aided by the painter's technique, his broad, liquid brush-work, pure colour-wash, and firm rapid handling. Among noteworthy examples in this exhibition were the large *Westminster Abbey;* the *Connisborough Castle;* several drawings of the cathedral towns, Lincoln and Gloucester; the fresh, crisply-painted *Haymakers;* a *Coast Scene*, unusually delicate and varied in colour; some interesting studies of trees, showing De Wint's mode of rendering the character of foliage in mass, without any detail—many of the long stretches of sallow upland, or of level distances, with slow winding river, the sort of composition which seemed to fascinate him, and which, under brooding grey skies or bars of piled cloud, he rendered so well; and, lastly, a foreground *Study of Weeds*, which, for breadth and vigour, drawn straight off with the brush, is as good an example of his hand as could be found.

A SERIES of carbon photographs from the chief pictures in the Dresden Gallery, and a fresh set of direct reproductions from the Sistine frescoes, are in course of issue by Messrs. Braun, of Dornach.

AMONG minor exhibitions, which in rapid succession fill the smaller room of the Fine Art Society, has been a collection of water-colour sketches by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, which, in reproduction by photogravure and facsimile, illustrate a volume on the 'Tidal Thames: London to the Goodwins,' the letterpress of which is furnished by Mr. Grant Allen, and the editions in folio and royal quarto are published by the Fine Art Society. In all that concerns the restless life upon the river as a highway of commerce Mr. Wyllie is a suggestive and clever designer; he can draw the craft upon its waters from the stately man-of-war and big merchantman to the meanest wherry or most impertinent of penny steamboats. Of the dark secrets that the river holds, or of the strange poetry that lies in its communings with heaven at dawn or sunset, the artist has nothing to tell.

MR. J. G. WALLER, writing to the Academy, March 8th, gave the following data as to the *Apollo and Marsyas* bought for the Louvre as a 'Raphael' from Mr. Morris Moore, and the subject of such a pretty contest between connoisseurs of authenticity. The picture was in the possession of a Mr. John Barnard, a dilettante of last century; was sold with his collection in 1787, and passed into the hands of Mr. Francis Duroveray, a City merchant. When this gentleman's collection was sold at Christie's in 1856, the *Apollo*, ascribed in the catalogue to Andrea Mantegna, was knocked down to an

agent employed by Mr. Morris Moore, for sixty-seven guineas, without challenge from the representative of the National Gallery. Mr. Waller states, that Mr. Holford, in the same year, made a large offer for the picture, through Mr. John Scott, of Colnaghi's; that later the Duke of Leuchtenberg proffered 300,000 francs, and repeated the offer with 75,000 added. Why this tempting 'bite' was refused the correspondent of the Academy does not know. The sum accepted from the French authorities was 175,000 francs less.

THE sale of the famous Dent Collection of Prints at Messrs. Sotheby's, long looked to by connoisseurs, has occupied the last days of March, and continues into the current month. What acquisitions may have fallen to the national share under Professor Colvin's efforts for the British Museum Print Room, must be chronicled in our next issue.

AMONG the Drawings in Messrs. Agnew's Spring Exhibition may be noted the four studies of Salisbury Cathedral, by Turner, in his early careful manner.

FOUR lovely Drawings done by Turner, for 'Whitaker's History of Richmondshire,' were sold from the Collection of Mr. Cosmo Orme, at Christie's, the first week in March. Of these the famous *Crook of Lune* attracted emulative bids, and was finally knocked down at 1155*l.* *Kirby Lonsdale* fetched 861*l.*; *Wycliffe, near Rokeby*, 619*l.*; *Simmer Lake*, 661*l.*

THE site for the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster is now in possession of Cardinal Manning, and when the prison buildings are cleared away, which may take some five months, the foundations for the church may be commenced. The design by the late Baron Ferstel, architect of the lovely Gothic Votiv-Kirche at Vienna, has been modified to the extent of greater length for the expansion of the canon's choir, and greater height to admit of a triforium storey. The site, measuring five hundred feet by three hundred, gives an ample area. How many years must elapse before the church becomes a feature in the street architecture of Westminster must depend upon the enthusiasm with which the Roman Catholic body respond to the call for funds. Pugin's design for the Southwark Cathedral was, we believe, starved for want of money, and brought the architect little credit.

THE excavations undertaken by Signor Boccanera, on the road from Rome to Marino, upon the site of a large villa near the railway station, Il Sassone, have resulted in the discovery within the bounds of the palace walls of important sculpture. Among the statues already found are a colossal figure of Marsyas in pavonazetto marble, an Athlete, a bearded Satyr, a winged Victory, the torso of Laocoon, and others. The names of the owners of the villa have been found on the water-pipes, namely Voconius Pollio, and subsequently Valerius Mesalla and C. Valerius Pollinus, nobles who possessed most of the ground between Rome and Tusculum. The palace was built at the end of the first century in reticulated masonry, and rebuilt two centuries later with bricks and cubes of peperino.

A MUSEUM has been established in the Baths of Diocletian, under the curatorship of Signor Fiorelli, for the reception of the fragments of mural painting found during antiquarian excavations of late years.

A RUGBY School magazine called the 'Leaflet' contains, as a new feature, some drawings contributed by the boys. The frontispiece of the March number is a photo-lithograph from a pen sketch of Bilton Church, not badly drawn, but wrongly described as an etching. There are also some sketches of grotesque masks by Michelangelo, drawn by the boys, and engraved on wood by a local amateur.

THE second issue by the Autotype Company of their facsimiles of the 'Liber Studiorum' contains within the twenty-four plates a summary of the subjects and modes over which the artist ranged in that unique book. This varied range Turner himself symbolised in the Frontispiece, given as number one of this series, by a fantastic assemblage of objects. There is a framed picture of the *Fable of Europa*, set against a Norman church wall, flanked by the sails and oars of a boat; on the one side a huge fragment of Roman architrave lies in a marshy place among water-lilies, irises, and bulrushes; on the opposite corner the caduceus and other classic symbols are in friendly contact among a tangle of weeds, thistles, burdock, and the like, with a group of wine-casks, a basket of eggs, a farm-labourer's shovel, a catch of fish, and a peacock which perches, the focus and highest light of the composition, upon an overturned gravestone. 'I have long ago,' says Mr. Stopford Brooke in his text upon this plate, 'left behind me the foolish thought that Turner did not mean to express ideas as well as nature in his pictures. The only question I feel inclined to ask now is, What did he mean? Turner's mind was as full of symbolism as a mediaeval painter's.' This remark may be taken as the keynote to the mode of interpreting Turner's landscape, which in this second set of notes by Mr. Brooke is more apparent even than in the first. The writer is helpful as ever in pointing out the artist's study of natural phenomena, in teaching the reader how to see what Turner has set forth; he discriminates carefully the deficiencies and differences in the mechanical reproduction from the plate; but he also, after the manner of Mr. Ruskin, reads between the lines the thoughts of the painter, and finds conscious meaning behind meaning in his selection and treatment of natural objects or human accessory figures. Such criticism is perhaps natural to a mind of poetic order and a pen of undoubted eloquence, for Mr. Brooke is an apt pupil in the emotional and descriptive school of comment of which Mr. Ruskin was the initiator.

Between the fantastic *Frontispiece* which heads, and the melancholy *Morpeth*, town and tower, which ends, this group of plates, we have three classic compositions; four pictures from rustic England; five foreign views, chiefly in France, including the splendid *Grenoble;* four Scotch subjects, *Ben Arthur* under storm-clouds, one of the grandest studies of mountain; three English subjects, one of them the *Yorkshire Coast*, with angry sea and sky and shipwrecked sailors cast about the rocks, a thoroughly characteristic Turner study; then the quiet interior of a church—a London City church; and two of those tragic designs in which, with much that was frankly incomplete or incongruous, the true prophet fire burnt—these are *Rizpah* and the *Fifth Plague of Egypt*. The photographic facsimiles are necessarily unequal for varying reasons, such as fine gradation, or the accident of colour in which the original has been printed, or the successive and mixed processes by which the effect has been gained. The *Fifth Plague*, the *Interior of a Church*, the *Stackyard*, and the *River at Munarg*, perhaps suffer the most. But at the worst these autotypes are valuable past contradiction.

À PROPOS of the Reynolds Exhibition, Mr. F. G. Stephens has reprinted his very interesting Essay on 'English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds' (Remington & Co.), which has been out of print for several years. It is full of curious information about the painter and his sitters, and the criticism is thoughtful and founded on abundant knowledge. A catalogue of engraved portraits of children after Reynolds is added as an appendix, and the frontispiece is a photogravure of *Pickaback*.

THE TOWER OF MONTALBAN, AMSTERDAM.

ETCHED BY MAXIME LALANNE.

M. LALANNE has connected his name with Holland by the charming sketches he made to accompany one of M. Havard's books. Holland had been interpreted before by a hundred artists, yet Lalanne's interpretation came with surprising freshness, on account of its superior grace and elegance. The common treatment of Dutch town subjects may be seen in the woodcuts that illustrated M. Havard's 'Amsterdam and Venice,' in which the plain prose of heavy Dutch building was given without the slightest attempt at embellishment or dissimulation. Lalanne's way is to choose some building for the motive of his drawing, which is either really elegant or can be made to seem as if it were, and then to dissimulate the common buildings by sketching them with apparent carelessness and by hiding them as much as possible behind those accidental adjuncts that are such a godsend to skilful composers. In this subject the reader perceives what use has been made of the principal tower, what distance is expressed by the remote one, and how the artist has availed himself of boats, trees, bridges, and quays, even down to the little wooden counting-house in the foreground. The two great rows of houses on each side the canal become nothing but a confused, mysterious suggestion of many roofs, gables, and windows, tantalising to the imagination; and yet, if we could only think so, far more satisfying to it really than a hard, detailed drawing of similar material close at hand.

Perhaps the principal interest in the Tower of Montalban (to readers of the PORTFOLIO) will be the fact that it is associated with the life of Rembrandt. From his house in the Jews' quarter—the well-built house that he inhabited in the time of his prosperity, when he painted his best pictures and etched his finest plates—he saw the Tower of Montalban every day. The house is still existing, and the tower is not yet demolished, but Rembrandt built himself a monument that will endure when both shall have long since disappeared.

PORTRAITS.

AN educated Englishman is tolerably familiar with the appearance of many of those who have made their mark in English history. Some are the originals of famous portraits, others are themselves so famous that even the poorest semblance of them has been multiplied and reproduced. And so we are apt to read into the paintings on the walls of the National Portrait Gallery, facts and fallacies from the pages of the nation's history, and to find there, as men find in life, pretty much what we bring with us. But if we test ourselves by some of the less known faces we shall see that there is often but little of the inner man to be learnt from the outer. Judge Jeffreys is a mild, and rather sheepish-looking gentleman, and Queen Catherine of Braganza seems little better than several of the damsels whose craft or frailty lent such bitterness to her life.

'Every man's face,' it is said, 'is either a history or a prophecy;' but I think, even the wisest of us have not gone far into the mysteries of physiognomy.

It is not so much, therefore, in the hope of learning what manner of men and women they were, who in former centuries made history, as in that of adding something to the little which we know of the mysteries of the human face, that we should wander through the far too empty galleries of this unique collection.

There is, perhaps, as much almost of fancy as of truth in Mr. Pater's fine prose-poem about Leonardo's *Monna Lisa:*

'It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses, or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty into which the soul, with all its maladies, has passed? All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form,—the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age, with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and as Leda was the mother of Helen of Troy, and as S. Anne the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and hands.'

For who can read the history backwards, or tell the pedigree of man or woman by their face?

Ever since Adam and Eve hid themselves among the trees of Eden the human body—draped and curtained from the eyes of all—has itself been as a vesture to the human soul, and the habit of seclusion has so long been inveterate in man that his face, like

his language, is not seldom an apparatus to conceal his thoughts. In a remarkable passage from a letter of George Eliot to D. G. Rossetti (quoted in the life of the former by Mathilde Blind), this subject is characteristically treated:

'One is liable to mistake prejudices for sufficient inductions about types of head and face, as well as about all other things. I have some impressions,—perhaps only prejudices dependent on the narrowness of my experience—about forms of eyebrow and their relation to passionate expression. It is possible that such a supposed relation has a real anatomical basis. But in many particulars facial expression is like the expression of handwriting; *the relations are too subtle and too intricate to be detected, and only shallowness is confident.*'

The catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, recalling as it does, with singular accuracy, the chief outlines of the life of each person represented, opens an almost endless field for the study of this problem; and it is, perhaps, only by a large induction from such numbers of instances as are here collected that inferences of much value can be drawn. In the few cases with which each of us is really familiar there is a liability to prejudice arising from accidental association. Do we not half believe that by conferring on our children the names that we revere we endow them with the virtues which to us those names connote? And if we had the power, would we not also give those children the features, or the voice, which we shall never cease to recall when we think of courage, of gentleness, of charm?

Yet it is sad to note the tricks these false associations often play us, when the mysterious laws of blood have given to the shallow-hearted schemer the tender look that came, some generations back, out of such depths of sadness and compassion, or have masked the self-denying spirit of a saint beneath the sleek image of an ancestral Dives. Truly 'the relations are subtle and intricate,' and 'only shallowness is confident.'

In the present, as in a former paper, it is my purpose to dwell, somewhat more at length than is possible in a catalogue, upon several portraits in the National Collection. The accompanying illustrations will enable even those who cannot visit the Gallery to form their own opinions, and compare any representations of the same subjects with which they may be familiar.

Our choice, for a variety of reasons, has fallen upon the portraits of Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Honthorst; of Thomas Hobbes, by Joseph Michael Wright; and of Rachel Lady Russell, by Kneller. It will be convenient to say a few words about each artist in turn.

The first, Honthorst, is more closely connected with the subject of his picture than is usual. He was her drawing-master, she, to a great extent, his inspiration.

Gerard Honthorst was born at Utrecht in 1592, and studied first under Abraham Bloemaert, and then in Italy under Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, 'to whose style,' says Kugler, 'he for the most part adhered.'

On 5th April, 1628, he came to England, and in the same year painted the *Family of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, now at Hampton Court. The following August the Duke was assassinated by Felton. This picture is considered a good specimen of the artist; and though there is some coarse work, especially in the flesh-tints, the chiaroscuro has his characteristic strength. Honthorst's bold and skilful management of light and shade, and love of effects of artificial illumination, are well known. He is represented by works of some importance at Hampton Court; and though there is nothing from his hand in our National Gallery, and only four or five specimens in the National Portrait Gallery, his style should be familiar to Englishmen when they meet with it elsewhere.*

Of the remaining works by Honthorst at Hampton Court, No. 383, a *Joseph and Mary by Lamplight*, is evidently a very curious and clever picture, but is hung so high as to be hardly visible. This and No. 393, *Singing by Candlelight*, are examples of the style for which Honthorst became famous in Italy, before his English period, and which earned him the title of 'Gherardo dalle Notti.' No. 810 is the large picture of the *King and Queen of Bohemia*, fifteen feet high by twenty-two feet wide. It was painted at Utrecht, 1628 to 1630, and is wrongly described by Walpole as an emblematic picture of Charles I. and his Queen. At page 167 of Charles's catalogue it is entered as 'a very large piece, which was painted by Honthorst; in the said piece is painted the King and Queen of Bohemia in the clouds, and the Duke of Buckingham coming to present to the King the seven Liberal Sciences under the persons of their children.' The King and Queen, however, are so very decidedly 'in the clouds' that I am not able to speak to their identity with the confidence of personal observation. This appears not to have been the only fanciful presentment of Elizabeth by her favourite painter, for Lady Theresa Lewis mentions, somewhat enigmatically, that the heads of her Majesty and Lord Craven were painted by Honthorst 'on the design of Titian's Venus and Adonis in the National Gallery.'†

A very interesting full-length of Elizabeth, over the fireplace in the King's Audience Chamber at Hampton Court, shows the almost golden glow in

---

* *e.g.*, in the Louvre, the Uffizi, the Doria Palace, the Museum at the Hague, the Dresden Gallery, the Munich Pinacothek, the Belvedere at Vienna, or the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

† 'Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon.'

her dark hair, and the sweetness of her tremulous lips and drooping eyelids. The browns and reds of this picture are not set off to advantage by its wooden frame. In the left-hand corner are the words, 'Intra Fortunæ Sortem, Extra Imperium;' and another inscription on paper at the back helps to identify this with the portrait mentioned in Sir Henry Wotton's will: 'I leave to the most hopeful Prince* the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune.'

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA. BY GERARD HONTHORST.

Portraits similar to the one here reproduced are at Oxford House, Wimbledon, in the collection formed by the late Mr. Neuenhuys, and at Combe Abbey. The former collection includes a companion portrait of Frederick, Elector or King, likewise attributed to Honthorst.

Not only did Elizabeth herself receive lessons from her favourite painter, but he also taught several of her children, and especially the Princesses Sophia and Louisa Hollandina,—the former afterwards the mother of George I., and the latter Abbess of Maubuisson.

Let us pause a moment to note a few among the many important genealogical facts which centre in Elizabeth of Bohemia. She was, to go no farther, the granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots and the grandmother of George I., the daughter of James I. and mother of Prince Rupert, the sister of Charles I., the aunt of Charles II. and James II. Do we always realise that George I. was Prince Rupert's nephew?

In the second compartment of the upper gallery of the National Collection there is a group of portraits of this family, viz., three of James I., all more or less repulsive; one of his wife, Anne of Denmark, a showy and not very refined-looking person; one of Prince Henry, a poor picture by an unknown artist; and one by Mireveldt of Elizabeth herself. In the next compartment are the portraits by Honthorst of Elizabeth, the Queen, and Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine her daughter. Near them is Prince Rupert, by Lely, and a little farther again the Electress Sophia, 'painted in the school of Honthorst.' The family likeness in the Queen of Bohemia and her two daughters is very strong, but we are not reminded either of King James or King George.

The main facts in the life of Elizabeth are well known. Her happy girlish days among the birds and beasts and flowers at Combe Abbey are recalled by the traditional title of a certain curious picture at Woburn Abbey, in which a girl in a white dress is represented with a mackaw on a stand at her left shoulder, and a parrot at her right, two little lovebirds in her hand, a monkey at one foot and a dog at the other. It has, however, been conjectured, both from the details of costume and from the fairness of the hair, that the picture represents the Lady Arabella Stuart. Be this as it may, we know that Elizabeth appropriated as a special domain a certain small island at Combe Abbey, and there established a sort of zoological garden of her own in which she much delighted. Miss Strickland, in her 'Lives of Scottish Queens and English Princesses,' gives a curious extract from Lord Harrington's accounts as to charges in relation to his royal pupil, 'For cotton to make her monkey's beds, and for joiners who made her parrot-cages, and for shearing her great rough dog, and for the sustenance of an Irish wolf-hound, all belonging to her Grace.' When this young lady was nine, the Gunpowder conspirators plotted to seize her and make her queen; and when she was thirteen, the father of Gustavus Adolphus sent an embassy to ask her hand in marriage for the future

* Afterwards Charles II.

hero, but in vain. For the present she must live on with her pets and her girl-companions, visited sometimes by her favourite brother Prince Henry, and with no deeper cause of grief than an occasional well-merited rebuke for extravagance from her excellent guardian.*

The death of Prince Henry at St. James's Palace in 1612 was, probably, the first great sorrow of his sister's life. Her efforts to obtain access, even in disguise, to his infected chamber, were very characteristic. A thin and safe existence, without love or loss, was neither her desire nor her destiny.

A few months later Elizabeth and the Elector Frederick were married at Whitehall,† the first royal couple joined by our English rite. Anne of Denmark may have sowed the seeds of more evil than she dreamed of by the contempt with which she habitually spoke of this union with a mere Palsgrave; and the popular feeling was probably reflected in Ben Jonson's uncourtly impromptu—

> 'Our king and queen, the Lord God blesse,
> The Paltzgrave and the Lady Besse.'

And so 'the Lady Besse' passed away to captivate with sweet smiles, and confound by daring horsemanship, the loyal inhabitants of Heidelberg. In the intervals of trouble and sport she wrote a hymn which has been preserved; but she will be better remembered as the cause of poetry in others.

For before Honthorst painted her, or an army adored her as their 'Queen of Hearts,' or Duke Christian of Brunswick wore her glove in his helmet, Sir Henry Wotton wrote of her, as we all know, but can afford to be reminded:—

> 'You meaner beauties of the night
> That poorly satisfy our eyes
> More by your number, than your light,
> You common people of the skies,
> Where are you when the sun shall rise?
>
> 'You curious chanters of the wood,
> That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
> Thinking your voices understood
> By your weak accents, what's your praise
> When Philomel her voice shall raise?
>
> 'You violets that first appear,
> By your pure purple mantles known,
> Like the proud virgins of the year,
> As if the spring were all your own,
> What are you when the rose is blown?
>
> 'So when my mistress shall be seen,
> In form and beauty of her mind,
> By virtue first, then choice, a Queen;
> Tell me if she were not designed
> Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?'

According to most historians, including Mr. Gardiner, when the fatal offer of the crown of Bohemia was made to Frederick, he was urged by the pride and ambition of his wife to accept it. Ranke, however, declares that this is by no means proved. It was, in any case, a false step, followed by nothing but misfortune. The Elector was no leader of men, and his royal father-in-law, on whose aid Bohemia counted, proved but a broken reed.

Such, however, was the personal devotion inspired by Elizabeth that James advised, or commanded, the postponement of her intended visit to England. 'It was reserved for the young lawyers of the Middle Temple to give utterance to the feelings which the preachers now hardly dared to mutter. At their Christmas supper, one of them, we are told, "took a cup of wine in one hand, and held his drawn sword in the other, and so began a health to the distressed Lady Elizabeth; and having drunk, kissed the sword, and laying his hand upon it, took an oath to live and die in her service; then delivered the cup and sword to the next, and so the health and ceremony went round."'

At thirty-six Elizabeth was left a widow. The chivalrous devotion of Lord Craven soothed and shielded the later years of her life; but we are not, I think, obliged to believe that they were secretly married. In 1661 she came to London where in less than a year she died. Evelyn tells us how she was buried in Westminster Abbey, and how 'the night of her burial fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as was never seen the like.'

When our portrait was painted she was forty-six, and had been ten years a widow. Probably she was at that time still given to hunting and shooting, as well as to the bringing up of the survivors of her thirteen children, and the society of learned men.

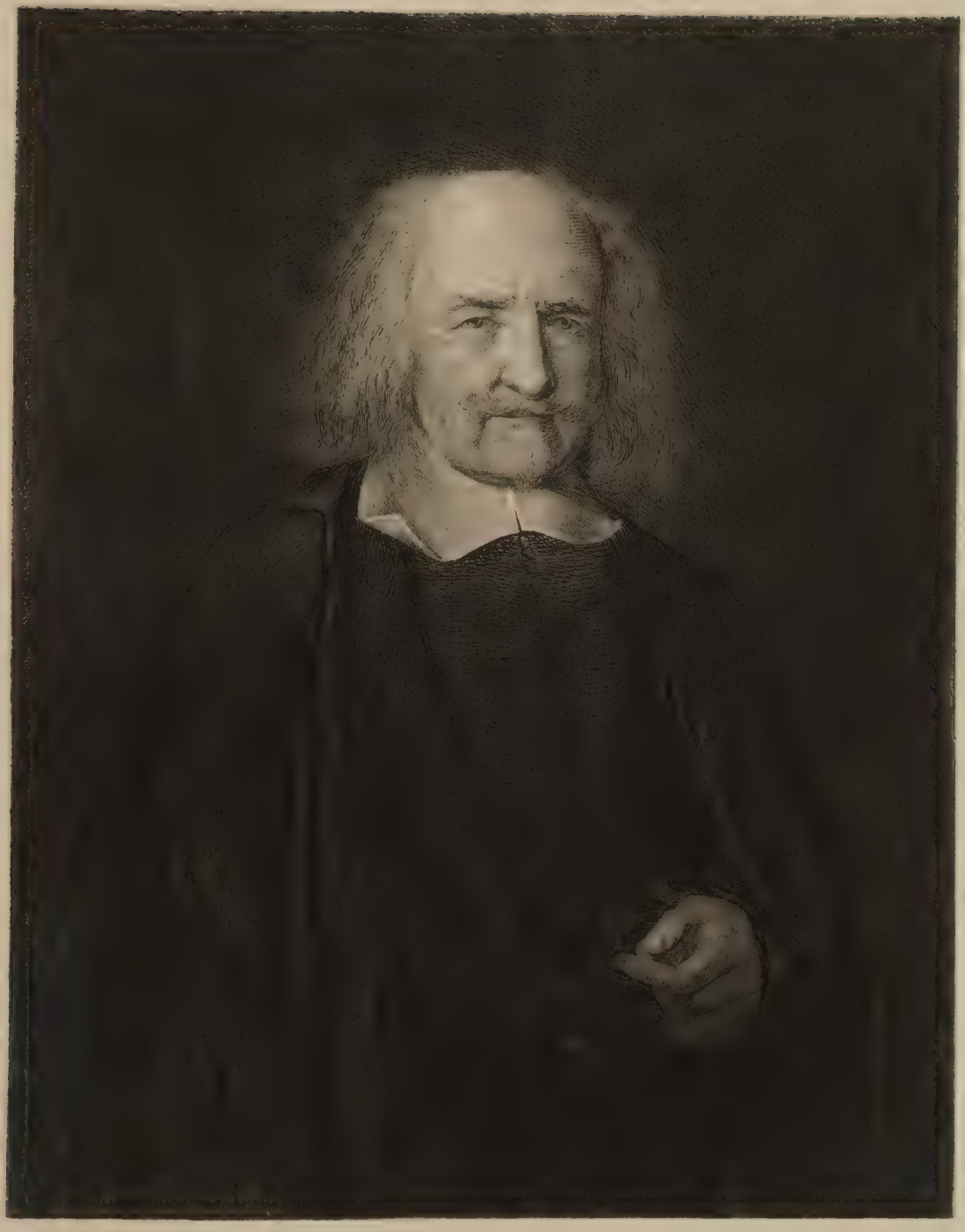
In the original of our illustration the square-cut dress is black with white lace. The ornaments are pearls. The hair and eyes are quite dark and the complexion pale. It is a face that might reveal to the merest stranger that she was a Stuart, that she had been beautiful, that she had been unhappy; and this is more, I think, than could be as clearly read in any known portrait of her ill-starred grandmother, the Queen of Scots.

But it is time to turn to a very different subject. It was the ignominious fate of Joseph Michael Wright to be utterly eclipsed by a distinctly second-rate painter. Our remaining illustrations are by Wright the unsuccessful, and Kneller the successful rival, and as far as these two specimens are concerned the former has now his revenge.

Wright was a Scotchman, who came to England when only sixteen or seventeen. He seems to have made his mark before he removed to Italy, where he became a member of the Academy of St. Luke, at

* Combe Abbey came to the Harringtons with one heiress, Anne Kelway, and left them through the prodigality of another, Lucy (Countess of Bedford). It was bought by the ancestors of the Earl of Craven.

† See Nichols' 'Progresses of King James I.' Vol. II., p. 536, for a full description.



Florence. His first master was Jamesone, Van Dyck's fellow-pupil in the studio of Rubens, and he is himself classed with Dobson, Riley, and Greenhill, as pupil and follower of Van Dyck. In some respects, however, his work is most closely akin to that of Mrs. Beale, whom he especially resembles in the use of Indian red in his shadows. Wright subscribes himself variously as 'Michael Ritus,' 'Jos. Wick, Wrilps, Londinensis, Pictor Caroli 2 Regis,' and 'Scotus,' or even 'Anglus.' He is doubtless the 'one Wright' mentioned by Pepys with some contempt: 'I walked to Lilly's the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchesse of York,' &c. 'Thence to Wright's, the painter's, but Lord! the difference that is between their two works.' Evelyn, however, writing in the same year (1662), describes how he 'visited Mr. Wright, a Scotsman, who had lived long at Rome, and was esteemed a good painter. The pictures of the judges at Guildehall are of his hand, and so are some pieces in Whitehall, as the roofe in his Majesty's old bedchamber, being Astrea, the St. Catherine, and a chimney-piece in the Queen's privy-chamber; but his best in my opinion is Lacy, the famous Roscius or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch Highlander in his plaid. It is in his Majesty's dining-room at Windsor.'

The last-named picture is now at Hampton Court (No. 369 in the public dining-room), and as it is signed and dated 1675 (in the lower right-hand corner) it is suggested that Evelyn's note may have been a subsequent addition to his diary. Lacy is represented in the three characters of 'Parson Scruple,' in the 'Cheats,' 'Sandy,' in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and 'Monsieur de Vice,' in the 'Country Captaine.' The colouring is rather dull, with a plain brown background, but there is comic power in the way in which Sandy and the parson are looking at each other.

The portraits of the judges alluded to by Evelyn were painted for the Corporation of London. Walpole mentions that Sir Peter Lely was offered this commission, but refused to wait on the judges at their own chambers, whereupon 'Wright got the business and received 60*l.* for each piece.' When the Earl of Castlemaine (Roger Palmer) went on his futile embassy to the Pope, Wright accompanied him, and wrote a 'pompous account' of the mission in Italian and English. It was on his return that he found himself hopelessly eclipsed by Kneller. He died in James Street, Covent Garden, probably in or soon after 1700.

Such was the painter, of less interest in this case than his subject. I will not attempt a biography of so well-known a character as Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury; but it may be mentioned that the brief account of him in the catalogue of the Gallery is an excellent synopsis of his life as distinguished from his tenets and writings. Aubrey, in the Letters, &c., in the Bodleian and Ashmolean, gives some very graphic and interesting particulars. The author of the 'Leviathan' was born in the year of the Armada, and died aged ninety-one, ten years before the accession of William III. The second son of a clergyman, 'one of the ignorant St. Johns of Elizabeth's reign,' he was partly indebted for his education at Magdalen College, Oxford, to an uncle who made money as a glover, and from whom also he inherited a small estate. 'I have heard,' says Aubrey, 'that when he was a boy he was playsome enough, but withal he had then a contemplative melancholiness; he would get him into a corner and learn his lessons by heart presently.' At Oxford he was in the habit of rising early, for the purpose, sometimes at least, of capturing unwary jackdaws with the aid of cheese-parings and birdlime. Bacon, we know, was fond of his conversation, and found in him a most useful, because a most intelligent secretary. According to the good English fashion of those days, Hobbes was addicted to music, his instrument being the 'bass-viol.' Of his habits with regard to wine and other pleasures his biographer speaks with somewhat Pepysian tolerance, adding that after sixty he gave up wine, which he had always used rather in the way of occasional excess than of habitual luxury.

Hobbes was forty years of age when he first took to geometry, and forty-six when Aubrey first beheld him with his own eyes. He was 'a proper man, brisk, and in very good equipage, his hair then quite black.' The description, again, of his manner of writing the 'Leviathan' is curious. He 'walked much,' we are told, and 'contemplated,' and in the head of his cane he had a pen and an ink-horn, as Chaucer wore his slung round his neck. Hobbes had also a note-book always in his pocket, and as soon as a thought 'started,' he presently entered it. 'Thus that book was made.'

It was his habit, it seems, to meditate one subject for a week or a fortnight; and though he was ready enough at a reply when 'bated,' as Charles II. called it, by courtiers or priests, he seldom cared to give a 'present answer to a serious inquiry.' It was his boast, as many a dunce no doubt remembers, that he was no great reader.

In old age Hobbes was bald, but he still studied bare-headed, and complained only of the flies who settled upon that skull of 'mallet forme, approved by physiologers,' which Aubrey commends. His face, says the same authority, was 'not very great,' but his forehead ample. His yellow-red 'whiskers,' alias moustaches, naturally turned up; and his chin, but for a little tuft under his lip, was clean shaved, for he avoided a beard as too austere, considering cheerfulness a sign of God's favour.

Moreover, he had a good eye, 'and that of a hazel colour, full of life and spirit;' and even to the last, 'when he was in discourse, there shone, as it were, a bright, live coal within it.' And again, 'he had two kinds of looks. When he laughed, was witty, and in a merry humour, one could scarce see his eyes; by-and-bye, when he was serious and earnest, he opened his eyes round his eyelids; he had middling eyes, not very big nor very little.' Hobbes was tall—rather over six feet than under, and fairly straight. He was an early riser, and after a breakfast of bread and butter, used to walk about and meditate till ten. He slept after his early dinner, and did his writing mostly in the afternoon.

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL (?) BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

How much of all this can we read in the keen old face before us? Or how much of the deeper part of the man, of his political theories, or of his philosophy. Was he an Atheist, or rather an Agnostic? Did he hate the priests? Was he bitter in controversy and caustic in conversation? Was he something of a coward withal? Why did Charles II. so much affect his company, and keep in his closet at Whitehall that portrait of the philosopher which Mr. Samuel Cooper, the prince of limners, drew as like as art could afford?

'Even the goodness which we apprehend in God Almighty is His goodness to us.' Those are the words he seems to say, with a half-amused twinkle in the 'middling' eyes, as he watches to see how that which at first sounds almost innocent, unfolds to us the full and freezing dreariness of his intention.

The original from which our illustration is taken represents Hobbes at the age of eighty-one. It was in the Loan Exhibition of National Portraits in 1866. It is a clever portrait, painted with freedom and mastery, and without the crudeness which in Kneller's work often resulted from too much haste to be rich.

Our remaining illustration is the portrait of a lady in mourning, with very red lips and a red-and-white complexion, coarse and waxy in treatment. Since its purchase by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery in 1876, this picture has been supposed to represent Rachel, Lady Russell, widow of William, 'the patriot lord.' Now, however, it is much to be feared that this pleasant and interesting theory is about to be consigned to the category of forsaken beliefs. More than this I do not at present consider myself at liberty to reveal, but if any reader is interested in the questions of portraiture and physiognomy which have been slightly touched on in these pages, it is evident that here is an opportunity of hazarding an interpretation of the language of face and feature. Before very long, in all probability, the revised edition of the Official Catalogue will give a new name to this portrait. How many will have rightly guessed the character or the career of the lady who is at present nameless? Hitherto we have thought we saw Kneller's rough and hasty version of the face of her who wrote those touching letters, so happily first from 'dear Stratton,' in so much sadness afterwards, and so resigned; of her who sat through the terrible hours of her husband's trial with every faculty strained in his service, and lived on so long to mourn him till blindness came to frame in darkness the last visions of his face, and death at length to give back him and light. Very eloquent some of us may have been about it all, but now there is only the strange headgear that we may safely dilate on, and the story of how the

'tower' was invented by Louis XIV., and the force of circumstances and the garter of Mademoiselle de Fontange.

NOTE.—It is all told in Planché's Cyclopaedia of costume, under the words 'Fontange' and 'Commode,' how the lady rode a-hunting with the King, and the wind blew her hair about her shoulders till she tied it up with one of her garters. How the royal lover swore she pleased him thus, and henceforth every lady of the Court tied a ribbon on her head, and called it a 'fontange.' The oddest thing, however, is the sudden end of this absurdity. The topknot and ribbon had grown rapidly into a huge tower of lace and wire between 1694 and 1699, when suddenly a censure from the King, or, as some say, the example of the English ambassadress, 'avec une petite coiffure basse,' dealt it a fatal blow.

WM. CHAMBERS LEFROY.

FIVE CINQUEFOILS.

IN common parlance the petals of flowers are called leaves. Botanically this is correct, for all the upper appanages of a stem are essentially leaves. The *bracts*, which often seem to form the outermost whorl of a flower, and generally partake of that greenish colouring which is characteristic of normal foliage, begin the series. Then come the *sepals*, or divisions of the *calyx;* then the *petals*, or divisions of the *corolla;* then the *stamens*, the fourth whorl of modified leaves; and lastly, the central *ovary*, or seed-vessel. The argument by which even this last organ may be proved to be of foliar nature would be out of place here; but we may remind our readers of the proof of the leafy nature of the stamens by referring to the case of single and double roses. In the latter the stamens, though they may not altogether be wanting, are greatly reduced in number; their places having been taken by the crowd of additional petals which give fulness to the cultivated flower. So it comes to pass that, in writing of five-petaled or five-cleft *flowers* under a heading which seems to suggest arrangements of five *leaves*, we are doing no violence to the term cinquefoil.

My reasons for writing here about flowers at all, and about cinquefoils in particular, are three. Firstly, I want to draw attention to the very interesting and very peculiar symmetry, which may be designated 'pentamerous;' secondly, I think the value of cinquefoil arrangements for decorative and pictorial purposes will be enhanced if we attempt a classification of some of their different types; and thirdly, I am anxious to point out some of those subtler modifications of five-sided symmetry which flowers show, and yet which are not sufficiently appreciated or accentuated in ordinary drawings or designs. In the space at my command I can but touch the fringe of this very large subject; but my end will be gained if I can succeed in directing the attention of draughtsmen to the points of view from which the subject is approached in the present paper.

A general note concerning pentagonal or pentamerous or quinary or quincuncial symmetry may perhaps fitly find a place here. In this symmetry, as in all other kinds, each element of form is of course regularly repeated on either side of one or more lines. But it is a symmetry which does not and cannot occur amongst crystals or mineral forms; and indeed is almost wholly confined to the vegetable kingdom. What here gives this pentamerous symmetry at once its chief charm and its chief difficulty is its modification in nearly all cinquefoil flowers by some other elements of form, which make it impossible to express the whole facts of the case in a geometrical formula. Professor Story Maskelyne has well said that 'some subtle geometry underlies this plant-symmetry, but the domain is almost wholly unexplored.' In the present account of a few pentamerous types, we cannot hope to do more than point out a few of the characteristics of these interesting and beautiful forms, without attempting to discover and expound the laws which they obey.

It would need more space than we can afford to argue concerning the reasons which make triple and quintuple forms more satisfactory to the eye than those which consist of two or four parts only. But it is of interest to note that the flowers of the more highly developed and complete of plants are generally constructed on the pentamerous type. Of the great sections in which all flowering plants are divided, the one which contains the conifers, cycads, &c., may be left out of consideration, on account of the entire absence of pentamerous flowers. The other section includes both monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous plants: the former rarely exhibit any other than a threefold symmetry, as in the crocuses, lilies, and orchids. To dicotyledons we must turn for our examples of pentamerous symmetry, and here we shall find them in abundance. Yet even here they occur in great profusion only in those Orders of plants whose flowers possess calyx as well as corolla.

Although in all the natural systems of botanical classification, those flowers which possess a corolla of one piece, however deeply cleft or divided it may be, are generally grouped in separate Orders, apart from those flowers which possess distinct petals; yet for the purpose of discussing the artistic bearings of any question of plant-symmetry, it will be convenient to ignore such a distinction, or to pass it by with but a casual mention.

The simple cinquefoil shown in the uppermost diagram *a*, fig. 1, cannot be exactly matched amongst floral forms. The five leaves, each with an interior

angle of 72 degrees, would be sure to vary from the geometrical standard shape in many ways. Perhaps each leaf would be set on a small limb or spur, a free space being thus secured between each segment of the

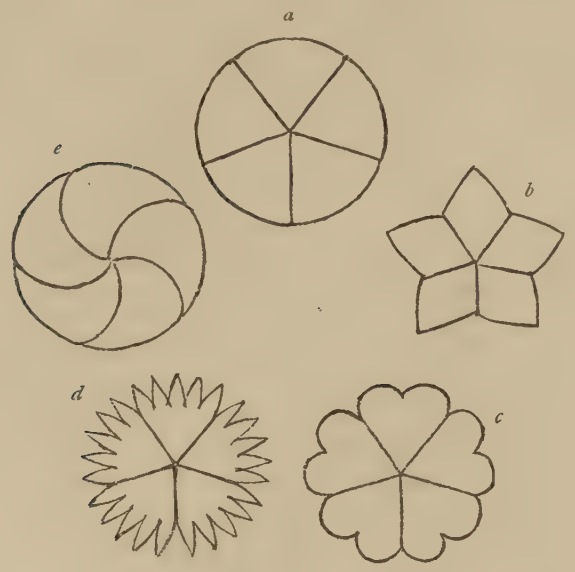


Fig. 1.

corolla. The two outer corners of the petals would be rounded off, while the external curved boundaries would be arcs of circles not struck from the centre of the flower. Then, also, the radii of the circle would not constitute the sides of each petal; but these would be rounded or curved—one more than the other—every right-hand side, for instance, being fuller than the left. When these petals overlap, as in the crimson flax flower (*Linum coccineum*) of fig. 2,

Fig. 2.

we have the appearance of a twist or spiral, seen in a more developed form in the blossom of the oleander and the periwinkle. But the divergences from the rule-and-compass form do not end here. Besides the varying undulations of the blade or broad surface of the petal, its central vein would not serve to divide it into two exactly equal parts, nor would any two petals of the same flower be absolutely identical in outline. There is, in fine, a great deal of searching drawing needed to adequately represent the subtle and varied curvature of such a simple flower as that of the flax. And when, in a front view of any blossom of this type, portions of the calyx are seen behind the petals, a further complexity is introduced.

Amongst beautiful examples of those cinquefoils which have undivided and rounded petals or petaloid sepals may be cited the following familiar plants:—The buttercup and globe-flower; some kinds of hellebore; the blue meadow geranium, and the hemlock-leaved cranesbill; certain saxifrages; several species of potentilla, and strawberry; also the hawthorn, apple, plum, and quince. Less regular forms, which are approximately symmetrical on either side of a single vertical line only, occur in the *Azalea indica*, pansy, and scarlet pelargonium. Even labiates, such as the dead-nettle, exhibit this bilateral symmetry. In these flowers, as in many others, both wild and cultivated, the divergences from the typical form, arise partly from the petals or lobes of the corolla being of very unequal dimensions, partly from the order of their overlapping, and partly from the angles which their mid-veins make with one another. Take the ordinary azalea of our green-houses as an example. The uppermost lobe of its corolla is usually smaller or larger than the others, while both its wings lie over the right and left lobes on either side, these again lying over the two lowest lobes. In a flower before me the angles which the mid-veins make with one another are approximately these:—

The stellate form of cinquefoil, shown in fig. 1 *b*, is frequently found amongst common and popular flowers; indeed the round-lobed varieties just discussed pass gradually into this pointed shape on the one hand as they pass into the indented on the other. We have chosen the borage to illustrate the star-shaped cinquefoils (fig. 3). Here there are five pointed divisions of the calyx alternating with the five divisions of the corolla, while the centre of the flower is occupied by a group of five stamens surrounding the pistil and forming a pointed cone—at least, this disposition of the stamens continues until the blossom is about to fall off. The diagram of the borage here

given was sketched from a flower which had been good enough to open last February, but it conveys a poor idea of the beauty of this form. The figures in plate 36 of Mr. F. E. Hulme's 'Sketches of Plant Form' may be profitably referred to for the purpose of getting a more adequate notion of the character of the borage.

Fig. 3.

Amongst other stellate cinquefoils possessing petals or lobes of a more or less pointed form, the potato, the woody nightshade, and the thorn-apple, present many resemblances to the borage. The yellow loosestrife affords another characteristic flower of this group; while a great number of species of campanula and gentian, having funnel-shaped corollas, in some cases almost undivided, may yet be said to belong here. Especially to be noted are the spreading bell-flower (*Campanula patula*) and the common harebell. *Gentiana pneumonanthe*, particularly when half open, presents a beautiful profile. But the stellate type of blossom is perhaps more abundant amongst plants having flowers consisting of six rather than of five parts.

Many flowers which are really five-cleft or five-petalled have these divisions so deeply marked in the middle as to appear to consist of ten instead of five parts (fig. 1, *c*). Some species of primula exhibit this peculiarity to a marked extent, notably the stitchwort of our hedges, and the gold-laced polyanthus of our gardens, and even the common primrose. It is distinctly seen in the rose campion and the mallow; while the cinquefoil *par excellence* (*Potentilla reptans*), most species of *Geum*, the forget-me-not, and the wild rose, exhibit traces of it. In all the many varieties and species of *Rosa* which are found in these islands, this cleaving of the petals is not equally marked; in cultivated forms it is generally much obscured. In the wild or dog-rose —drawn in figs. 4, 5, and 6—the peculiarities of this beautiful type of the cinquefoil may be studied. Not only should its petals be examined, but also its calyx and its foliage (fig. 7). The latter, often gathered into groups of five leaflets, is peculiarly interesting from its grace and complexity. The pleasing curvature of the leaf-stalk, the serrated edges, the veining, and the more developed lower sides of the individual leaflets, and the curious wings at the base of each compound leaf—all these contribute character to the foliage of this plant. The calyx, with its strange arrangement of two bearded, one half-bearded, and two plain sepals, must not be overlooked; for not only is it a constant peculiarity, but one nearly related to the orderly growth of the several parts of the flower.

These peculiarities of the sepals of the wild rose did not escape observation in mediaeval times; witness the following monkish verses, in which the half-bearded sepal is supposed to speak:—

> Quinque sumus fratres, unus barbatus et alter,
> Imberbesque duo, semibarbatus ego.

Looking at a rose calyx from behind, and then beginning with a fully-bearded sepal and proceeding to one's right, the next sepal will be entirely beardless, the third fully bearded, the fourth entirely beardless, and the fifth bearded on the first side we approach, and on that only. Now this means that the first, third, and fifth sepals were the earliest formed and the outermost; the second and fourth having been of later growth, and belonging to the inner end of the spiral. For in many flowers, as in many leaves, we can clearly see that what look like simple cycles or whorls of equal horizontal growth are, in reality, highly compressed or flattened spirals. This can be shown by dissections of flower- and leaf-buds; but more obvious evidence of it is furnished by the persistent differences between the several sepals of a rose. Still, much more may be learnt, in the majority of cases, by cross or horizontal sections of

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

the bud just before it opens. Then the arrangement of the several floral elements, often obscured or obliterated in the expanded blossom, may be clearly seen. Thus what is called the aestivation or praeflorescence of the flower is ascertained, and we learn how the calyx and corolla are packed or arranged in the bud. Thus we have contorted or convoluted aestivation in the pink and the oleander; a character lost in the flower of the former, but preserved in that of the latter plant. The rose, both in its calyx and corolla, offers an example of one kind of imbricated aestivation; the nature of which may be best learnt by actual dissection of a bud. It is this aestivation which leaves its mark upon the sepals of the rose, yet can be discerned but dimly in the slight 'swirl' of the fully expanded flower and the slight lopsidedness of individual petals.

Fig. 7.

An attempt to illustrate my fourth cinquefoil

Fig. 8.

type by drawing from dried plants of the Cheddar pink was so utterly futile, that, in the absence of trustworthy studies in my sketch-books, I am compelled to fall back upon a mere suggestion (fig. 8) of the fringed, cut, or torn petal characteristic of the *dianthus* or pink. This suggestion is an exact but reduced reproduction of a design very common on old Persian earthenware, especially on wall tiles. Though the flowers are represented in profile, all five petals are shown; but so far as it goes the form is true to nature in all essential characters, the minor and accidental points only being suppressed, as in all sound decorative design. Thus the calyx is rightly given as tubular and toothed, the sepals, however, of one side only being shown: the pairs of leaves are opposite. Even the suggestions of stigmas above the petals recall the true form of those organs.

Some species or other of dianthus has long been a favourite flower for decorative treatment amongst Persian artists; we find it also on old Japanese lacquer, on Cretan embroideries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in the Italian lace patterns of the cinque-cento. It combines the simple beauty of a stellate figure with a grace and richness of its own. And when the teeth of the petals are numerous, and the charm of refined colour is added, the dianthus certainly furnishes us with a particularly beautiful type of ornamental design. The same statement may be made concerning several closely allied plants, such as the common ragged robin (*Lychnis*

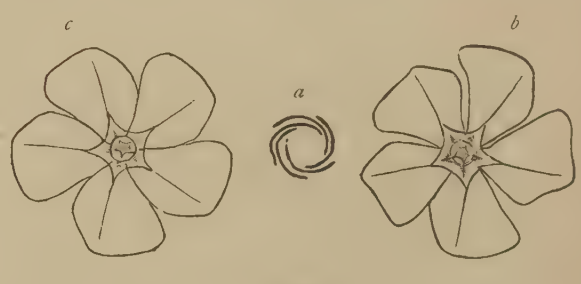


Fig. 9.

floscuculi); where the intricacy of the form is increased by the two kinds of teeth into which the blade of each petal is split, and by the different planes in which these teeth lie. Before leaving the stellate forms relating to the pink family, it will be worth while to direct attention to the angle which the cut blade of the petals makes with the claw or narrow pointed part which is concealed within the calyx: this is a character which is of great decorative value.

We reach now a form of flower which displays in a very clear manner the rotation and spiral twist, of

which mention has been made in describing other types of cinquefoils. In the small middle diagram (*a* of fig. 9), a section across a bud of *Vinca major*, the large-flowered periwinkle of our English woods, is shown. The lobes of the corolla (for they are not separate petals) are packed in an imbricated manner, so that part only of each lobe is exposed on the outside of the bud. This part is developed more largely than the covered and compressed portion, as may be seen by comparing the parts to the left with those to the right of each mid-vein, in the flowers *b* and *c* of fig. 9. The 'rotation' of these corollas is indeed very marked; it is rendered more conspicuous by the difference of outline, as well by the difference of size between the left and right portions of each lobe. As this flower is one of tender substance and very liable to injury from rough winds or other hostile influences, it is sometimes difficult to find a specimen showing no contortion or irregularity besides that which belongs to its mode of growth. But this fact hardly accounts for the extreme feebleness and irregularity of nearly all the drawings of the periwinkle to be found in botanical works. The draughtsman has not tried to understand the peculiar *genius* of the flower, though he has caught, it may be, its thinness and flutter. The form presented in *b*, fig. 9, is not by any means the most eccentric that might have been given of this variable blossom; but fig. *c*, fig. 9, is nearly the most regular. The mode of growth of the *Vinca major* is shown in fig. 10.

The common oleander of our conservatories (*Nerium Oleander*) is nearly allied botanically and artistically to the periwinkle (what a mean name is this for so tender and sweet a flower as the *pervenche!*). The resemblance between the two plants may be seen best in the buds of these plants; but particularly when the flowers of the single oleander are used for comparison. The cyclamen affords another instance of a rotate corolla. In this flower the lobes, though individually more symmetrical than those of the Vinca, are generally much twisted; sometimes to such an extent as to bring the extremities of their blades into positions which are at right angles to those which they occupied at their bases. The splendid large white trumpet flowers of *Datura arborea*, a greenhouse shrub, show a twist similar to that of the cyclamen; but the corolla is not cleft into distinct lobes, as in the latter plant.

In all these flowers, as in the majority of those which I have named in the present paper, we find a

Fig. 10.

rich variety of curves and undulations which do not admit of diagrammatic representation, and which can be adequately rendered only by the sympathetic and laborious care of an accomplished artist. Enough, however, has probably now been said to direct the attention of flower-lovers to the rich store of refined and graceful forms which are to be found amongst the five typical cinquefoils here discussed.

Arthur Herbert Church.

HEAD OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

BY FRANÇOIS RUDE.

From the Marble in the Louvre.

An artist who undertakes to represent a subject universally known has an advantage and a disadvantage. The advantage is that everybody will come with a ready prepared interest in his work, and therefore be prepared to study it. The disadvantage is that everybody will also come with a ready prepared conception of the subject which will *not* be that of the artist, and the artist will then have to get his own conception acknowledged as superior, which is not easy.

This is particularly the case with regard to the Crucifixion, of which each of us has his own idea, so

that the attempts to represent this great subject must either seem to us inadequate, or else must be so powerful as to compel us to relinquish our own idea, and take another instead of it.

Here is Rude's conception of the subject, one of the noblest, as it seems to me, in the whole range of the fine arts. The head is full of sublime grandeur and of infinite sadness. It also expresses quite as much physical suffering and exhaustion as are compatible with perfect dignity. It escapes the common fault of suggesting *only* a suffering man.

Leaving the work to produce its own effect, I proceed at once to say something about the artist.

Some years ago I published a volume containing five biographies of Frenchmen who were particularly interesting to me. The common objection made to that volume in England was that I had selected men who were 'unknown,' or 'little known,' or 'second-rate,' &c. It would be out of place, in a short note on Rude, to speak of the other four, but I remember that one of my English reviewers expressed special surprise that I should have chosen such a second-rate sculptor.

These objections were all due to one very simple cause. My English reviewers estimated the importance of the Frenchmen I had selected by their own knowledge of them, and as that knowledge was very small or non-existent, they quietly affirmed that the men were without importance. The same thing is done by Frenchmen with reference to famous Englishmen when by some unaccountable accident they have heard of a famous Englishman at all.

The position of Rude amongst French sculptors may partly be estimated from the fact that a room in the Louvre is dedicated to his memory and bears his name; but to know his real position one must have lived in France, just as to know Turner's real position one must have lived in England. Amongst the sculptors of the first half of this century Rude simply occupies the first place in his own nation, and a critic who calls him a second-rate and obscure man knows nothing about competent opinion in France.

Two very well-written articles on Rude by M. Charles Gindriez appeared in the twenty-fifth volume of 'L'Art' (1881). In the second of these (p. 129) I find the following significant words :—

> 'Interrogez les artistes. Visitez les ateliers. Consultez les œuvres et les expositions : vous verrez comme il occupe aujourd'hui la première place, et comment cet homme modeste, perpétuellement éclipsé pendant sa vie par de flamboyantes comètes, s'est peu à peu dégagé des nuages. Préault est oublié ; Pradier est démodé. David a vieilli ; reconnaissez l'immortalité de Rude à ce signe infaillible : il a rajeuni.'

The interest that Rude has for us is of a double character ; he was not only great in art, but he had a great nature independently of art. Each class is admirable in its perfect representative ; and as the Duc de Luynes may be taken as the generous, intelligent, and worthy representative of what is best in the French aristocracy of rank, wealth, manners, and culture, so Rude stands for what is grandest in the sturdy merits of the common people. He was himself deeply conscious that he really belonged to the humble class in which he was born, and he never desired to rise above it, but he set before his mind's eye a plebeian idea of his own, and strove to attain it. He was a laborious workman, of frugal habits, and he bore grievous disappointments with a grand fortitude. One of the hardest of these was to see the commission for three of the four groups on the *Arc de Triomphe* taken away from him that other sculptors might have a share of patronage. A sorrow of another kind was the loss of his only son. A practical philosopher, he resembled most men of his class in having some intense prejudices. One of the strongest of these, happily without any bad effect on his productiveness, was the belief, sometimes held by untrained thinkers, that the natural gifts of all men are precisely alike, and that the only difference between them is in the degree of their industry. How any man can pass through life with such a belief as that, unshaken by observation, is unimaginable.

The most animated and fiery of Rude's works is the *Departure of the Volunteers*, on the Triumphal Arch ; the most graceful in movement is the bronze *Mercury* fastening the wings to his feet; and the most graceful in repose is probably the *Hebe* in the Dijon Museum. There can hardly be a doubt that the most pathetic and profound is the sad face of Christ.

EDITOR.

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SOME ITALIAN PICTURES.

III.

A VERY considerable advance may be traced between the two National Gallery pictures now acknowledged by most connoisseurs to be by the Trevisan, Catena, whose usual signature, 'Vincentius Tarvixius,' is to be seen, among other places, on a fine *Madonna with Saints* at Padua, where it has been recovered from beneath a forged cartellino of Giovanni Bellini. In the earlier of our two examples, the *St. Jerome in his Cell*, the composition is more naïve, the colour colder and more elaborate in

treatment, the general tranquillity more profound, than in the *Warrior adoring the Infant Christ* (fig. 1). The lights of St. Jerome's red gown are a yellowish white, a device for getting brilliancy afterwards abandoned by the artist; nearly all the straight lines are either horizontal or perpendicular to the horizon, as in a schoolboy's first try at perspective. In the larger picture—which, by the way, has been a good deal knocked about in its time—the colour has put on a Venetian glow; the crimson robe and blue mantle of the Virgin are each painted broadly with two shades of one colour, and are finely harmonised with the darker crimson of the kneeling cavalier, with the golden brown of St. Joseph, with the cool dark violet—a favourite hue with Catena—of the page on the other side of the wall, and with the warm green of the long Giorgionesque carpet. The straight lines are still parallel with the frame, and the accessories are set about the picture much as they might be set by a stage carpenter; but the masses are well balanced, and the bounding lines of the figures have a rhythm which is not to be found in the smaller canvas.

FIG. 1.—WARRIOR ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST. BY CATENA.

Before it became the property of the nation this *Warrior* had gone through many strange vicissitudes. At the beginning of the century it belonged to a Mr. Standish, and was weeded from his collection as an inferior work. It remained for years in a lumber room at Florence, and was then on sale for a short time, as a Bellini, at a very low price—some hundred scudi or so. It was seen in Florence by the now famous Signor Cavalcaselle, who made a drawing of it: it was then in a very fine state. About forty years ago it was bought by the Roman dealer Baldeschi, who employed an artist called Cochetti to clean it. This man seems to have been a bungler; at any rate, he injured the picture in a way that precludes all hope of its ever recovering its former harmony. From some parts of it, especially from the child's body and from the head, hands, and veil of the Madonna, the final glazings have been removed entirely, leaving them a cold, yellow grey, and destroying the harmony which must once have existed between them and the gorgeous draperies. In its injured state the picture was brought to England by Baldeschi, and by him sold to Mr. Samuel Woodburn, after whose death it was bought at Christie's for five hundred guineas, on the recommendation of Sir Charles Eastlake. At that time the only names mentioned in connexion with it were those of Giorgione and Bellini, the former for 'choice.'

This picture marks the culminating point of Catena's art. In no other work has he so successfully combined splendour of colour with breadth of execution and at least a moderate amount of coherence in conception and arrangement. If we look back from it to the *St. Jerome*, we see what strides its author made in the interval between the two works; but the difference between the latter picture and the *Madonna* assigned officially to Basaiti (fig. 2), but believed by many connoisseurs to be also by Catena, is still greater, for it implies not only a development, but a change. In this *Madonna* (No. 599 in the National Gallery Catalogue), the points that suggest Catena are: the crushed angular draperies, the monotonously grey carnations, the long boneless hands of the Virgin and the plump little paws of the child (compare his right hand here with his left in the *Warrior Adoring*), the form of the heads and of the child's body, the purity of the primary colours, and the general want of life in the conception. On the other hand, the manipulation is more laboured, the impasto thinner, the material of the picture more varied, the greys more cool and silvery, the impression of daylight far greater, and the general onceness and coherence more complete than in either the *St. Jerome* or the *Warrior*. Are these changes to be accounted for by any ordinary development? On the whole, I hardly think they are. We know that as painters grow older their conceptions become simpler, their handling broader, and their impasto richer and more fluid; that they abandon useless accessories and interludes not bearing strictly on the matter in hand. But in the finer illumination and higher unity of this little *Madonna* we see evidence of a personality that differs in kind from that of Catena. The picture is in its degree a creation. It

has a soft little soul of its own, and its quiet sentiment is distilled in due proportion from every inch of the canvas. Compared with it in this respect, the *St. Jerome* is a map, and the *Warrior Adoring* a *tableau vivant*. Is the change to be accounted for by supposing that Catena painted the picture when he was under the influence of Bellini? Before we attempt to answer this question, let us compare it carefully with the *Peter Martyr* alluded to above (fig. 3), and we shall find more than enough evidence to convince us that the two pictures are in great part the work of one man, or, at the least, that one mind had a decisive influence over the production of both, down even to their minor details.

The chief similarities are to be found in the animals and subordinate figures of the background, in the treatment of the landscape, in a certain want of vitality in the principal actors, and in the colour, fall, and texture of the draperies. Some of these points of likeness may be clearly traced even in our small reproductions. Compare, for instance, the peculiar papery break of the Madonna's veil with the same thing in Peter's white cassock. And in these two garments there are many points of likeness besides those of line and fold. The peculiar management of the warm, semi-transparent greys, the texture of the stuff, the thin impasto, and the elaborate rather than successful attempt at fusion in the handling, are the same in both. The background in each picture (leaving out of account the copse—the 'wood near Barlassina,' where the saint was murdered—which is such an important feature in the *Peter Martyr*) is made up of a strip of flowery sward with sandy earth about it and leafless trees, and a few goats, cows, and cowherds; on each panel a city on a hill occupies the extreme distance. Both in general treatment and in the minuter details of handling and design, as, for instance, in the greyhound-like hind-legs of the cows, these sections of the two works so nearly approach identity that it is difficult to believe them the work of two hands. It is not, in fact, till we reach the four chief figures that we encounter anything in the larger picture to which a parallel cannot be found in the smaller. But in spite of their lifeless attitudes the monks and their assassins are painted with vigour;* their carnations are a rich brown, not in the least like the yellow greys of the Madonna, while in the shapes of the hands, especially in the left hand of the flying monk, we may recognise the bony type of Bellini. The attribution of No. 599 to Basaiti is now so generally discredited that I need hardly contest it; it will suffice to point out that Basaiti was never a pupil of Bellini's, that his undoubted pictures, such as the two in the Venetian Academia, the *Calling of Peter* and *Christ in the Garden with His Disciples*, do not suggest anything more than a general study of his great contemporary, and consequently that the very strong resemblance between the picture ascribed to him and the subordinate parts of our *Peter Martyr* are decisive against his authorship to all who accept the larger panel as coming from Bellini's studio.

FIG. 2.—VIRGIN AND CHILD IN A MEADOW. SCHOOL OF BELLINI.

And what is the truth as to this *Peter Martyr?* In my last article I mentioned a vigorous dramatic insistance as one of the characteristic notes of Giovanni Bellini; but the great defect of the picture we are now discussing lies in the half-heartedness of its drama. Not one of the four actors in the tragedy is in earnest. Peter pretends to die; the 'first murderer' pretends to kill him; the other two pretend respectively to fly and pursue, while the figures in the background do not even pretend to take such proceedings *au sérieux*. All this is hardly what we expect from Bellini, whose usual bent in telling a story of strong contrast or highly charged emotion may be seen in

* In his 'Italian Art in the National Gallery,' Dr. Richter says that 'the figures in the foreground . . . . have been repainted.' The chief grounds for this assertion seem to be a few retouches here and there, and the repainting of the 'second murderer's' right hand. Perhaps Dr. Richter based his opinion more on the want of solidarity between these four figures and the rest of the pictures which to me suggests a divided authorship.

his early picture, *The Agony in the Garden*, which hangs not far off. On this panel the agonies of the praying Christ and the heavy slumbers of the Apostles are portrayed with a minute and inventive insistance that loses sight of grace and even dignity; and the note here struck vibrated more or less through the whole of Bellini's long life. In all those well-authenticated works of his that deal with active emotion we find the same determined research after its outward signs, the same unsparing vigour in driving his meaning into our heads. On this side of his personality he had not a little in common with the Dutchmen of two centuries later. On the other hand, the designer of our *Peter Martyr* seems to have chosen 'Doucement' for his motto: kill if we must, but let us kill in a gentlemanly way; and the result is a picture which can hardly be better characterised than by a remark I once heard made before it by a casual visitor to the Gallery: 'There's no devil in it!' It has no 'devil,' and had it been the sole work of Bellini it would have had much. The truth is, perhaps, that it was painted in the master's studio, under his supervision, and worked upon partly by himself, but that the mind and hand to which it is mainly due were identical with those to which we owe the so-called 'Basaiti,' and that on the whole the differences between these two pictures and the known early works of Catena are so great that we hesitate to recognise in him the unknown author. Our outline of Bellini's *Madonna and Child* (No. 280 in the National Gallery Catalogue) may be taken as fairly accurate. This picture shows the master's style as it was towards the end of the fifteenth century, about the time when the *Peter Martyr* must have been painted. If our readers will compare the draperies in our last three woodcuts they will see that in the first two the folds have the stiff, angular break of paper rather than the fall of cloth. This is least conspicuous in the *Peter Martyr*, but even there it is clearly traceable in the lower part of Peter's cassock. It can be seen at a glance that the fine sweep of the blue mantle in Bellini's *Madonna* is governed by a totally different idea of what drapery should be (see fig. 4). Another and perhaps still more decisive variation is to be found in the treatment of the landscape. The grass and trees in the large *Madonna* (fig. 4) are painted with a dry, staccato touch, which is characteristic of Bellini, and quite unlike the broad but rather empty freedom of the other two pictures.

FIG. 3.—THE DEATH OF ST. PETER MARTYR. SCHOOL OF BELLINI.

At page 363 of Mme. Richter's English version of Signor Morelli's 'Italian Pictures in German Galleries,' there is a note in which that distinguished connoisseur tells us that 'the cartellini of Giambellino, when in *italics*, are always forged.' It is an interesting statement; but in the absence of any direct testimony to that effect from Giovanni himself, no particular signature can be condemned on the strength of it. All that it means is, that so far as Signor Morelli's researches have carried him, he has always found reason to doubt the Bellini character of the pictures signed in italics, or of the signatures themselves. He does not explain, however, how the forgeries are to be recognised when they occur on

231311

pictures he accepts as genuine; so that I hesitate to appeal to the italics of this *Peter Martyr* in support of my contention as to the mixed character of the work.

The one certain result at which we arrive by all these comparisons is that the two panels (figs. 2 and 3) must stand or fall together, that they are in the main the creation of a single man. The points of identity are countless and those of difference few, the latter being confined to the two chief groups of figures and to the sky, all of which are much retouched. At one time the little *Madonna* was ascribed to Bellini, and to restore the ascription would, of course, be pleasanter than to question that of the *Peter Martyr;* but the strong variations between these pictures and undoubted Bellinis of the same period seem decisive against such a notion. The famous *Bacchanal* in the Duke of Northumberland's collection was begun by Bellini, and finished, during the aged master's own lifetime, by Titian. In that the figures are mostly Bellini's, while their setting is entirely from the brush of Vecellio; may I suggest that something of the same kind occurred in the case of this *Peter Martyr*, only that here we must substitute some humbler name for that of Titian?

FIG. 4.—MADONNA AND CHILD. GIOVANNI BELLINI.

One of the most curious things about those who insist upon the experimental method as the only sure one for deciding upon the origin of a work of art, is the no doubt unconscious alacrity with which some of them desert their own system when it seems likely to lead to unpalatable results. Dr. Richter for instance, when he has to discuss the Taunton *Holy Family*, instead of collating its details with those of Michelangelo's known works, refuses to see the Florentine's hand in it because the drawing of the (half-finished) human forms and draperies seem to him to betray an inferior painter. So, too, in speaking of the *Venus and Adonis* from the Hamilton Collection, he utters vague generalities about the smoky heaviness of the air and the dull colours —phrases which to me at least seem utterly mistaken—instead of devoting his attention to those 'tangible facts perceptible to every eye' on which his system is supposed to rest. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle fall foul of the same picture for quite other reasons. They call it a 'sketchy, empty, rosy-coloured composition;' and attribute it to Lattanzio Gambara, a fourth-rate Brescian and pupil of Romanino, or to Beccaruzzi, a still more obscure north Italian artist. And yet a very short comparison of its details with those of almost any Titian painted about 1530, is enough to show decisively that much of it is either the work of that master himself or of an immediate pupil. Let us compare it with the neighbouring *Noli-me-tangere*, which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assume to have been painted about 1525. The points of resemblance are: 1. The landscape; if we leave the extreme distance out of account, this consists in both of a number of sandy knolls with trees and farm-buildings, all of which are designed in the same spirit and carried out by exactly the same methods in both pictures. 2. The subordinate figures in the landscape. In the *Noli-me-tangere* there is a shepherd with a dog, and if we put him by the side of any one of the distant groups in the *Venus and Adonis*, their identity of origin proclaims itself very plainly indeed. 3. The draperies. The drapery that hangs across the body of Adonis is very bad; much too bad to be true, by which I mean that it is quite

impossible that the man who painted the lightly touched bit of soft lawn that hangs from the young man's right shoulder can ever have been content with this formless swathe. The painting of the lawn, however, may be instructively compared with that of the loin-cloth of Christ in the other picture, and the red drapery of Venus with the robe of the Magdalen. 4. The heads. Two of these are exquisite. They are scarcely handled with the delicacy that is so conspicuous in the *Noli-me-tangere;* the master's heart was not in this picture so fully as in that; but the heads of Adonis and Cupid, at least, are too good for any man of the second rank. On the other hand, the figures of the goddess and her lover and the little naked body of Cupid are quite unworthy of Titian, although their clumsiness is but an exaggeration of that into which he himself sometimes went near to fall; while the whole picture is covered with a brownish glaze which, having preserved its transparency, has rather heightened than lowered its brilliancy, but is not characteristic of Vecellio. If this glaze were removed, and with it the clumsy draperies of Adonis and any other foreign work which may exist in and about the immediate foreground, it is very probable that we should find ourselves face to face with the remains or the beginnings of an acceptable Titian.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE studio notes taken a month or more ago help us to chronicle some chief contributions to the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Galleries. Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., has been able to complete his large picture, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, the sketch for which visitors to his atelier last year may remember. The original design has, however, been considerably modified. Instead of a nude figure the Iphigenia is abundantly, even heavily, draped in creamy white robes, which are disposed so as to display the sumptuous contours of her form, and fall about the couch on which she lies asleep beneath a spreading beech-tree. A female figure and a child are, if the word is allowable, huddled together at her feet, in attitudes that seek *naïveté* through complex foreshortening. Another female is seated behind Iphigenia bowed over in slumber. A light which never was on land or sea, but which presumably is that of the after-glow, illumines the group, while behind the large moon rises over a calm sea. Cymon, his dogs about him, stands wrapped in a scarlet mantle, supposed to be in ecstatic contemplation of the sleeping maiden; but looking rather out of *rapport*, and hardly significant enough to play a part in so poetic a drama. Under a beauty-loving painter like Sir F. Leighton, this somewhat showy composition cannot fail of charm; the lines of the recumbent Iphigenia are seductive, the modelling of arms and neck tender and round, the fair head lovely in type. The painter's other contributions are unimportant; though the portrait of one little damsel is delightful for taste and 'sweet execution. Of the numerous pictures on which Mr. Millais, R.A., has been busy, not all appear in the public exhibitions. Three studies of children or young girls, *Little Miss Muffit*, *The Mistletoe Gatherer*, and *A Message from the Sea*, went direct to Mr. Wertheimer, for his Millais gallery. *The Idyll*, in the Academy, is a subject picture in the painter's old style, representing a little drummer-boy in gay scarlet regimentals discoursing music upon his fife to three gipsy girls under the summer trees; a cheery picture with plenty of narrative vigour and fresh, telling work about it likely to ensure popularity. In portraiture, the profile likeness of Mr. Irving, a two-thirds length in frock-coat, quiet and gentlemanly, is by far the most agreeable and intellectual rendering of the favourite actor that has been taken, besides being admirably painted. Characteristically vivid and strong is the portrait of a gentleman in velvet shooting-coat, with his gun under his arm. Besides some panels for the decoration of a room, one of which, a seated female figure of *Night*, of considerable scale, has statuesque dignity, Mr. Calderon has painted and sends to the Grosvenor Gallery a brilliant essay in a novel line for him, *The Birth of Venus*, as a nude form of delicate and lovely contours floating in, rather than upon, a wave of azure sea, while the sea-gulls flutter and peer above her head. A more *riant* presentation of the subject could not be, the bright blues of the waters flash and inter-

'ALL THAT MIGHTY HEART IS LYING STILL.' HERBERT MARSHALL. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

mingle ; the buoyant figure of Venus seems to rise and fall in the waves as one looks, and the snowy wings of the birds to glance in the sunshine.

Mr. Pettie, R.A., besides some excellent portraiture, has two subject pictures. *The Vigil* shows a young soldier in the Middle Ages on the eve of knighthood kneeling at the altar of a Norman church, where he has watched all night, as the dawn-light breaks in and illumines his rapt face and hands clasping his sword—an effective subject treated with some power, although the background wants solidity and the figure hardly fills the scene sufficiently. The other picture sets forth the story of a colony of early Christian monks marking the orientation of the altar of a future church by the shadow cast from a rude cross as the sun rises. Again a telling theme and carefully studied as to attitude and lighting, but rather scratchy in execution and hot in tone.

Mr. Long, R.A., after the completion of so large a work as his *Anno Domini*, would not be expected to have much for show in the Academy, and accordingly three single studies of Oriental women come from his studio of a character for which he has accustomed one to look. The workmanship is, however, of more solidity than sometimes. Mr. Phil Morris is, as usual, unequal, but pretty sure of his audience. Certain child-portraits are attractive enough, treated in a picturesque narrative way, one little pair group under a tree ; another tiny damsel, in glory of white satin poke bonnet and costume, is seated in dignity on the last step of the staircase. The return of a ship from the tropics, her white hulk cleaving the bright green waters of the home-harbour, while townsfolk pace the quay rejoicingly, is just the canvas to win favour in reproduction ; it is, moreover, deftly painted and full of spirit in composition, with a flavour of the sea and fresh breezes about it.

Among painters of sea Mr. Henry Moore comes to the front with a glorious sapphire-blue sea, *Off the Lizard*, on a summer's day, lurid with electric glow and colour. *A White Calm* is technically less satisfactory. *The Seaweed Harvest* finds its way to the Grosvenor, and is a good study of the sallow tints of tide-left mud and weed warmed into richness by sunset. Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., has seldom been so strong as in his capital picture of *The Herring Market at Sea ;* the water may be rather crude in the greens, and the boats rather over ruddy, but nothing could be better than the drawing of the craft and the modelling, so to speak, of the varied water surfaces. Mr. Hunter has several other good pictures, especially one of an incoming tide between walls of rough coast broken into brown boulders.

Portraiture is strong, indeed, as in the palmy days of the English school, the best talent seems to run in that road. Mr. Holl, R.A., had a most imposing array on his showday, beginning with the tasteful full-length of *H.R.H. the Prince of Wales* for the Middle Temple. The painter's handling is notably at its best, firm, crisp, large, and his outline is admirably energetic. One of the best portraits is a bust-length of the late Francis Holl, A., the painter's father, a three-quarter face, with penetration in the dark-blue eye, and well moulded brow beneath the grizzled dark hair. *The Soldier's Daughter* is the fancy title given to an artistic arrangement of a little girl in dark dress, seated in a red chair, holding her father's sword with its trappings across her knee.

Mr. Briton Riviére, A., sends the best picture he has painted for some time, a grand lion standing erect and immobile amid a crowd of sycophant jackals. There are lions and lions, but this is a kingly beast, and the painter has done him justice.

COAST OF NORTH WALES. H. MOORE. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

An interesting loan exhibition of ancient ecclesiastical embroidery was opened the end of March at the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needlework. Conspicuous among the objects was the cope of Florentine gold-tissue made for Henry VII., and probably used at the consecration of his chapel in Westminster Abbey. The decoration shows the intertwined red and white roses of the Tudor factions, the portcullis and SS. This vestment, in the chances of historic change, got into the English College of St. Omer, but was brought back in 1794 at the Revolution period, and now is in safe keeping of the Roman Catholic body at Stonyhurst, whence it is lent. To the end of the same century and beginning of the next belong a set of curious and extremely rich 'mantles' for the scrolls of the law, lent from London synagogues. Palls belonging to the City Companies, especially the famous hearse-cloth of the Vintners, embroidered with figures of saints and a centre of pomegranate pattern, were among the most valuable loans. These date from the fourteenth century upwards. The oldest work was to be found in portions of thirteenth-century embroidery in a chasuble made up of pieces of various dates, lent by the R. C. Bishop of Southwark ; also in a panel, part of an altar frontal in *opus Anglicanum* of silk and gold threads on coarse linen ; subject, the Sermon on the Mount and the Betrayal.

THE accustomed spring exhibitions have opened in the galleries of Messrs. A. Tooth and T. Maclean in the Haymarket, and at Messrs. Wallis's French Gallery in Pall Mall. Mr. Tooth secured as leading attraction the famous picture *In the Vatican*, by the brilliant Fortuny. Mr. Maclean has the large *Rustic Courtship*, by Bastien Lepage, from last year's *Salon*, a characteristic and powerful example of the artist's deliberate sacrifice of the beautiful to the repulsively homely and didactic. Through the same gallery also passes Gerôme's *Guardian of the Harem*. The most novel attraction at Pall Mall is the extraordinary piece of realism by Herr Leibl, of Munich; *In Church*, a picture of three plain Bavarian women of the poorer class, attired in the least favourable selection of local costume, seated or kneeling at their devotions all in a row. The painter extenuates nought of harsh outline, rough texture, or ungainly type, that his models afforded him, and has added no charm of colour or pathos of expression, although the heads possess a certain intensity. But in dry solid technique, and in strength of deliberate draughtsmanship, and elaboration of detail, the picture is simply marvellous. Four years' work is said to have been put into the canvas. An especially pleasing full-length *Portrait* of a young lady in walking-dress, with a hound at her side, shows to advantage the distinctive style, and pre-eminently artistic handling, of Herr F. A. Kaulbach, nephew of the celebrated Wilhelm. At the various exhibitions of Continental pictures, a mark is made by certain clever Italian contemporary artists, Signor Favretto, who seizes on the features of modern Venetian life, Signor Andreotti and Signor Tito Conti. The flesh-painting of the latter artist is beautiful.

PIGTAILS AND POWDER. F. DADD. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

AT the last election into the Royal Water Colour Society, Mr. Albert Moore and Miss Mary Foster were chosen. The body may be congratulated on securing the membership of Mr. Moore, who will bring into the Society an element in study of the figure conspicuous at present chiefly by its absence. Miss Foster is a painter of landscape of a quietly observant and refined kind, and of honest technical merit. She has been for some years an exhibitor at the Dudley Gallery.

THE Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool is likely to be of unusual importance this year. The enlargement of the Walker Gallery will afford much better space for the hanging of pictures; and separate rooms have been placed at the disposal of the leading societies of artists, while for artists unconnected with these societies three of the finest galleries are reserved.

THE collection of engravings formed by the late Mr. St. John Dent was sold in 1155 lots over six days' sale, under Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, and realised 9089*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The collection, without intended disrespect, has been designated as of rather old-fashioned character, being not especially happy in selection of examples, and a little heterogeneous. The prize of the lot was carried off by Mr. Thibeaudeau, for Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, namely, the rare Botticelli *Assumption of the Virgin*; 860*l.* was the exceptional figure given, the highest price hitherto obtained being 420*l.* for the print once in the Durazzo Collection at Stuttgart. The bids were often of a fancy sort. Thus 350*l.* was given for a *Judgment of Solomon* of F. von Borholt, before the plate was reworked, 210*l.* for his *Annunciation*, 141*l.* for an 'undescribed state' of the *Pyramus and Thisbe* of T. Wechtelin. Among the Italian prints a *Baptism of the Saviour*, with variations, by Girolamo Moretto, ran up to 325*l.* The *Music Party* of Campagnola went for 42*l.* In Rembrandts the collection was not strong; among them was an interesting series of portraits of Rembrandt from youth into maturity.

AMONG recent acquisitions to the National Gallery is a fine example of the early Siennese school; the Virgin giving her girdle to St. Thomas, or the Madonna della Cintola, by Matteo di Giovanni di Bartolo. The panel measures ten feet by five, the figures are close on life-size, and painted with the ornate richness of the school and period upon a flat gold ground, with graven nimbi, and elaborated drapery. The picture was obtained by Mr. Burton from the village Monasterio near Siena. An early Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, *The Procession to Calvary*, a square composition about six feet by six, with figures in dramatic action and deep colouring, is a gain to our collection. This panel is known as the Altinori picture, from the family of that name. A *Madonna and Child*, a portion of a fresco, by Lorenzetti, is also from Siena. Further, Mr. Burton has placed a small example of Marco Uggione, a *Madonna and Child*, and an interesting little picture, with striking landscape background, of St. John Baptist at a Fountain, by Martino Piazza.

THE collection of modern pictures belonging to Mr. Compton Potter was sold at Christie's in March last. Ten large works

by Mr. Briton Riviére, who appears to be one of the most popular English artists of to-day, fetched the aggregate amount 10,909*l.* 10*s.* *Daniel in the Lions' Den* sold for 2500 guineas.

THERE will be sold by Messrs. Christie, about the 5th of the current month, ten quarto volumes of catalogues of the exhibitions of bodies that preceded the Royal Academy, namely, The Incorporated Society of Artists, and the Free Society of Artists. The catalogues were put together by the late Mr. E. B. Jupp, and illustrated by original drawings, portraits, and

FUNERAL MARCH OF A HERO. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

autographs of the chief painters entered, including Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the brilliant group that surrounded them.

THE Wellington Statue question is finally settled. Wyatt's equestrian effigy goes to Aldershot, to be re-erected on an eminence overlooking the town, and close to the head-quarters of the general officer. Here the military surroundings and presence of the camp give the fittest possible destination for the familiar statue. The commission for the new statue at Hyde Park Corner is entrusted to Mr. Boehm, R.A., and the improvements of the site include, beside garden, fountains, standard lamps, and so on; also the completion of Decimus Burton's Triumphal Arch according to his drawings. Government will ask for a vote of 6000*l.* towards these purposes, and it is proposed to raise the remaining funds necessary by public subscription. The Duke of Bedford and Sir Thomas Brassey head the list each with a thousand pounds.

THE Persian Government having regard to the fugitive tints produced in the native textile manufactures by the use of aniline dyes has forbidden their import. The Persian carpets may, therefore, regain the ancient repute which to some considerable extent has been forfeited, and the lessened demand in the European market will rise in proportion.

MR. JOHN MARSHALL'S 'Anatomy for Artists' has come to a second edition. This book retains its position as the most exhaustive work on the structure of the human frame, considered in reference to the external appearances of the body, which it is the business of the sculptor and the painter to portray. The drawings by Mr. Cuthbert, which to the number of two hundred, illustrate the text, are invaluable, and indeed some graphic elucidation is indispensable, unless a student reads with the lay model or other example beside him, which cannot be expected. 'As a mere element of education,' argues Mr. Marshall, in his admirable introduction, 'an adequate acquaintance with anatomical science, both human and comparative, will contribute to the training of the artist's mind and keep it abreast of modern progress.' Further, it is a truth, that painters and sculptors cannot too steadily grasp, that although a little cheap scientific knowledge may serve to blind the public to inaccuracies and omissions, yet no artist can pretend to perceive the excellence or test the shortcomings of the antique or of the great masters, or can himself hope to pass from copyism of the individual to creation of the ideal form, who has not an intelligent and fairly thorough knowledge of internal structure, and the principle and mode by which it modifies the external conditions of the body in action and repose. It may safely be stated that the artist, who has mastered the technical language of the subject, could not have a more reliable guide through the grammar of anatomy than Professor Marshall.

to keep throughout the day, and, indeed, day after day, to the place which he has chosen. It is his favourite 'swim;' he knows every inch of it, and fears that if he goes further, he may fare worse.* And, indeed, it would not be easy for him to find, so numerous are his companions in the art, another rest of advantage. The bank-fisher's patience is unlimited, and he has, besides, a certain skill of his own. Trout-fishing is a finer, and in our clear English streams an incomparably more difficult art, but the roach-fisher has a certain quickness of eye and delicacy of touch which the beginner will find himself very far from possessing. Returned to town, the bank-fisher will often go to the weekly *rendezvous* of his fishing-club. There he and his friends compare their captures, prizes being sometimes allotted to the heaviest. If I were to be asked what amount of success these diligent anglers commonly have, I should not find it easy to answer. In years, now I am sorry to say, long passed, I have seen them with baskets of fish which the present fisher would envy. Things do not go so well with them now. The incessant passage of boats up and down the river sadly disturbs their sport, and has begun to drive them to places, the Arun for instance, less likely to be invaded by the frivolity of rowing.

GORING MILL.

Some of my own pleasantest recollections of Thames angling are connected with Basildon. It is a little village on the Berkshire shore, which seems to have wisely retreated to the slope of the hill, leaving its church, quite solitary save for the parsonage, in the river-side meadows. I found it the other day, after the interval of more than the third of a century, during which I have never seen it except from the railway, quite unchanged. The river, which was once almost a solitude, has become, for nearly half the year, a thronged highway, but this change has reached very little beyond the actual banks. One new house has been built in Basildon. The village innkeeper has, I see, added to his occupations the business of keeping the 'general shop.' The cottages, brilliant six-and-thirty years with their stucco and paint (for this is a model village, thanks to the deep purse of the millionaire, Mr. Morrison of Basildon Park), have had their hues mellowed by time. The poplar by the White House, which was so close that I could almost have touched the squirrels, as they ran up, from my bedroom

BASILDON FERRY.

* This habit of some anglers of remaining immovably fixed in one place is often doubtless judicious, but it may be carried to a ludicrous extent. I remember, many years ago, going with a noted Thames angler to fish in a certain piece of water. It was, I think, in Lord Carrington's park at High Wycombe. My friend trolled for jack, the only kind of fishing which he favoured. The process of trolling consists in throwing out a dead bait, heavily weighted with lead, with as much length of line as the angler can command, and drawing it in again by degrees. My friend stood doing this with untiring pertinacity from about 11 a.m. till late in the evening, and never changed his place by so much as a yard. About 6 p.m., if I remember right, his patience was rewarded by the capture of a small jack, which, wearied out, one would think, by his pertinacity, took the bait.

window, has grown prodigiously, and, after the manner of this short-lived tree, is now almost in its decay. But the village is curiously unchanged.

Here, if I may be allowed to gossip for a while about the Thames as it was many years ago, I spent the summer of 1848—my first Long Vacation. The undergraduate of that day, happier—perhaps I ought to say, less happy—than his successor, had not the fear of Moderations before his eyes, and 'Greats' seemed almost indefinitely remote. That first vacation was spent chiefly on the river, the pleasantest of times, though I now recollect it with something like remorse. My acquaintance with the Thames was even then of some standing, and I had made myself a proficient in the mystery of managing a punt. The art of making a punt move forward—not in a circle, as it seems naturally disposed to do—is not mastered at the first, or even the second essay. And when this has been acquired, there remains, if you wish to use it for the purpose of the fisherman, the art of 'fixing' it. The 'rye-pegs' (I am very doubtful about the spelling of the word), the heavy iron-shod poles by which the punt is moored, require some measure both of strength and skill for their management. To fix them firmly when the river bed is of stony gravel, when the water is deep, and the stream runs strong, and, most grievous trial of all, the wind helps the current to tear you away from the coveted spot; this is no easy matter. I must own that there were places where I never could succeed, just as there were boisterous days when only the strength and 'skill' of the professional fisherman could contend with adverse stream and wind. But it was a great thing to be able to do without this same professional. He was expensive, not that his seven or eight shillings a-day were not well earned; and he was apt to be somewhat of a bore. I have kindly recollections of many of them—of the Cresswells of Marlow; of Rush of Streatley; of Stone of Henley, too much given, I am afraid, to beer, but with as keen an eye for all that concerned his art as any man on the Thames; and William Parrott, still flourishing, I believe, at Henley, a most respectable man, a real conversationalist, as I have found during many a pleasant summer, aye, and winter day, and one who knows every inch of the river, and I might almost say, every noteworthy fish that swims in it. And it was always a luxury, and not an unprofitable luxury, to put oneself for a day in the charge of one of these skilful fellows. Still, on the whole, the idea of sport was much more realised when one shifted for oneself. There was something of the same difference that there must be between standing to shoot game driven over one's head or before one's feet, and going out to seek it for oneself. Of course a good deal of time is lost in vain attempts and unprofitable experiments. The river at Basildon was at first wholly unknown to me, and though general experience was useful, it did not stand instead of the local knowledge which fixes by certain landmarks or water-marks, a rush bed, a pollard willow, a river-side bush or the like, the favourite haunt of pike or perch, the hole where the chub congregate, and the 'swim' for roach or gudgeon. Gudgeon-fishing (I speak in the present tense, though I do not know how far things are changed) was the chief resource of the Thames angler during the summer months, and the gudgeon are curiously capricious in their choice of place of abode. As a rule they love a bottom of sand or fine gravel; and the practised ear can often tell by the sound of the iron of the pole as it strikes the ground whether the fish is likely to be found in the neighbourhood. But the eye is the best guide. To drift slowly down and watch the bottom closely for the fish that may be feeding upon it is an excellent plan, if only the water be clear enough. And, indeed, unless it is clear, gudgeon-fishing will yield but little sport.

Basildon, I remember, was not then so good a place for this kind of angling, a very humble kind indeed, but one that has sometimes pleased the good and wise, as other parts of the river that I have known. And the summer of 1848, rainy even up to the mark of the seasons that have lately mocked us with the name, was not a favourable time. It was said, too, that the building of the railway bridge, by altering the flow of the river, had spoilt the best gudgeon swim in the neighbourhood. The *habitats* of the roach—and the roach is, next to the gudgeon, the commonest of Thames fishes—are more easily found. During the summer months, at least, they lie in the weeds; the nearer the angler can approach to them, so that the place be clear enough for his line to travel unimpeded, the better he will fare, and his chances of success will be increased in proportion as his 'swim' is deep and rapid. To give the day to the gudgeon, and the evening, from the time when the sun was low in the sky till the float could no longer be seen, to the roach, was the approved plan. When the day was bright the last half-hour of twilight (for which it was well to reserve the most productive spot) would often yield more than all the time before. The rainy days and thickened water of this particular summer were as favourable to the capture of roach as they were ill suited to the taking of gudgeon. I have preserved no 'game book,' and cannot produce any precise numbers, but I have a recollection of successful days. One of the reaches below Basildon, where the river is divided by a long eyot, leaving a very narrow channel for the navigation, and a broad space diversified by rush beds on the other side, was very productive. Here, too, an occasional chub sometimes diversified the sport, not unfrequently breaking the tackle in the great plunge which this fish commonly

makes when he first feels the hook. I remember to this day one monster which sailed away with my float, and how I followed him, catching sight from time to time of this token of his course, but followed him in vain.

With the better kinds of fish, jack and perch (for of trout I scarcely so much as heard), I had but little success, less than at any time before or since during all my acquaintance with the river. I cannot but think that there was at that time no little amount of unfair dealing with the fish, especially in flood-time, when they are easily netted on the meadows, and in the spring, when the jack go into the ditches to spawn. Indeed, I will confess, let me hope that notwithstanding the maxim, *nullum tempus occurrit regi*, a fault of so long ago will not be visited upon me, that I did a little poaching myself. I did it with trimmers, not the implement commonly called by that name, a kind of unattached float, with a live bait underneath, but with something nearly resembling a night-line. It was a little fork of wood, with some seven or eight yards of line attached, commonly baited with a gudgeon, and tied, just under water, to an overhanging bough. The method was not very destructive. One sweep of a net would kill more than I managed to secure during a whole summer, but it was amusing, and had just a spice of danger in it to give it excitement. The plan was to put down the trimmers overnight, and to take them up as early as could be managed next morning. The almost absolute solitude of the river in those days favoured the method. It will almost seem incredible when I say that for the three months during which I spent the greater part and sometimes the whole of nearly every day upon the water, I never saw but one fishing party, and that it was the rarest occurrence to encounter a pleasure-party of any kind. Still there was a certain fascinating risk about the business. One recollection still remains vividly by me, viz., that there is a curious resemblance in the stillness of the evening between the sound of a beast grazing and of a horse's footstep. I have been startled more than once by a cow in this way. My chief prizes, thus illicitly secured, were a chub of about four pounds weight and a jack of about six. Chub, indeed, which will take a small fish more frequently than is commonly thought, were my best captures. The baits were often taken by eels, but the eels themselves but seldom secured. It was not easy to visit the trimmers early enough for these creatures. Left to themselves for any time, they twist the line so indefatigably that the fisherman finds nothing but a knot more than Gordian in its complexity.

The summer season of 1848 ended with one of the earliest floods ever known upon the Thames. One evening, somewhere in the later half of September, I found that the river had risen nearly half a foot in the course of two or three hours; and the journey home, with the current running fast and strong against me, was a laborious task. Two or three days of almost incessant rain followed; and then came a flood, as deep and as yellow as the winter commonly brings. The destruction of fish that ensued was pitiable. The broad ditches in which the fish took shelter from the force of the torrent were swept with nets, and yielded endless spoil. When the flood had abated, I started with my brothers to take the punt back to the place where it had been hired. We made it a three days' expedition, and found it most delightful, though not, if I remember right, very profitable in the way of sport. Indeed, there is never a time when a more distinct local knowledge is more necessary for the angler than when the river is bank full. The general features by which he is wont to judge are almost obliterated, and he has to work pretty nearly at random. The bank-fishers, indeed, have the best of it at such times. Indeed, I remember on that occasion an angler on the Oxfordshire shore near Pangbourne who had secured such a basket of perch as I never saw before or have seen since.

BASILDON.

I trust that I have not wearied my readers with this gossip about times long past. The river is now, I believe, carefully preserved, and trimmering would be unpardonable even if it were possible, which, with a traffic so incessant, it can hardly be. No one, I hope, will judge me harshly if, *consule Planco*, I was in this matter less law-abiding than they doubtless have always been.

ALFRED J. CHURCH.

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AT CAMBRIDGE.

DURING the last few years loan exhibitions of pictures, of one kind and another, have followed each other in rapid succession, so that the public is liable to become exhausted by such repeated calls upon its power of intelligent enjoyment. The example, however, set by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, in 1866 and the following years, of bringing together a collection of pictures, not necessarily remarkable as works of art, but simply because they present us, more or less completely, with the likenesses of great men long gone by, has not often been followed. Scotland is shortly going to show us a set of portraits of her native celebrities; in the meantime the small, but remarkably interesting collection of portraits now on view in one of the rooms of the Fitzwilliam Museum calls for immediate notice. The pictures belong to the different colleges, and are wont to hang in various halls, masters' lodges, combination rooms, chapels and lecture rooms, where they are little likely to be noticed by the ordinary visitor. The idea of the exhibition was, we believe, suggested by Mr. J. W. Clark, President of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, under the auspices of which it is held. Its ultimate object is the formation of an authoritative catalogue of all the pictures in the University, duly named and arranged in chronological order. The formation of such a catalogue is of course impossible until the pictures have been collected together into some one place, where all the portraits of any single individual may be hung side by side and compared together. Owing to the large number of pictures of the kind, not one of which will be omitted on the score of artistic poverty, and few for any other reason whatsoever, it is impossible to bring them all together at the same time. The present exhibition, therefore, includes only portraits of persons who died, or whose likenesses were painted, before the year 1603. This arrangement includes, of course, several late copies of earlier pictures, the absolute date of the painting of any particular work being a matter for after investigation.

The first remark of a general kind that a visitor is likely to make is, that a large proportion of the pictures are copies. This, indeed, is only natural, and for two reasons. In early days, and, in fact, down to the introduction of photography, a wealthy man often ordered from a painter half-a-dozen portraits of himself at one time. These were, of course, only copies of some common original, and were usually executed by a master's pupils or journeyman with little or no supervision from the master himself. They were done at a cheap rate and were intended to be used as presents. A college was, of course, just the kind of institution to which any nobleman officially connected with it, or a benefactor who had given money or lands towards its foundation, would be likely to present or leave a portrait of himself. Of such a kind are the pictures of royal personages, chancellors, and other famous men.

A consideration of the development of the Colleges as institutions offers a ready explanation of the existence of copies of another kind. Originally the master of a College merely occupied the largest set of rooms in the College, and lived, unmarried, like the rest of the Fellows, dining in the College hall in the ordinary way. About the time of Henry VIII. however, a great change passed over English society. Hospitality became a more serious matter than before, and was extended on a larger scale. The Colleges were not slow to adapt themselves to the new circumstances, and for this purpose many of them built those picturesque long galleries which once formed so distinctive a feature in the arrangement of the Master's Lodge. Of these the most important were at Corpus Christi College (built by Archbishop Parker), Trinity College, Trinity Hall, St. John's College, and Queens' College, all of which were erected before the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Two only still remain: that of St. John's College (now the Combination Room) and that at Queens' College, which has been but little altered since it was originally built. For these galleries decorations of one kind and another were required, and foremost among them were of course a set of portraits of College founders, benefactors, and notabilities. Of such sets of portraits we find many traces, though no set remains complete. At Peterhouse there are eighteen out of the original thirty, which, however, were not painted for a gallery, but for the Combination Room. At Trinity there are likewise some six or eight of a larger series. At Queens', St. John's, Corpus, Emmanuel, Trinity Hall, and other Colleges, there are also similar groups of portraits. Pictures of this kind are, of course, always copies. They were made at one time to order; they were usually painted on the spot, and the originals were pictures existing in different Colleges, themselves perhaps copies, if not copies of copies, of the more famous originals which have to be sought for in palaces or country-houses. The set of pictures which comes from the staircase of Trinity Lodge is the best of this kind. They were painted by an artist of no little merit, formed in the school of Holbein, and they were copied, for the most part, from good originals. They include portraits of Cardinals Wolsey and Pole, Sir Thomas More, and other famous people of the period. The Wolsey is of the same type as that at Corpus, both being copied from the well-known panel at Christ

some poor original. One of the others comes from Queens' College, and is a good copy of the fourth, which belongs to St. John's. This picture is the only genuine Holbein in Cambridge, and was once a very fine specimen of the work of the greatest German portrait-painter. Unfortunately it has been much repainted (though the face is, for the most part, intact), and has apparently at some time been hung in a place exposed to the full sunlight, which has blistered it a good deal. It is a half-length picture, full-face, of a man who has visibly outlived his day and has passed through many a weary hour of care. The eyes are fixed full upon the spectator very gravely. They have a look as though they were only held open with pain. Trouble has modelled the cheeks and furrowed the brows. Even the hands are expressive of the same settled state of mind. The artist has placed his signature 'H. H.' upon one of the rings.

Very many more pictures are deserving of mention—the large full-lengths, for instance, of the Earl of Huntingdon (Queens'), Sir Walter Mildmay (Emmanuel), Sir Anthony Mildmay (Emmanuel), and Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex (Sidney), certain half-lengths of the Holbein School from the Combination Room at Caius, and so forth. Sufficient has, however, been said to show how interesting a collection has been brought together, the first, let us hope, of an annual series. Perhaps some day Oxford may be induced to follow the example of her enterprising rival.

A STUDY.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

WE are not able to tell the reader anything whatever about this study, the merits of which he will appreciate for himself. It may be purely ideal, a creation of Rossetti's imagination. The face seems to us very beautiful, but we will not attempt to defend the neck, which is of the well-known form that Rossetti, for some mysterious reason, appears to have connected with the notion of a poetic gravity in art. The reader will observe how much the hand, both by its form and employment, carries out the thoughtful and rather dreamy expression of the face. Substitute for it one of the commonplace hands of vulgar portrait-painting and the whole would be de-spiritualised at once.

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SOME ITALIAN PICTURES.

IV.

THE most expensive picture—and, as some would have it, the dearest—ever bought by the National Gallery, with the single exception of the great Pisani Veronese, is the *Madonna* which for so long cast a lustre over Lord Suffolk's small collection at Charlton Park. An equal price was, indeed, given for the Aldobrandini Raphael, but considering the unblemished fame of that little panel and the price any Raphael of its class would now fetch, the 9000*l.* for which it was acquired seems a mere *bagatelle*. And if there were no doubts as to the origin of our *Madonna among Rocks*, it too would take rank as a cheap purchase, but, unluckily, it has a formidable rival in the slightly different picture in the long gallery of the Louvre, the *Vierge aux Rochers*, and the whole question of Da Vinci's work in colour so bristles with difficulties that it is hardly likely that the contest between the two will ever be finally settled. The London picture was in the church of San Francesco at Milan, about sixty years after Leonardo's death, for there it was seen by Lomazzo, whose 'Trattato dell' Arte della Pittura' was published in 1584.* He describes it as a picture by Leonardo, 'In which St. John the Baptist is painted on his knees before the infant Saviour, with his hands folded . . . . while the blessed Virgin looks at him. . . . The Virgin also kneels, and supports St. John with her right hand while she holds out her left, which is foreshortened. With his left hand an angel supports the holy child, who sits up and looks steadfastly at St. John while blessing him.' Gio. Paolo Lomazzo considered himself a pupil, or rather a disciple, of Leonardo, and his book, which was commenced in all probability within a generation of the great painter's death, is by far the most trustworthy guide to which we can turn for information on the matters of which it treats. It must be remembered, too, though the fact is so often forgotten by scientific historians, that three hundred years ago, when education was the glory of a few, tradition was far more closely knit and far more worthy to be taken as evidence than it is in these days, when it

* An English translation was published at Oxford in 1598.

has to struggle for room in people's brains against knowledge of many kinds poured in through countless channels. On the whole, therefore, it is unlikely that Lomazzo would be deceived into taking a copy by a pupil for an original picture by the master whom he so revered. There are passages in a minor work of his, the 'Idea del tempio della Pittura,' which show that he had studied Leonardo's style with closeness and intelligence; and he also gives ample proof of his intimate acquaintance with the doings of those Lombard painters who may be ranked among Da Vinci's pupils. Very great weight should, then, be attached to his statement that the *Madonna* in the Capella

MADONNA AMONG THE ROCKS. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

della Concezione in the church of San Francesco was 'done by Leonardo da Vinci.'

As to the picture in the Louvre, many writers have asserted glibly that it was commissioned by Francis I. and painted for him by Leonardo, but there is no direct evidence to justify that statement, which only appears in the form of a tradition in comparatively recent years. All we know for certain is that it was in the French King's collection, and that Francis was a patron of Leonardo.

In his treatise on the National Gallery in the 'Archivio Storico Italiano,' Dr. Frizzoni says that the still existing original pictures by Leonardo could be told off on the fingers of one hand—an assertion which is corroborated by Dr. Richter, who adds that so far as he can judge Leonardo painted less than any other great master, and Dr. Richter has certainly given more time to the study of Da Vinci than any other living connoisseur. Now, in the five or six pictures—for I must, I think, bring in the first finger of the second hand—which appear to be undoubted, all but two, the *Last Supper* and the *Mona Lisa*, are unfinished; and these were only brought to completion by dint of extraordinary labour on the part both of the artist and of his patrons. Over the *Mona Lisa*, which is a small canvas, he was employed four whole years. The history of Leonardo is, in fact, a history of things begun in almost every direction in which the human intellect can find an outlet, but of things finished only when the strongest external pressure was brought to bear. And yet when we turn to the Louvre *Madonna* we find a large panel on which an elaborate composition of four figures in a complex landscape has been painted with a patience that has never flagged, with a skill that is evenly distributed over every detail, *and painted by a single hand.* The handling is the same all over; the heads, the draperies, the landscape, the botanical details, are all patiently realised in the same firm but rather dry and mechanical touch. Can this be said of any other work by Da Vinci? Is it in the least characteristic of what we know of his mind and processes? Leaving the *Vierge aux Rochers* out of account, there are in the Louvre three pictures painted wholly or in part by Leonardo. Two of these, the *St. Anne* and the *John the Baptist*, are finished carefully in the main details—the heads, the hands, and part of the figures—while the rest of their surfaces are in a state of *ébauche;* the third, the *Mona Lisa*, was only brought into its final state, as I have said above, by hard application, renewed again and again over a space of four years. The fact is, that Leonardo was what in these days we should call an amateur. He never arrived at that state of combined knowledge and manual skill which enables a thoroughly trained artist to push straight on to the realisation of his thought as soon as the latter has taken final shape in his brain. And the pictures he conceived in his mind were not only in advance of what his own hand could express, they were often too complex for expression in paint at all. In the *Mona Lisa* this endeavour to reach a depth of significance of which neither the painter's means nor the human countenance is capable is to be clearly divined. A portrait by Moretto in the National Gallery bears the Greek motto, τοῦ λίαν ποθῶ; I have often thought that these three words should be inscribed on the frame of 'La Belle Joconde,' as the French, with a characteristic 'derangement of epitaphs,' call her.

This striving for an extreme beyond his reach combined with the desultory nature of Da Vinci's genius to bring almost every important work he undertook to a premature end, while it lengthened out the time occupied in perfecting those things which he did finish. The latter were on hand year after year

with the natural consequence that records of his work upon them have come down to us in almost every instance. But we hear nothing of this *Vierge aux Rochers* from any of the old writers; many studies for it are dispersed over Europe, in public and private collections; the example in the Louvre was in the collection of Francis I. within twenty-seven years of the painter's death; that in the National Gallery is, as we have said, known to have been in a Milanese church, and there to have been accepted as a Leonardo by those most competent to judge, within sixty years of the same date, and that is all we know about them. So far it would seem that the best evidence is in favour of the London picture. And when we remember that Lomazzo was a painter of the Lombard school, that he actually saw and studied the pictures of which he speaks, that the works of Leonardo and his imitators, which to us, after three hundred years, present such an intricate puzzle, were as familiar to him, and as easy to differentiate, as the pictures of modern artists are to a modern critic, his opinion as to the originality of one of Da Vinci's too rare productions should not be lightly set aside.

But, our readers will say, you were arguing just now against the likelihood of Leonardo having finished such a picture as this *Virgin among Rocks* at all! This brings us to what appears to us to be strong internal evidence in favour of the English panel. The French example bears every mark, as we have seen above, of being throughout the work of a single man, and of a man who had his work cut out for him and could go straight on without turning to the right or the left. The picture in the National Gallery, on the other hand, shows very great inequalities. Some of its parts, the head and drapery of the Virgin, the nude figures of the two children, and, above all, the head of the angel, are as exquisite as anything in the whole range of art. The calm, maternal dignity of Mary, the combination of humility and solicitude in the features of the angel, and the simple, half-conscious *naïveté* of the two children are immeasurably finer than the same things in the Louvre *Vierge*. In technique, too, these details are better in our panel. The modelling is more complete; in fact, we question whether plastic forms have ever been so thoroughly rendered in paint as they are in this angel's head, or in the right hand of the little St. John, in which the contours and little pulpy dimples are realised with a delicacy of hand and a depth of knowledge far greater than is to be found on any part of the Louvre picture; in our panel the shadows have blackened, as they always do with Leonardo; but they have none of the heavy opacity which obscures so much of its rival. But when we leave these vital parts of the work, and examine the curious setting in which the figures are placed, we have a different story to tell. The flowery foreground is realised with equal care in both pictures; but on the whole the French example shows a lighter hand, and its superiority in this particular is still more marked in the painting of the rocky dome and of the peeps of hilly landscape which may be caught through its openings. In our panel these parts are carried out with greater breadth, with more haste and with less respect for the pregnancy, the teeming significance, of Leonardo's detail.

The conclusion to which all this points is—(1), that Leonardo began the *Virgin among Rocks*, but never finished it; that he painted the figures and perhaps part of the foreground, but left the rest roughly blocked out, or perhaps even carefully drawn,

VIERGE AUX ROCHERS. IN THE LOUVRE.

on the panel; (2), that the *Vierge aux Rochers* was painted from the unfinished *Virgin* in his studio, and sent to Francis I., or perhaps bought by that king when he was at Milan; and (3), that after Da Vinci's death the original panel was completed, either from indications it bore on its own surface or from drawings, and sold to the Church of San Francesco. To all who have any knowledge of the workings of an artist's mind such an explanation will seem very probable in itself. A painter who lacks industry, or time, or power, to complete his own creation would be very unwilling to let any one else do it for him; and from what we know of Leonardo he would be one of the last men to admit a collaborator in such a work. What more likely, then, if some powerful patron took a fancy to this *Madonna*, than for its indolent or preoccupied author to set a pupil to repeat it and to finish his replica from the drawings prepared by the master for his own guidance? With

the ideas as to originality that prevailed in Italy at that time such a way out of a difficulty would seem the most natural thing in the world.

The hypothesis I have here ventured to put forward receives some slight collateral support from a curious variation in the design of the two pictures, while it at the same time explains in the most satisfactory manner a change which has been a puzzle to all who have studied them from an aesthetic point of view. If our readers will compare the outlines given in our figs. 1 and 2, they will see that in No. 2 the angel's right hand is introduced, and that its

FIGURE FROM THE VISION OF A KNIGHT. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. BY RAPHAEL.

FIGURE FROM THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN. IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. BY LO SPAGNA (?).

gesture is so contrived as at once to give point to the turn of the angel's head and to make the latter a link between the scene portrayed and the spectator. This hand, which occurs in the same attitude in the studies for the work at Windsor and Turin, is entirely omitted in our picture. Now it is hard to believe that in a copy made with the minute and elaborate fidelity which has been lavished on this panel, supposing it to be a copy at all, a gratuitous change was made in Leonardo's design, and made in the most perfunctory way, while that it was made by a pupil under the directions of Da Vinci himself is hardly less unlikely. A painter who begins to revise a composition that had once pleased him, does not content himself with lopping off a limb. But if we are to accept the *Madonna among Rocks* as a picture begun by Leonardo and finished by some surviving scholar or independent artist, we find the seeming anomaly explained in the easiest way possible. We have called Leonardo an amateur, and the amateur's difficulty as to hands and feet was with him always. We may guess that it was over her two marvellous hands that the four years given to 'La Joconde' were mainly spent. In the famous cartoon in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House most of the hands and all the feet are left in a sketchy state; one of the former, the left hand of St. Anne, repeating curiously enough the gesture of the angel in the *Vierge aux Rochers*. Now if we suppose that Leonardo never finished the outstretched hand of his angel at all, but left the space it was to occupy blank, or merely occupied by an outline, it would be the easiest way out of a difficulty for the painter charged with the completion of the work simply to extend the Virgin's drapery over the outlined hand, and say nothing about it. The most skilful painter may well have shrunk from competing with such hands as those of the two children must have been before the retouches which now disfigure them were placed upon them.

In this argument I have said little as to those details of handling which are, in a general way, so important in judging of the originality of works attributed to great painters, because Leonardo is, of all artists of the first rank or of anything approaching it, the least expressive in his *facture*, using that

word in its narrowest sense. He never reached that facility of hand without which a painter cannot thoroughly betray his individuality in the mechanism of his work; his results were won with great labour and much repetition; the rotundity of modelling, which he so loved, was obtained by repeated glazings in the shadows and heightenings of the lights; and the pleasure we receive from his pictures is dependent very much upon the more or less accidental condition of the pigments when those renewed attacks were made, and their consequent clearness or opacity at the present moment. In this respect the *Mona Lisa*

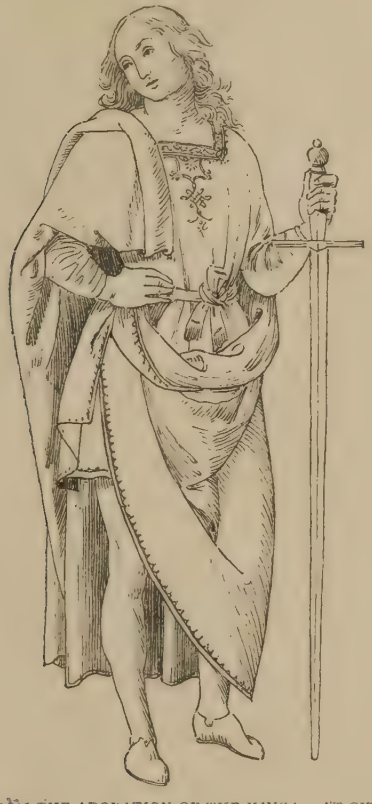


FIGURE FROM THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. AT CITTA DELLA PIEVE. BY PERUGINO.

FIGURE FROM THE CRUCIFIXION. AT FLORENCE. BY PERUGINO.

has failed very much, while some parts of the *St. Anne*, like our *Madonna among Rocks*, are still transparent, though very dark. Those who believe our panel to be a copy have, in the first place, to explain away the assertion of an artist who was at once a great admirer of Da Vinci's genius and a competent observer, and who lived, moreover, at a time when there could be no difficulty in ascertaining the real authorship of the work; secondly, they have to explain the contrast between the marvellous care and skill expended on some parts of the picture—such as the four heads, the drapery of the Virgin, and the naked bodies of the two children—and the comparatively broad and empty painting of the background, especially of the vistas seen through the openings in the rocks; thirdly, they have to account for such a change in the well-matured design as, I venture to say, can be paralleled in no copy made with the reverent fidelity that we find in this copy, supposing it to be one; fourthly, they have to explain the existence of a large and important Holy Family, finished elaborately in every detail by an artist who finished nothing but under compulsion, and only then with an extraordinary expenditure of time and trouble,—of a Holy Family which, in spite of its importance, has escaped mention by all of those writers through whom we get some hint at least of everything else Leonardo brought to completion.

The next point on which I have something to say is part of a question too wide for exhaustive treatment in these papers or by the present writer, I mean the question as to where Raphael passed the years that intervened between his father's death and his own arrival at manhood. The first doubt cast on the narrative given by Vasari was excited by the discovery that the affecting farewell between the boy and his mother described by the Aretine could never have taken place, because she died when Raphael was only eight years old; an age too tender for a youth to leave his father's home to become a painter, even in the Italy of three centuries ago. Doubts once started, it was easy to find evidence in confirmation of them. It was discovered that, during the years which Raphael was said to have passed as an inmate of Pietro Vannucci's house at Perugia, the master was very little in that city; that his time was mainly passed

at Florence, Venice, and other distant places, and that it was not until the end of the fifteenth century that his residence in Perugia became so continuous that any scholar could benefit from his precept and example. Under the light of the scepticism thus excited the early works of Sanzio were carefully examined, and signs were found which some of the most distinguished connoisseurs in Europe, with Signor Morelli at their head, recognised as pointing to the influence of Timoteo Viti, an artist in whom the styles of Costa and Francia were combined with a certain amount of the Umbrian spirit. Dates were found to agree: Timoteo left Bologna for Urbino about the time when Raphael would be requiring a master; and as a further proof of the similarity between Timoteo's style and that of the young Urbinate several drawings, which had long been ascribed to the latter, were recognised as the work of Viti. On the whole matter, criticism is at present divided into two camps. The one party is led by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who accept the narrative of Vasari as true, with the exception of his unlucky slip as to Magia's tears, and pass by the whole Timotean hypothesis in silent contempt; the other by Signor Giovanni Morelli, who contends that Raphael was educated in the rudiments of his art by Timoteo, that he never had anything to do with Perugino till he was seventeen, or eighteen years of age, and that when he entered the studio of the latter, he entered it as an assistant and not as a pupil.

The truth lies, in all probability, somewhere between these two extremes. Certain it is that in the early works of Raphael an influence may be traced which is not that of Perugino, which is not even Umbrian; and in some cases forms and motives may be pointed out which are in direct descent from Francia; of these the most likely medium of transmission was Timoteo, who arrived in Urbino the year after Giovanni Santi's death, just when Raphael was in want of a guide. But it must not be forgotten that at least six months did intervene between the death of Santi and the reappearance of Timoteo in his native town, and that in some of the early performances which are claimed by Signor Morelli and his followers as strong evidence of that painter's influence, there are passages which utterly negative the idea that Raphael was still a stranger to Vannucci's studio when he painted the works in which they occur. A striking example of this is to be found in the exquisite little *Vision of a Knight*, in the National Gallery, by far the finest of Raphael's boyish creations. This picture Signor Morelli believes to have been painted when Raphael was no more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and before he had come within reach of Perugino's influence, and he begs 'his young friends'—as he playfully calls the grey-haired connoisseurs of Europe—to compare it attentively with productions of Timoteo's, such as the *Enthroned Madonna* in the Brera at Milan, and a small picture of *St. Margaret* in his own possession, of which he gives an outline. The similarities between this latter figure and the female on our left in the *Vision of a Knight* are, no doubt, considerable; in the arrangement of the folds of the right sleeve they approach identity, and, on the whole, Raphael's woman with a sword, whom we take to be meant for 'Duty,' belongs clearly to the same school as Timoteo's saint; *but the woman with the myrtle is still more obviously a child of Perugino.* So thoroughly Peruginesque is this figure in every thing but quality of colour and handling, that could all the drawings of Vannucci be passed in review I have little doubt but that its original would be found among them. Every detail of the figure—pose, drapery, management of tint—occurs again and again in his pictures and those of his pupils. One instance of its repetition occurs in a panel hanging in the next room to the *Vision.* This is the predella from the Fuller-Maitland Collection, which, after long passing for the work of Raphael himself, is now assigned by most connoisseurs to Perugino's satellite Lo Spagna. Those who have no opportunity for seeing the two pictures together may satisfy themselves from our outlines how great the similarity between these figures really is. But the same pose and the same peculiar arrangement are to be found in the great majority of those works of Perugino painted before 1500 in which there are many figures. We give two examples taken respectively from the *Crucifixion* in the Convent of S. Maddalena di Pazzi at Florence, and from the *Adoration of the Kings* at Citta della Pieve. If the comparatively slight similarities between Raphael's *Duty* and Timoteo's *St. Margaret* are to be considered decisive of the latter painter's influence, what are we to say to the far greater resemblance between *Pleasure* and so many of Perugino's figures? May I suggest that Raphael oscillated between Urbino and Perugia far more than any writer has yet ventured to suppose? that during Vannucci's frequent and long absences at Florence, Venice, and elsewhere, he may have returned to his native town, and put himself *pro tem.* under the guidance of Timoteo? The combination of elements taken from two different sources which meets one in other works from his early years besides this *Vision of a Knight* would thus be accounted for, and many things which now puzzle us in the history of the great painter's youth would be made clear.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

GOTHIC REMAINS AT RAVENNA.

II.

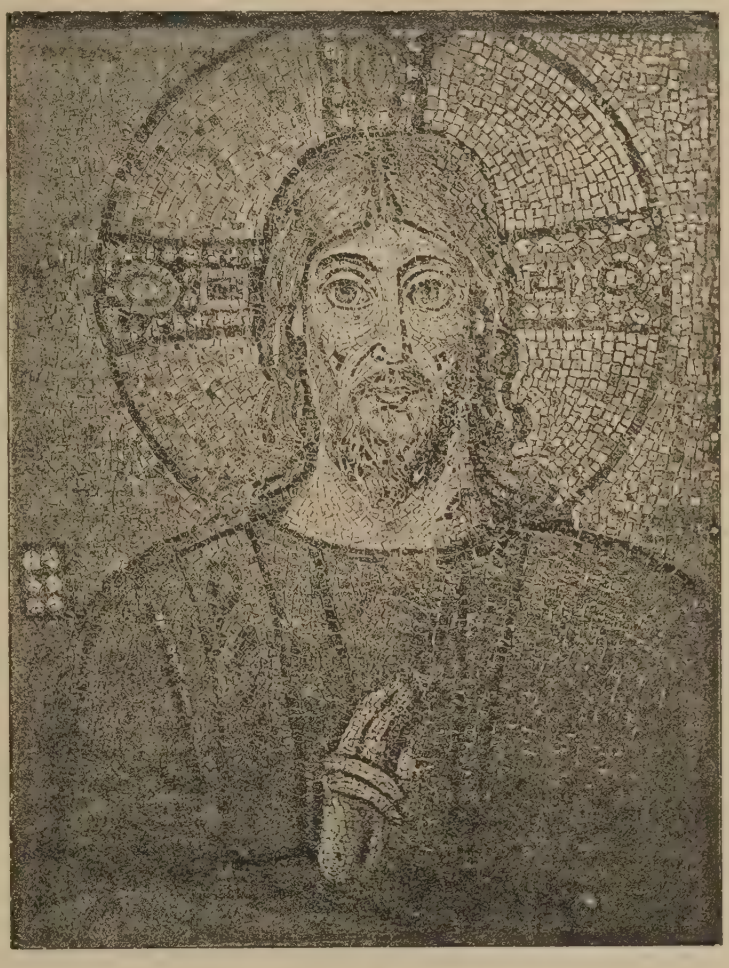
BELOW the white-robed figures, immediately above the arches of the nave, we find the third course of mosaics, the grand processional frieze of saints and virgins, which forms the chief ornament of Theodoric's basilica, and was added, or at least completed, at the re-consecration of the Arian church by Agnellus in the middle of the sixth century.

PROCESSION OF VIRGINS BEARING CROWNS. MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF S. APOLLINARE NUOVA AT RAVENNA.

In point of general effect there is perhaps no other mosaic in Ravenna which strikes the imagination so forcibly, and presents so entirely successful a scheme of decoration. It is as if the cry had been heard in the streets, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him;' and at the sound of the sudden call, virgin martyrs and sainted confessors had risen with one accord to meet their king. From the gates of Classis on the one hand, from the doors of Theodoric's palace on the other, the long procession goes forth on its way. On the right are the confessors, twenty-six in number, on the left the virgin-band, of whom only twenty-two remain, four having been effaced. At their feet the flowers of Paradise spring up, large white lilies and feathery grasses. Tall palm-trees laden with ripe clusters of scarlet fruit grow between them, emblems of the victory which has crowned their strife, and the sure reward that awaits them far in the spiritual city. Their names are written on the gold background above their heads, and in their hands are crowns of gold which they bear to lay at their Master's feet. Originally St. Stephen, 'first of martyrs evermore,' led the sainted host into the presence of Christ, who sits enthroned between the four archangels at the eastern end. Now his form has vanished it is St. Martin who leads the procession, distinguished from the rest as the patron of the church by the violet mantle he wears over his white apparel. On the opposite side, St. Euphemia leads the virgin-band, closely followed by the four great virgins of the Western Church, Agatha, Agnes, Cecilia, and Lucy. One alone, St. Agnes, has her special attribute in the white lamb at her feet, perhaps an allusion to Agnellus, the Archbishop who finished the decorations of the church. A tight-fitting, gold-embroidered robe, with short sleeves and jewelled border, descends over their flowing skirts, and a long white veil falls from the diadem on their heads over their left arm. Their feet are shod in scarlet, and the same colour lines the crowns they bear in their hands. Their fair pale faces are ani-

CHRIST ENTHRONED BETWEEN THE FOUR ARCHANGELS. MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF S. APOLLINARE NUOVA AT RAVENNA.

mated with the same tender devotion, the same holy yearning. They, too, seek Christ; but Christ in His mother's arms—the *Ewig weibliche* glorified in the person of Mary. Four archangels stand on either side robed in white, and bearing wands in their hands; and as in early art the Virgin is seldom represented apart from the Magi, so here the Three Kings, led by the star in the East, hasten with eager stride to offer their gifts, and are welcomed by the attendant Angels, who minister to the infant King. The superiority of the virgin-procession strikes the observer at once. While the figures of the confessors are often ill drawn, and their heads wanting in individual character, the virgins are far more graceful and expressive. They have all the same arched eyebrows and large eyes; but the outline of the face is varied, and the changes of position, although slight, are sufficient to remove that air of stiffness and uniformity which strikes us unpleasantly in the opposite row. The close-fitting garments are not without elegance in their narrow folds, and their slender forms have already that drooping grace which belongs to later mediaeval conceptions —'the soul is quite alive, the body scarcely so.'



HEAD OF CHRIST ENTHRONED.

In order to account for this difference, Dr. Richter suggests that this part of the frieze may have been executed before the fall of the Gothic kingdom, in the reign of Theodoric's accomplished daughter, Amalasontha, who enjoyed the friendship of Justinian, and may well have continued the work of decoration begun by her father. This supposition is strengthened by the representation of the Gothic palace which is here seen in all its splendour, with a grand Corinthian portico, dome, corner towers, and double tiers of arcades adorned with white-and-gold fringed hangings. The word 'Palatium' is still visible on the gable above the portal, and on the archway to the right, decorated with a mosaic of St. Michael trampling on the dragon, we read the inscription, '*Civitas Ravenn.*' On the opposite wall we see a view of the town and harbour of Classis, with three galleys on the sea, and the words '*Civi Classis*' inscribed on the walls.

The figure of Christ on His throne at the other extremity of the martyr procession has been partially restored, but is still noble and dignified. His oval face and flowing locks bear some resemblance to the type employed in the smaller subjects of the Passion, as in that series He is distinguished by the purple mantle and cruciform nimbus. One hand is raised to bless, while the other holds a sceptre instead of the open Gospel, with the words, '*Ego sum lux mundi*,' which is mentioned in the description of these mosaics by a writer of the sixteenth century. The opposite group is very inferior. The figures of the three Magi are mediaeval restorations, as their Phrygian caps and barbaric costumes testify. The Madonna, who also wears the robe of regal purple drawn over her head, is feebly designed and executed. Her hands, feet, and head are all too small for her stature, and the full-grown child, arrayed in gold, sits clumsily on her knee. Both mother and child raise their hands in blessing, and the heads of both are encircled with the golden nimbus, here assigned to the Madonna for the first time in Ravenna mosaics. The outer angels are injured by restoration, and are only partly in mosaic. One to the left of Christ has been made broader to fill up the vacant space formerly occupied by St. Stephen. The others are stately figures of pure and

noble type, whose white robes fall in regular folds, and whose solemn faces and uplifted hands speak the thrice-holy which they utter with their lips.

The windows on the north of the nave have been blocked up in modern times, but those on the southern side remain, and allow the sunlight to fall on the band of virgin martyrs when the rest of the church lies in shadow. Then the long procession seems to move forward in triumphal march. A heavenly radiance streams over the maiden forms in bridal white, the jewels in their diadems flash and sparkle with light through the waving shadows of the palm-branches, and their faces gleam with a new and diviner joy. Serenely pure and fair they go on their way, to lay their crowns at the feet of their Lord. Thirteen hundred years have not dimmed the lustre of those gems or tarnished the stainless whiteness of the virgin robes; empires and kingdoms have risen and fallen again, ages have rolled upon ages since the people of Ravenna first saw the glittering train go forth from the gates of Theodoric's palace, and still they are as fresh, as bright in their imperishable loveliness as if they were but the work of yesterday. Truly, as the Florentine, Ghirlandajo, said long ago, this is 'painting for eternity.'

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART CHRONICLE.

MANY chief pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition were chronicled in our studio notes of last month; and it only remains to name a very few which make a mark of distinct import in the progress of the modern school, or by right of pedigree claim notice. Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., has two pictures this year,—a very large canvas representing *The Flight into Egypt* of the Holy Family at nightfall, the Pyramids looming behind, and a river glistening below the rough road; an impressive picture, but somewhat lacking in artistic arrangement. The other picture, also of considerable scale, *A New Light in the Harem*, is a brilliantly painted interior, wherein a languid Eastern mother, from a couch piled with gay silken cushions, watches the gambols of her infant all a-tumble on the floor, clutching at the bird a negro nurse holds above it. A large picture from the studio of Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., is always looked for with interest. *Hadrian in England, visiting a Romano-British pottery*, has the technical completeness, the learned accumulation of archaeological fact, the perspective problems, and, it must be added, the pictorial eccentricities, of the artist. Hadrian stands with his suite on an upper stage or storey of a building to inspect specimens of the pottery that are brought up an open stair from the workshop seen far below. This arrangement gives the painter opportunity for his favourite device of introducing portions of figures—head and shoulders of one, head of another, and so on, and of displaying illusion in perspective effect. Mr. Tadema can invest the dry bones of archaeology with charm, but in this instance the charm is wanting.

Mr. Poynter, R.A., has painted a painstaking, but singularly dry and unattractive portrait of *Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney;* and with utmost detail in architectural background and close modelling of the figure a small nude, which he entitles *Diadumené*. To note still within the Academic ranks of figure-painters, passing comment must fall to the painful scene within a sort of half-way house for poor emigrants at New York, which Mr. Herkomer, A., calls *Pressing West*. Not only are the incidents and personages that the painter has chosen disagreeable to the verge of repulsion, but he has not given his work the attraction of fine execution or beauty of composition. Mr. Herkomer exhibits several vigorous portraits, in which it is to be noted that he has taken pains to model the hands with unusual skill. The treatment of black drapery, which in several instances he has had to manage, is not successful; on this point no one is stronger than Mr. Ouless, R.A., though with so excellent a portrait-painter the clothes do not make the man. Mr. Ouless exhibits as his diploma work an admirable half-length portrait of his brother artist, *J. E. Hodgson, Esq., R.A.*, which the hangers for double reason have placed in the chief gallery; the portrait of *Samuel Morley, M.P.*, may be considered equal, for the trenchant character, vitality, and sound, broad treatment, which are traits of Mr. Ouless' style.

Mr. Fildes, A., has fallen under the spell of a class of subject introduced by Van Haanen, incidents from working-class life in modern Venice, and he paints accordingly, on large scale and with a palette as motley as it is brilliant, a group of fair and vivacious girls, bead-stringers, lace-makers, and the like, busy with their handiwork, gossipping and gesticulating under an archway at a canal edge. The picture is undoubtedly clever, though it were only too easy to pick holes, if one chose to do so, on technical grounds. *Venetian Life* is the title appended to this gay, if undignified compilation. Both Herr Van Haanen and Mr. Henry Woods, A., are contributors to the exhibition: the first introduces us to all Mr. Fildes' models and a good many more in the workroom of a milliner's shop at *Afternoon Coffee*. Frivolous and literal may be the artist's reading of the scene, his colour audacious in gay contrasts, but the skill with which complex lines, multifarious detail, and varied attitude and type, are dealt with is simply consummate. The painter nearly gives one vertigo by the restless dance of line and hue, but he has his method under command all the time. Mr. Woods has a more poetic range, his backgrounds of lagoon, and the sailing craft of Venetian waters, the shining cupolas of La Salute or picturesque frontage of the side canals, are put in with a luminous play of atmosphere and beautiful relations to his figures. His pictures are small in scale this season, *Il mio Traghetto*, *In the Sun*, *Venetian Cloisters*, and *A Zucca seller*.

Among Associates of recent election Mr. R. Macbeth justifies his claim by a pastoral picture of much charm, *A Fen Farm*. A line from Jean Ingelow's 'High Tide' is affixed to the title,—

> 'Cusha, cusha, cusha calling,
> For the dews will soon be falling.'

Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., has a couple of fine landscapes, the largest *On the Hill-side: clearing after Rain* on his accustomed line of mountain and inland water illumined into iridescent splendour by evening light. Mr. Brett, R.A., on the sea and coast asserts his usual power of drawing and love of eccentric form and contrast of colour in a picture of *Macleod's Maidens*, some fantastic rocks on the coast of Skye, and a study of fast running sea under a *North-Easterly Gale, Granton*, with the crude opposition of purplish grey clouds with green water, of which the painter is so fond. Mr. Henry Moore's pictures we noted last month. A mark in landscape is made by a Scotch artist, Mr. David Murray, who is placed most deservedly on the line within the Grosvenor Gallery and the Burlington House. Mr. A. Grace has painted a large landscape in the *South Downs: early Morning*, which deserves record for tenderly felt atmospheric effect and simple broad treatment.

THE most eventful figure-subjects of the year, to which we now return, are not by artists within the Academy, although one may presume they will not long remain outside. Popular as well as critical judgment seems to give the foremost place to a striking composition by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, called *Consulting the Oracle*. The oracle is a 'teraph,' a black human head cured with spices, affixed against the wall, with lamps burning before it; a female diviner, with nervous, outstretched hands, and eyes dilated with expectation, bends to catch the

voice that is supposed to issue from the dead lips, while a group of women, wrapped in the rich and varied robes of the East, squat in a half-circle on the edge of a sort of tank which breaks the level of the marble floor in front of the mystic image. The scene is laid in an upper room shielded from the glaring light by its green carved lattices and outside jalousies, the walls are panelled with dark and inlaid wood, and various stuffs and ceramic objects in glowing tints and colours. The subject is boldly and cleverly chosen, the treatment supremely artistic and complete. The variety of character in the different types and attitudes of the women, expressive of terror, suspense, fascination, and so on, is not more striking than the masterly arrangement of line and colour. The most gorgeous fabrics and tints are here in the dresses opposed and yet brought together, harmonised, and mellowed into subdued lustre by the shadowed light; the monotonous line of a number of figures in the same squatting posture on one level is varied by changes in the pose of heads and arms and the cast and fashion of the draperies. Mr. Waterhouse has done some adventurous things before now in colour schemes, but he has never shown himself so fully master of resource as a colourist, nor has the play of dramatic invention or skilful and sound technique ever been more thoroughly evinced in his work.

A large picture by Mr. Albert Moore is in itself somewhat eventful, and the sight of such on the line of the Academy is yet more unexpected. This painter has an exceptional repute as a fastidious student of decorative design, and the various smaller pictures which he shows this year at the Water-Colour Society's Gallery and the Grosvenor Gallery seem so many experiments for the scheme which he has set forth in the Academy picture *Reading Aloud*. The composition arranges three figures of women — one reclining prone on a couch, reading; one crouched on the floor, hands and knees together; one seated, resting against the couch. The colour-harmony is drawn from pale rose-scarlet in the robes of the women, and of the piece of silk gauze thrown as coverlet over the couch of black and white diaper, from chintz-patterned stuff in black and white of the cushions, the drapery thrown over the knees of the sitting figure and about the girl reclining, touches of black in sleeves and book, and of yellow in a cap and flower; the wall background of pale green-grey, shaded in wave-lines of pattern, dark-tinted pavement, and reddish Eastern rug. The main tints are, therefore, pale vermilion and a shifting silvery grey produced by black and white. To these must be added the pinkish flesh-tints and hues of fair hair. The colour material is thus limited, and it is by subtle arrangement and balance that variety and a studious equipoise are produced. In line the composition is no less elaborately thought out, and in this instance Mr. Moore has selected more interesting, if not much more intellectual, types than the lazy fair women who loll and repose, not too gracefully always, in his designs, and serve as animated dummies in the decorative motive. Opinions differ as to the success of this studious and refined piece of decorative art, some critics finding an unpleasant spottiness in the patterned stuff, or objecting to the character of the pattern used, which is in isolated floriated patches rather than flowing combinations; others find the treatment wholly beautiful. As may be judged by the comments of the crowd, the art of the work is 'caviar to the general.'

Mr. Linton exhibits the last in appearance, though the first in serial order, of his pictures illustrating the life of a knight in the Middle Ages. *The Declaration of War* shows a princely personage in a sort of rich Francis-the-First costume, with nobles and 'captain of the host' beside him, standing on a raised daïs, and uttering the decision of treaty dissolved and war declared against some Oriental potentate, whose envoys bow gravely in acceptance of the threat. At a table secretaries with maps and papers seem to indicate the nature of the quarrel. The series of pictures, as one looks back upon them, is a notable effort at a dignified semi-decorative treatment of an historical theme, and as a colourist Mr. Linton has proved his position.

Before closing these few notes on pictures we must give a word to a portrait-study by the American, of Paris repute, Mr. Sargent. The clever young painter of *Il Jaleo* has made out of the standing figure of a lady, *Mrs. H. White*, dressed in modern costume of shining white satin and black trimming, a vivid impression. There is a certain artificiality of mode, and the flesh painting barely escapes the charge of inkiness in the shadows; but at any rate this *jeu d'esprit* in portraiture is coherent, while the daub sent by the same artist to the Grosvenor Gallery is not.

The Sculpture galleries of the Academy are not brilliantly filled this year. Mr. Birch, A., exhibits a colossal version of *Lady Godiva* standing beside her horse, in beauty unadorned. The back view of this group is very unfortunate. Mr. Woolner, R.A., has a graceful high relief in bronze, of a girl standing on the brink of a pool, and putting one foot forward on the broad leaf of a *Water Lily*, which gives title to the piece. Mr. Boehm, R.A., has a strong and unflattering bust in terra cotta of *Mr. Herbert Spencer*. Mr. Brock sends the model for his bust of *Longfellow*, in the Westminster Abbey Memorial, a somewhat heroic treatment of the leonine head of the poet. The young sculptor, Mr. A. Gilbert, of whom flattering report has come from Rome, sends a bronze *Study of a Head*, a wrinkled face somewhat of the Julius Cæsar type, but more rustic in character, with nerve and muscle visible through the drawn skin: a piece of close chiselling. The other work by the same hand is a small fantastic figure of *Icarus*, standing with legs slightly bent, and arms on which the artificial pinions are bound, held down in line with the body; the head small and of fine type, the limbs lithe and small, especially in the thigh. There is spirit and invention in the design, which necessarily challenges difficulty, and the modelling is sharp and shows knowledge. Still the statuette would hardly bear enlarging, which must indicate a design not wholly right. The sculpture of most distinct mark this year is a rustic figure by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A., *The Mower;* a bold experiment this side the Channel in the treatment of a figure motive from common life and labour in heroic style. The man has been working in the heat of the day and stripped off his shirt, which he holds under the right arm, on which is supported by one of the rests his scythe, thus held behind and aslant him. The left arm is placed what is vulgarly called akimbo, thus at the back the elbows project and give a certain squareness which strengthen the inward curve of the torso. The head, shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, is bent, watching some object below. The sturdy lower limbs are clothed in breeches, held by one brace over the shoulders, and loose boots which show the leg below the knee. Thus the detail is strictly naturalistic, but by style and dignity, as in subjects similarly treated in the French school, the figure is raised into the region of the typical and ideal. Mr. Thornycroft's modelling is very fine, manly, and well understood, without prettiness on the one hand or exaggeration on the other.

Next year, work in black and white will be given full space for exhibition, and may expect corresponding response. In etching, some interesting plates by William Strang, a delicate group or two by M. L. Menpes, Mr. Waltner's beautiful reproduction from *The Lost Bird* of Marcus Stone, a couple of effective Spanish plates by Axel Haig, and subjects by C. J. Watson and W. L. Wyllie, are among the chief points.

THE notable feature at the summer exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery has been the large picture by Mr. Burne Jones, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, which may certainly be received as the most mature product of his art. The composition, though more fanciful, is reminiscent of Venetian modes; no Venetian colour could be more sonorous in grave splendour. As to the poetical motive — and with Mr. Burne Jones in this, apart from the art tendencies of the day, motive comes before treatment; King Cophetua has placed his beggar bride upon the chief seat of a golden throne, built up with daïs and panel, and has placed himself on a lower step and taken his crown from his brow, that he may gaze with the humility of worship upon her beauty and purity. The maiden, in an attitude finely expressive of meek wonderment, looks straight forward, with grey eyes full of innocent amaze; her beggar's grey robe clings close to a soft and beautiful form, her feet are pressed close together. Above are singing girls, in a balcony hung with rich drapery. Nothing finer in colour has the artist done. The rich and

curiously invented dress of the knight, the robes of the choristers, the stuffs athwart the balustrade, are of singular variety and splendour, to which the golden walls of the throne and the pale colouring of the beggar maiden give strength. In design, though the composition is out of accepted modes, the painter has been studious of meaning and balance, and the more closely it is studied the more distinct will be found the care and knowledge manifested. Altogether this is noble work, free from the exaggerations and infirmities that have sometimes marred the painter's most beautiful pictures. He has sent also a decorative panel, *A Dryad*, posed at the heart of her tree. Mr. Watts, R.A., whose large picture, *Love and Life*, did not, we understand, reach the Academy through some accident, until too late for admission, sends to the Grosvenor his portraits of the *Marquis of Salisbury* and *Earl Lytton*, a fine study of a big cumulus cloud, when *Rain is passing away*, and some minor imaginative work. Mr. W. B. Richmond exhibits many portraits, happy in that distinction of style which characterises his best work. Most charming, though least finished, are the portrait, half length, of *Miss Rose Mirless*, standing on the open downs in olive-green gown and large hat; and *May*, a girl in fawn dress, against a golden ground, touching the keys of a pianoforte. In both these portraits the especial charm of girlish youth and frank grace is given with delightful refinement and freshness, while there is a one-knows-not-what of affinity between the type of the figure and the artistic treatment in attitude and colour. Mr. Whistler's full-length of *Lady Archibald Campbell*, a very different departure in portraiture, is a very clever, if whimsical, study of a figure in walking dress looking back over the shoulder, painted in dusky tones throughout, the face the only light.

THE Water-colour Societies have exhibitions of unequal merit this year. The Institute has one or two pictures of exceptional interest, notably the subject-picture by Mr. Walter Langley, *News of the Sea*, a scene at the post-office of a fishing village after a storm, and pictures by the American illustrator, Mr. Abbey, and by Mr. Clausen, but is otherwise disappointing, and does not tend to show the advantage of the new scheme as an open exhibition. The older Water-colour Society in Pall Mall has, on the contrary, an unusually diversified and high-class collection. Mr. Poynter is a contributor of three drawings, one of which *Viola*, a half-length of a girl in classic dress playing a violin, is lovely as it is student-like. Mr. Francis Powell has the finest and largest sea-piece; *A Summer Breeze*, he has shown for long. Messrs. Geo. Fripp, A. Hunt, J. W. North, are in strength. The new member, Mr. A. Moore, adds distinctive variety, and Professor Ruskin sends contributions, including a study of architectural ornament, shaft, and relief, about a doorway of the Duomo at Lucca, which is work of exquisite truth and beauty in its kind. By the courtesy of the Committees we were able to print in our last issue some of the facsimile illustrations from the catalogues of both societies.

THE President of the Royal Academy, at the annual banquet, with his usual kindliness announced that the new rooms in course of erection would give separate space for water drawings, works in black and white and engravings, and for architectural designs: while the rooms at present appropriated to these purposes would afford hanging accommodation to so many oils that it might be hoped in future no work really deserving admission need be excluded, and thus the disappointment at present inevitable would be avoided.

THE following pictures have been purchased by the President and Council of the Academy, under the Chantrey Bequest:—*The Vigil*, by J. Pettie, R.A.; *After Culloden: Rebel Hunting*, a capital picture by Seymour Lucas; *My Love has gone a sailing*, a landscape by David Murray.

THE large illustrated work on 'Italian Sepulchral Monuments,' issued in parts by the Arundel Society, is now complete, and the Introductory Essay, which was to have been furnished by the late Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., is ably compiled on the basis of his notes by Mr. Charles Perkins. The plates from monuments of mediaeval art and the early Renaissance, forty-nine in number, are printed in permanent photography and arranged chronologically, with descriptive context by Mr. Stephens Thompson.

THE University of Cambridge, which has taken so honourable a position in the advancement of the study of Classic Archaeology, opened the new buildings, from the design of Mr. Basil Champneys, for the accommodation of this branch of learning on the sixth of last month. Four large rooms and a portrait-gallery are now filled with casts from the antique, illustrating the history of Graeco-Roman sculpture. Two wings are set apart for collections in local archaeology and ethnology, and in the centre is a lecture-room, with auditorium that will seat about two hundred and fifty persons. It was stated at the opening that the necessary funds were the result of the excellent economical management of Professor Colvin during the tenure of his office as Keeper of the Art Collections of the University.

THE annual report of the National Gallery shows that the loan of pictures under the new Act to other national and provincial museums has been extended to the National Portrait Gallery, National Gallery of Ireland, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool; Manchester Art Gallery, and to the galleries of the corporations at Dundee, Glasgow, Leicester, Nottingham, Oldham, Sheffield, Stockport, Stoke-upon-Trent, Warrington. The average daily attendance at the Gallery has been 4104. The choice of pictures for copying is not very encouraging, if taken as test of popular taste or of student application; Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Infant Samuel*, Murillo's *Peasant Boy*, and *The Girl with an Apple*, by Greuze, being far ahead in the list.

AT a sale of private collections by Messrs. Christie & Manson early in May, Sir Edward Landseer's *Monarch of the Glen*, after an animated bidding, rose from the starting price, 2000 guineas, to 6200 guineas, at which figure it was knocked down to Mr. Eaton, M.P. The sum paid in the first instance to the painter was, if we remember rightly, between three and four hundred pounds.

THE collection of architectural drawings by deceased British artists and architects, gathered at the Burlington Fine Art Club, has been admirably chosen for variety and interest. Drawings by Inigo Jones, Wren, classical studies by Cockerell, beautiful and masterly drawings of French churches by Street, curious bits of detail and a few larger designs by Burges, sketches by Eastlake, and a quantity of architectural work by professional men less known to the general public, find agreeable contrast in the picturesque studies by Colman, Muller, Deane, and other painters. Turner's *Westminster Abbey*, date 1812, and other early drawings of his, have been happily secured. *Apropos* to the controversy over Decimus Burton's arch are a number of his original designs, with details of the sculpture, quadriga, &c. Altogether the collection is most interesting and valuable from many points of view—archaeological, historical, and artistic—and is of that special character as a loan exhibition which ought to be organized by a body of connoisseurs such as the Burlington Club.

AMONG recent ingenious adaptations and revivals applied to the domestic arts, may be noted, first, Mr. Thomas Gullick's painting on mirror glass, in pigments for which he professes to have found an enduring fixative. This is a revival of a graceful mode of decoration prevalent in France and Italy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The most familiar example is probably the rooms in the Borghese Palace, painted by Marie dei Fiori. Another pretty invention is the transfer of designs by the engraver in stipple, Bartolozzi and his pupils, to satin, which is then used in decorative panels and medallions in furniture and on walls. This novelty is introduced by Messrs. Cooper, of Great Pulteney Street. Another, but not very commendable, invention has been the imitation of Japanese lacquer by patterns in raised compositions, painted in lustre and metal colours on metallic or dead-coloured grounds.

MESSRS. F. Dadd, H. R. Steer, and C. N. Henry, have been elected into the Institute of Painters in Water Colour.

THE *ALT MARKT*, COLOGNE.

ETCHED BY R. KENT THOMAS.

THIS view of the Old Market-place at Cologne was not etched specially for THE PORTFOLIO, and rather exceeds the size which is strictly suitable for our page, but we have willingly bought the plate both for its merits and for the peculiar and melancholy interest which is attached to it as one of the last works of its lamented author.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

As this is probably the last time we shall have an opportunity of mentioning Mr. Kent Thomas in connexion with the appearance of a plate by him in THE PORTFOLIO, we will give some account of his career and some estimate of his merits as an artist.

Mr. Robert Kent Thomas was the son of Mr. Richard Thomas, printer, and was born in London on the 20th of February, 1816. He was brought up in the printing trade, and the intention was that he should enter into partnership with his father; but his natural taste and talent led him to art, and his earliest work was that of a lithographic draughtsman. In those days the firm of Day and Hague was at the height of its fame, and Mr. Thomas was much employed by them. Their well-known successors, Day and Sons, continued to appreciate him, and so heartily that they at length occupied the whole of his time. He remained at their house in Gate Street as manager of the artistic department until the firm was dissolved. When this event occurred, Mr. Thomas turned his attention to etching, and also to the process called 'typographic etching.' His talent in these arts was appreciated by the Editor and Publishers of THE PORTFOLIO, and must be well known to the readers of this publication.

MAGDALENE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Besides the publicity given to him by our periodical, Mr. Thomas won attention by works exhibited by him at the Royal Academy and elsewhere; and, on the formation of the Society of Painter-Etchers, he was invited to co-operate and become a Fellow, contributing to its exhibitions until illness prevented him from working. We are sorry to say that his last illness was long and painful; and though we sympathise with those who mourn his loss, we cannot help feeling that, so far as he himself is concerned, it ought rather to be regarded as a deliverance.

Mr. Thomas lived in great quiet and retirement,

passing his time in the industrious practice of his art, which, if it did not give him fame, ensured him the respect and esteem of many competent judges. We need hardly say that he was not a dashing, a brilliant, or an imaginative artist, but he had great merits, some of which deserve to be mentioned in this place.

After a considerable experience of etchers belonging to different countries, and of the most various orders of talent, we may truly say that we have rarely, if ever, met with one quite so reliable as Mr. Thomas. He never fell below his own level of sound work; and though some critics are ready enough to sneer at art-work that does not show the marks of genius, we may observe that people who have the rather anxious

duty of conducting illustrated periodicals, have always a very strong appreciation of a contributor who can be relied upon. Constant practice in the work of the lithographic draughtsman had given Mr. Thomas so much certainty and precision of hand and so much experience in the arrangement of a subject, that when he took up etching he rapidly acquired a degree of certainty very remarkable in that difficult and uncertain art. His perfect patience made him able to bear with the thick wax-ground which is used in typographic etching (a great impediment to the impatient), so that within the more modest range of that minor, but still sound and artistic process, he also achieved success. If the reader will refer to the PORTFOLIO for 1876, he will find many illustrations of St. Albans Abbey by Mr. Thomas, showing his skilful and ingenious use of both processes. His minor illustrations were always remarkable for extreme clearness, such as the admirably explanatory drawing of *Duke Humphrey's Monument*, opposite page 52, in which a great quantity of difficult and embarrassing architectural detail is given without the least confusion. The etching of *St. Cuthbert's Screen*, opposite page 84, is a thoroughly good piece of work, all the structure being set forth plainly; and yet the subject is not without effect, both of delicate shade and contrast of local colour,—as between the dark door and the light screen, the dark roof and the lighter wall under it,—yet nothing is overdone. Some of the little out-door subjects are as pretty as they can be,—such as *The Abbey from the South-west*, and *St. Michael's Church*.

In May, 1877, Mr. Kent Thomas contributed an extremely bright etching after Stanfield's *Entrance to the Zuyder Zee, Texel Island*. The precision of his drawing, and his own habit of making the presence of light felt everywhere, stood him in good stead when he had to interpret the brilliant marine painter. Amongst his illustrations to Oxford, published in 1879, the *View of Merton College* deserves mention; and there is an extremely pretty smaller *View of Christ Church*, printed in the text; but by far the most beautiful of this artist's work in the Oxford series, is the large etching of *Magdalen Tower and Bridge* opposite page 132. Nothing could surpass the delicacy with which the tower is treated, and the well-known picturesque qualities of the bridge are brought out with a power scarcely to be expected from so precise an architectural draughtsman; the trees, too, are rendered with a strong sense of their grace and beauty. We have published very few plates equal to this in the two qualities of richness and delicacy combined.

The plate of *The Exchange at Liverpool*, published in the PORTFOLIO for 1881, had not the advantage of

such a charming subject, and it was especially unfortunate in not having some foliage to contrast with its architecture; but, so far as the material would allow, Mr. Thomas made a very effective plate. It exhibits in the highest degree his certainty as an architectural etcher, a quality in which he was excelled by no artist who had any sense of the picturesque at the same time. Of the other etchings contributed by Mr. Thomas to THE PORTFOLIO we may mention

The Hall in the Wood, a fine old Lancashire house, partly constructed in the old post-and-plaster style, partly in substantial stone, with stringcourses and mullioned windows. Mr. Thomas made the most of his subject, and presented it under a good effect of light. The same may be said for the important plate of *Stonyhurst College*, which was published in THE PORTFOLIO for December, 1881. It would be difficult to treat that subject with a more perfect combination

of minute fidelity in architectural detail and suitable landscape effect.

The Alt Markt, which we have before us, contains less landscape space; but, although the view is blocked by houses, the reader will not fail to notice how determined the artist was that there should be air in his picture. Many etchers, with such a subject, would have given no air or space whatever. Observe with what breadth and moderation the great tower is shaded, and how delicately the oppositions are managed in the fronts of the houses and the gable, with the 'corbié-steps' (as they are called in Scottish architecture), to the left. The foreground is bright and animated, and there is no failure in executive power anywhere, though when this plate was executed the artist was an old man, and no longer in good health.

Our minor illustrations are two unpublished typographic etchings executed for Mr. J. T. Emmett, and kindly lent by that gentleman; also three reproductions of pencil sketches. Mr. Thomas drew in pencil with admirable delicacy, a quality which a copy in printer's ink cannot adequately reproduce.

The deficiency that prevented Mr. Kent Thomas from taking much higher rank as an artist was the want of imaginative emotion. He was a careful, conscientious workman, with highly trained manual skill, and a great deal of very accurate knowledge; but the absence of imaginative emotion kept him to plain topographic work, which, however, is of considerable value in its own way. One always regrets, in these cases, that when Nature has already endowed a man with such precious gifts as excellent sight, good taste, and patience to acquire skill and knowledge, she should have withheld that gift of imagination which is necessary to the full equipment of an artist. So it often is, however, and there is no use in complaining about it; but there are compensations by which the man may gain when the artist loses. It is better to have lived the sane and tranquil life of Mr. Kent Thomas than a life like that of Méryon, whose imagination enabled him to produce works of genius, but afflicted him day and night with the ineradicable belief that he lived in a hostile world, where treacherous enemies were for ever plotting against him.

EDITOR.

ON SOME DRAWINGS BY TURNER.

THE number, the variety, and the beauty of Turner's drawings have been made the subject of so much eloquence and criticism, that it is difficult to say anything about them which has not been said before, and said well. There is yet, however, room perhaps for a few words on two peculiarities of theirs which make them uniquely interesting to all lovers of art, and to Englishmen particularly. One of these is that they are the record of a constant progress, for Turner worked from boyhood to good old age without ever resting in one place, and without a step backward. He did not, perhaps, always go the best way; his progress was not always equally rapid; he may have turned to the right and the left, but he kept moving. Even in his decay he did not stand still, repeating feebly what he once did strongly, as most artists do; but with a cry, as it were like Goethe's, of 'more light,' and 'more light still;' he went on, tottering it may be, but on—even to the last, trying to give us, not the fire of his old ashes, but some new glory unseen before of men. The other peculiarity is this, that his works are, as far as the works of one man can be, the epitome of landscape art down to his time, not only in England, but in France and Holland, and to some extent in Italy also. Taking, however, the landscape art of England alone, and water-colours alone, his drawings may be said, with some reservations, to be the history of the school—a school which, beginning but a little before him, grew with him; and if it did not die with him and his great contemporaries, at least reached to such complete development that a certain decline was an inevitable consequence, a decline from which we have yet by no means recovered. This is, indeed, our only indigenous school; but it is one of which we may be proud, for it was as new, as English, and as beautiful as it could well be; as fertile in discoveries, as perfect in its technique, and as fine and original in colour as any.

While Barry and Haydon, and a host of others, were wearing out their souls in attempting to graft the dead stocks of Raphael and Michelangelo, and *connoisseurs* were raving of Guercino and the Caracci, a few water-colourists, Cozens and Glover, Edridge and Varley, Turner and Girtin, Prout and William Hunt, David Cox and De Wint, Barrett and Copley Fielding (not to mention the Norwich School, which worked comparatively little in water-colours, and leaving out besides many memorable names), were doing more to give England a claim to rank amongst the artistic nations of the world than all the pictures of 'high art' ever painted in the kingdom.

And here it may be said that, though Turner cut himself adrift from his humbler water-colour brethren, belonged to neither of the Societies, and exhibited, except in early life, only oil pictures, he was essentially a water-colour painter. Though he made oil colours do what they had never done before, and though his greatest triumphs are associated with a few great pictures in oil, he never seems to be quite so at home

in oils as in water-colours. Not only do the latter enormously exceed the former in number, but they show fewer failures. No doubt his oil pictures have suffered much from his careless employment of colours and vehicles; but this is in a great extent due to his desire to obtain in oils qualities of brilliance and purity which properly pertain to water-colours. His earliest and darker pictures are thin and dry and heavy, and even his great sea-pieces—like *The Shipwreck* and *Calais Pier*—are wanting in the richness, depth, and transparency of the Dutchmen he imitated. His later and lighter pictures

More circumscribed and homely minds, like those of Cox and De Wint, working, with singleness of purpose and forgetfulness of self, towards a simple end, arrive, indeed, at a perfection in rendering their favourite aspects of nature which is not to be found in the work of a more comprehensive, restless, and inventive imagination like Turner's. They are by far the safer guides to the ordinary student; they come to nature in a humbler mood, seeing in ordinary phenomena more than they can faithfully interpret, and devoting their whole powers to express the, to them, infinite beauty of a daily experience,

APULEA, KNOWN AS THE PREMIUM LANDSCAPE.

forego many of the natural advantages of oils; and it may be said generally, with as near an approach to truth as any generalisation about Turner can make, that when his oil pictures are great they succeed in spite rather than on account of the medium employed. However this may be disputed, I am at least safe in asserting Turner's absolute mastery of water-colours; for he not only learnt every process, method, and expedient, but he invented most of them. In his hands the art developed from a simplicity the most primitive to a complexity the most mature, and between his early drawings, which, as a boy, were sold for a shilling a-piece at his father's shop, to those wonderful last remembrances of Italy—the history of which is told so graphically in Mr. Ruskin's notes on his own collection—lies the whole practice and mystery of English water-colours.

which is common to themselves and their neighbours. They, like most artists, are something of specialists, dividing the world between them according to their limited powers of feeling and imitation. They are the units of art. Turner, on the contrary, was not a unit, but he studied all the units, and found something in each to admire, to imitate, and to assimilate, till, after years of study of art and nature, was formed his own complex artistic individuality which will always remain one of the wonders of the world. So large and long an artistic training was never gone through by any other artist, and of this training he has left records at every stage in thousands of sketches and drawings, from the merest note with the point to the finished work of art. These constitute his real biography, the study of which is of endless interest; not that men should follow his footsteps, for that

would be enough to swamp the individuality of any artist, but that they should understand the making of the great English school of landscape and the making of Turner himself.

And it is necessary and desirable to understand the making of Turner if you study him at all; for in his mature work he does not explain himself like most artists. It is only here and there, as in his *Temeraire*, and his *Ulysses*, in his *Frosty Morning*, and his *Rain, Steam, and Speed*, that he appeals straight from Turner to you; all his learning and his art, and all the intricate working of his untransparent thoughts, conquered and clarified by one intelligible and simple impulse, expressed without confusion and over-subtlety. Too often the passage from mind to mind is obscured by mists of hazy meditation, by the glamour of arbitrary colour, by learned tricks of composition, by perversities of drawing, by, in a word, the mingled influences of the wide-sought knowledge, the large experience, and the personal caprice, which go to make those extraordinary mosaics of artistic and intellectual atoms which we call 'Turners.' To admire or to blame these astonishing products of a single mind, to comprehend their wonder or their beauty, to perceive rightly their shortcomings and perplexities, is as difficult for the ordinary individual as to translate Aeschylus without a dictionary. And we have a dictionary, and a voluminous one, in his earlier drawings: a dictionary which, if it will not always help us in the most intricate passages of our author, is indispensable to all who wish to understand the making of Turner.

Unfortunately, the almost innumerable sheets of this dictionary, which are now in the possession of the nation, are badly arranged for reference purposes. When those now in Trafalgar Square were at Marlborough House they were intelligently hung, and Mr. Ruskin's careful selection of their riches was illustrated by his admirable catalogue, so that a mere visitor must have been careless indeed who left without some definite notions of Turner's training and Turner's achievement. He was led from one boyish effort to another, shown where some note of personal observation was evident in what was else little more than a copy, and where the instinct of composition began to make itself apparent. Two early drawings of architecture were specially framed to show what use he made of them in after-life. These were only a few of many useful hints to the study of the great artist's work which Mr. Ruskin was then allowed to offer to the British public. But now the untutored visitor, who descends puzzled from the ill-lighted gallery where Turner's darkened and disfigured masterpieces hang, finds his confusion worse confounded in the cellar devoted to the drawings. He finds himself in tangled maze carefully constructed for his bewilderment, all the paths of Turner's lifelong wanderings broken up and twisted around him. And he is without a guide: the numbers which once referred to Mr. Ruskin's Catalogue still,

ISIS.

in many instances, remain to tantalise him, but he cannot get this Catalogue nor any other. He has to find his way amongst jejune attempts at tinted architecture and half-seen pencillings of trees; to pass from rapid studies in chalk of scenes in Savoy to finished pictures of England; from a careful drawing of the nude to a magnificent impression of swans; from faithful transcript to highly-wrought fancy; from considerate draughtsmanship to hasty splashings. Styles, periods, countries, methods, moods, all jumbled up together, without a note, in many cases, even of the subject.

Sandbys, and others of his countrymen. Without a comparison between the work of such men and the early as well as the late work of Turner, it is possible indeed to see the height to which Turner attained as a water-colourist, but not the distance he travelled, nor how much he depended (and the development of water-colour painting in England depended) upon his individual effort. Unfortunately, at South Kensington, where there is the best available collection of Turner's forerunners, there are few Turner drawings, and these not of his earliest; and at the British Museum, Mr.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

But even if order was once more restored, as, no doubt, it will be some day, to these drawings, and they were arranged systematically and carefully explained, there would be two things at least yet wanting to make the study of Turner's training and his relations to the English School of water-colours perfect. One of these would be examples of those English water-colourists from whom and with whom he learnt, and the other the addition of one or more of those highly finished architectural drawings in which he first attained mastery. It is one of many distinctions between Turner as a water-colourist and Turner as a painter in oils, that his only masters in the former were Englishmen. In oils he may have studied Gainsborough and Wilson, but he also studied Vandervelde and Cuyp, Claude and Rembrandt. In water-colours the only examples available were those of Cozens and Dayes, Hearne, the Henderson's Turners, though very interesting, consist mainly of copies of Mr. Henderson's own drawings and Girtin's. At the present time, however, there are on exhibition, in the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, a collection of architectural drawings which seem in a measure to supply for the moment an opportunity for studying this hitherto comparatively neglected stage of Turner's progress—the architectural. This stage extends from his earliest efforts to when he went to Yorkshire in 1797. During this time, though his artistic activity was ever employed in studying and sketching from nature, his profession was that of a topographical and architectural draftsman, and in this he received a very severe and systematic training, which was of infinite use to him afterwards when he was able to devote himself to more congenial themes. Two things were of absolute necessity to the topographical artist in water-colour:

one was to draw architecture with neatness and accuracy, and the other to lay washes of colour with perfect evenness and knowledge of tone. This was the foundation of Turner's skill, this persistent drilling in the use of the point and the wash; and the want of this mechanical training, the entire mastery of the touch with the pencil and of the gradation of tints with the brush — the 'scale-practice' — is one of the defects in modern art-education. On comparing Thomas Hearne's drawings of Dunstable and Thaxted Churches with Turner's *Leiston Abbey*, all now at the 'Burlington,' it will be seen that in such mechanical skill Turner had at least one good master, and that while it was difficult to beat Hearne's neat pencilling, and the tender harmony of his tints, Turner soon advanced beyond him. Hearne could, indeed, suggest the brightness of a sky and the warmth of sunlight striking on a wall, but Turner was not content with such timid advances to nature's light and colour. The distance between Hearne and Turner in these two drawings is not, however, so great as that between Turner and himself, as seen in *Leiston Abbey* and two very early works here, views of churches done by Turner when quite a boy in Mr. Hardwick's office; but even in these he shows much skill in the washes, and in one, probably the earliest, he has a sexton very vigorously at work. Still more interesting is a drawing lent by Mr. P. C. Hardwick—*Gateway of Lambeth Palace*—possibly the first work ever sent by Turner to the Royal Academy, and exhibited there in 1790, when Turner was but fifteen. This, which reminds me of that admirable architectural artist Thomas Sandby, is beautiful and silvery in tone, the shadowed tints of the whitewashed inn in the foreground and the red-brick palace beyond are justly hit, and the light on the projecting window of the inn well observed. In another still more interesting drawing, showing as it does Turner working from his own artistic impulse, without precedent to guide him, is his drawing of a building after a fire, lent by the same descendant of his old master. It is probably the drawing of the *Pantheon*, exhibited in 1792. The courage with which he has grappled with the jagged brick columns, denuded of their stucco and blackened with smoke, and the tangled heap of charred *débris* is astonishing. And here, if we see two or three stages of his architectural and mechanical training, we also see the masterly result —for Turner in the fine drawing of the interior of Ely Cathedral, taken from under the lantern, is a master of his craft, not to be equalled by any then living, nor perhaps even by himself in after life. This drawing was possibly the one exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1796. There is also another fine one of the same order, showing the interior of Westminster Abbey. Both careful drawings, uninspired by any deep feeling, but exquisite in mechanical dexterity and charming in their beautiful tones of blue and yellow, a harmony which was perfected from the practice of the tinted drawings of his forerunners, and which, brightened and purified to azure and amber, appears again in the misty hills and sun-smitten foliage of his first Yorkshire drawings.

In balance of mass, in mechanical dexterity, in sense of sunlight and beauty of tone, we see in these drawings of his early manhood an achievement which lifted him above his fellow-workers in the same profession, and an improvement in the *technique* of his art which would have alone made his name memorable. They form, however, but a modest, if an important portion of Turner's work; and if they show something of his faculty as a colourist, tell nothing of him as a landscape artist, nothing of his imagination or of his genius for design. Luckily for the convenience and delight of all, he has himself summarised his powers in these respects in the 'Liber Studiorum,' most of the drawings of which are to be seen in Trafalgar Square. Although this article is illustrated with facsimiles of some of the etchings, and another of a drawing probably intended to form part of the series, I do not propose to say much about this much bewritten book. It is particularly useful to the student of Turner, because we have in it a compendium of Turner's art thoughts down to a certain time. In it the two streams of his art-nature, divided in his work by the different mediums of water and oil, meet together, if they do not mix; the work for love (and money also), represented mainly by the first; the work of imagination and of ambition, represented mainly by the other. In the drawings for the 'Liber,' colourless though they be, we can see at least of what value to him has been his severe training in obtaining a perfect command of the point, and also of tones, and semitones, and demi-semitones.

Artistically, these drawings have, I think, been unfairly disparaged. They have a spontaneity, a directness and simplicity which we too often miss in his more laboured work. That he did not take pains with them, as has been asserted, is, I think, abundantly disproved by themselves. Some of them, like the *Bridge with Goats*, are but slight in execution, but the skill of them is perfect; while others, like the *Coast of Yorkshire*, *Morpeth*, and many more, are finished with care. No doubt he improved upon many of the drawings when he came to the engraving, but he by no means improved all of them. In delicacy of gradation and transparency, especially in the distances, the drawings are finer, and necessarily finer than the prints. To be judged properly, each should be hung with a copy of the etching and a good state of the plate. In the only case where a plate of the 'Liber' is hung near the drawing in the National

Gallery—the *Little Devil's Bridge*—the comparison is certainly not to the disadvantage of the drawing. If this were done I have little doubt that their reputation would be largely increased, and certainly an opportunity would be afforded of studying Turner's mind at work which can be obtained in no other way. The drawing of which we give a facsimile is in the British Museum, and seems to have been one of those which, like *Ploughing at Eton*, he could not finish to his satisfaction. It contains many elements of beauty; the graceful crossing of the trunks, the variable light of the wood, its thoroughly sylvan air and elegance, delight the eye and the fancy. There can be no doubt about the pains he took with *this* drawing, unfinished though it be. Yet something has interfered with its happy completion. Perhaps Turner's mind was not sufficiently made up about it at the first, for he has altered and re-altered it. The hill on which the castle stands was once continued right across the picture. By introducing the wood on the left he turned a view of open country into a forest glade, and with this alteration the sentiment was changed to something between scenic and romantic. The castle is a reminiscence of Italy, the brook of Yorkshire, the file of figures so effectively introduced in the middle distance suggest that poetical abstraction of sport called 'the chase,' while the figure with the dogs, though crossing what looks like an Alpine bridge, is suggestive of an English gamekeeper. The horses, which are borrowed from the 'Liber' drawing of the *Stackyard*, are of another sentiment. It is needless to say that the drawing is full of knowledge and fine manipulative dexterities, and it is easily understood why he was so loth to abandon it. The etchings have been selected mainly for the purpose of illustrating the different treatment of foliage by Turner in sympathy with different sentiments. In tree drawing he was mainly his own master, but for classical subjects, as in the *Premium Landscape*, he followed Claude and Wilson. The sycamore in this etching is a model of form and fine convention. The feeling in this and the *Isis* is stately, monumental almost, approaching the sculpturesque. In the *Cephalus and Procris* he is entirely Turner, using his study of nature for the service of his imagination. In *Blair Athol* he is naturalistic. Tradition, Nature, and Poetry, the three great forces which made Turner, can be seen at work in these slight touches of his needle.

NEAR BLAIR ATHOL.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

FREDERIC JOHN SHIELDS AND HIS WORKS.

A NARRATIVE, PARTLY HIS OWN.

ART has romances as strange and stirring as those of Letters and Science, and Mr. Smiles's heroic records of the Engineers, to say nothing of Boswell's and Carlyle's, might easily be matched in biographies of painters and sculptors. Successful artists are, however, so far as publication is concerned, a reticent folk, not given to describing the trials, toils, privations, and long-continued endurance of their early days. Some of the more worldly among them are apparently not unwilling to accept in silence the 'big red houses' which are the earthly rewards of popular painters *per se*, as special gifts of Providence in their cases. Such cases are not always heroic when the successes they indicate are due to avoiding rather than acting up to high standards. Accordingly, the romance which clings to unheroic fortunes is often of the earth, earthy, and its histories are seldom told.

It is, therefore, all the more desirable that we should take special note of one or two instances of open-hearted, outspoken, and unostentatious heroism, and of valour rewarded; not, it is true, with 'red houses,' but with their equivalents of another sort, the homage of many men, and ample enjoyment of a noble order such as the 'good and faithful servant' longs for. Such enjoyment is rare in these days, when auction-rooms apply the tests of fortune to design, and we may count the instances of the better sort on our fingers, including the luck of Sir F. Leighton at Lyndhurst and South Kensington, Mr. Poynter's at St. Paul's, Mr. F. Madox Brown's at Manchester, Dyce's, and Maclise's, in the Houses of Parliament, and Mr. Armitage's at Islington. With these achievements, all of which are more or less heroic, and such as 'red houses' will not be the rewards of, the art-historian must now reckon that stupendous *Te Deum Laudamus* in stained glass which Mr. Shields has lately completed for the Duke of Westminster in the great chapel at Eaton Hall. To this *opus* I propose to devote a column or two of description, which, however insufficient to exhaust the subject, may give a general outline of it, and what are, so to say, one or two more developed panels picked from examples, all of which deserve equal attention.

Of the 'one or two instances' referred to above as desirable to be noticed, that which is now in question is due to the account of his youth and trials which Mr. Shields, with characteristic, unostentatious frankness, gave to Mr. Horace Scudder, a sympathising visitor from the United States, who published part of the story. To this account I shall, in order to make this narrative compact, add notes from the painter's speech delivered at a farewell dinner at Manchester, and other notes of my own making. Our travelled visitor, himself a pilgrim at Bunyan's house-place and field of mortal combat at Bedford, naturally, and not inaptly, saw in the English painter a modern type of the 'Interpreter,' whose function in Bunyan's allegory is analogous to that of the artist who, with wealth of thought and skill, has set forth pictorially the grand scheme and motive of a *Te Deum Laudamus*.

The contrast of the biography and the magnificent work of its subject is strong and stirring enough to be romantic, and the sympathising visitor's conception of the author has propriety, such as gives statue-like solidity to the Eidolon of an artist and his work. The work is undoubtedly analogous to that of the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' so that the doings of the painter are like those of the 'Interpreter.' Let us see what Mr. Shields has said of himself in the already published account:—

'My first conscious impressions are of the streets of London, whither I had been brought as a babe, when my parents removed from my northern birthplace, Hartlepool, on the Durham coast. The three R.'s were acquired at the Charity School of the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, under a master who taught me also religion and morality, as strongly by his example as his precept—Mr. Thomas Davies, whose name is to this day venerable to me. My mother came from Alnwick, in Northumbria, and used to sing me many a stirring Border ballad, and tell me many a wondrous legend of the olden days. My father belonged to Perth, and was a bookbinder's finisher, in which craft he excelled, and so found some vent for a strong artistic faculty, which had been bottled down in his boyhood by my grandfather's determination that he should not be, as he wished, an engraver, lest he should fall into the temptation of banknote forgery; three engravers having suffered death lately at Edinburgh at that time.' . . . 'At the age of six I received my first lesson in art, my father setting me, with a sheet of paper laid over a penny theatrical character-print of T. P. Cooke, as "William" in "Black-eyed Susan," to trace its lines against the window-pane. This was a spark to tinder; thenceforth the pencil was my passion, and many a day have I simulated illness that I might stay from school, to creep upstairs and, with trembling delight, draw as long as daylight served. What wonder that, untaught as I was, I yet left school, at the age of fourteen, with the reputation of a draughtsman! What was to be done with me now, my father's health failing, and my poor mother labouring with her needle to assist in supporting the family? About this time I received some kindly lessons from a lithographic artist, in the manner of J. D. Harding, on oak-touch, ash-touch, willow-touch, &c.; but beyond some astonishment at these and like designs for objects almost unknown to my eyes, they had no effect upon my practice, and I went on in my own way for some six months daily at the British Museum sculp-

ture galleries,* which were not then the haunts of coquetry and flirtation they have become since female students have flooded them. But now life must be seriously entered on, and, after applications at various establishments, Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald, then in Leicester Square, consented, on inspection of my boyish drawings, to receive me as an apprentice to lithography, artistic and commercial, my wages to commence after three years. But the arrangement collapsed at the end of the first, for it was impossible to maintain me profitless at home, with the younger children growing up. My father, too, had been compelled by slackness of work to leave London for the post of foreman at McCorquodale's works at Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.' . . . 'After a time he procured a situation for me (then about sixteen) in Manchester, at the wages of five shillings a-week, to do anything required in mercantile lithography. My father sickened, and I was left wholly dependent on this sum for food, clothes, and lodging; and when, afterwards, even this sum was cut off by my employers' failure, there came lower sinks of privation—absolute want of bread even—and, as the culmination of my distress, my loved father's death, and I was left alone in a strange city. But just before his death he succeeded in obtaining a situation for me at Messrs. Bradshaw and Blacklock's. Here, in the extremest drudgery of commercial lithography, I endured daily torture of mind—suffering also from a disease brought on by semi-starvation, which sapped my strength for four years. Months passed in this new circle of misery, and then I was dismissed for inability to execute with sufficient nicety repetitions of bobbin-tickets; some eighty on one cold stone, to be neatly painted with the brush for printing from.' . . . 'In vain I strove to satisfy the foreman, for my heart loathed the task; so again I was without means of bread-winning. I remember tramping to Liverpool, thirty-two miles by road, with a few pence in my pocket, and back without any, in fruitless search for work. What to do? I thought of my father's friends at the Newton works, poor, but warm-hearted; they might show me kindness. There, at the tariff of seven shillings a-head, they found me physiognomies enough to keep my pencil busy for months. These were drawn on tinted paper, life-size, in black and white chalk, with a little red. Excellent practice, and joy delirious, after the grinding bondage of bobbin-tickets, to be face to face with nature's work. But the mine of the little town was soon exhausted, and at this juncture old Bradshaw, the Quaker partner in the "Railway Guide" printing firm, sent for me and said, "Dost thou think thyself able to design for Baxter's Patent Oil-Printing Process?" Modestly, but confidently, I replied, "Yes." "What wages wilt thou require?" Seven shillings a-week I had received for bobbin-ticket draughtsmanship, and I dared to ask ten shillings a-week in the elevated post of designer; and I returned to my old shop in honour. The despised became a head, with a little room to himself, where no defilement of bobbin-tickets ever entered; and I revelled in gleaners and milkmaids and rustic lovers, and had a box of colours for the first time.'

In a few months this halcyon state of fortune came to an end; but in the meantime the artist had been able, as he said, 'to pay for a quarter's attendance at the School of Design, my only art-educational curriculum.' His next employment—producing ornamental labels for drapers' goods in the Manchester market—brought 'something like comfortable wages from a French firm,' which failed, and, in the line of Shields's patrons, was followed by a German lithographer, who in turn came to grief. By this time, however, the draughtsman 'had grown into the reputation of being the most tasteful designer in the Manchester ticket trade,' so that he determined to abandon shop-situations and lodgings at once. At this period his mother, sinking under the struggle of maintaining three little children, joined her eldest son in Manchester, and, after a few months' patient suffering, died of consumption. Shields's house was small, and in the outskirts of Manchester. Working there with commensurate industry and success, he obtained leisure to 'begin painting in water-colours, in hope eventually to break through this lithographic chrysalis which had encoffined my energies so long.' At all times, and during every daily journey, he studied and sketched whatever faces, figures, and groupings, showed beauty or oddity, and thus laid up lore for the future. 'But the offer of two pounds ten shillings a-week tempted me into the service of a firm at Halifax for a year, and the fresh Yorkshire moors greatly strengthened my enfeebled health; and when I returned to Manchester it was with a few pounds—a novel experience—in my pocket.'

Soon after this the very Gates of Honour seemed to be flung open wide before the artist by means of a commission from Mr. H. Rawson of the 'Manchester Examiner,' to design a set of illustrations to the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Said the artist: 'I threw my whole soul into the suggestion as the beginning of a new life,' and 'undertook the larger drawings for two pounds each, the smaller for half that sum. This arrangement very soon consumed my savings from the Yorkshire service, and brought me to bread and water again. Yet I was happy; my soul was filled.' New difficulties accrued, one after another, through the incapacity of ill-paid engravers to reproduce the designs on wood-blocks. 'At last more efficient help was secured, but the general disappointment attendant on wood-blocks sickened me of further effort in that direction, and I fell into the service of a landscape painter, who used me chiefly to put figures into his own drawings.'

The 'Pilgrim's Progress' made Mr. Shields in some respects the 'Interpreter' of his own future; the designs made for Mr. Rawson won Mr. Ruskin's warm commendations, and secured the hearty and affectionate applause of Dante G. Rossetti, the friend of our painter's life thenceforward, and a guide and companion so intimate that Fate willed the author of 'Dante's

* And he said elsewhere:—'I remember when I was a boy of twelve going to the British Museum on students' days, drawing and receiving influences unknown from the great works of ancient sculpture all day long—eating my frugal lunch shivering behind one of the huge frigid figures of the Egyptian Saloon.'

Dream' and 'The Bride' should die almost in Shields's arms. The draughtsman, having distinguished himself in *genre* subjects of child-life, was elected an Associate of the Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and, when about to leave Manchester for London, received, not only the honour of a special exhibition of more than one hundred and fifty of his works at the Royal Institution in the former city, but a farewell dinner was given to him on the 3rd of March, 1875.

Not long after this our painter undertook a thoroughly congenial task in decorating the private chapel of Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, of Kilmarnock, with a series of thirteen compositions illustrating *The Triumph of Faith*, as set forth in the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. Autotypes from the cartoons prepared for those works were published in 1878. They represented, (1) The Death of Abel, (2) The Translation of Enoch, (3) Noah preaching Righteousness, (4) Sarah rejoicing, (5) Abraham and Isaac, (6) Moses at the Red Sea, (7) Rahab holding the Cord of Safety, (8) Gideon wringing the Fleece, (9) Samson fainting, (10) David as the Shepherd, (11) Melchisedec as the High Priest, (12) St. John the Baptist as the Harbinger, with the Water of Baptism, and (13) The Crucifixion. The execution of such a series of designs qualified the artist as a pictorial Interpreter of the motives of Holy Writ. The success attending the performance drew many eyes to the painter, and among them those of Mr. Waterhouse, A.R.A., who procured for him a commission from the Duke of Westminster to enrich the windows of Eaton Hall Chapel with that pictorial *Te Deum Laudamus* I have now to set forth as clearly as limited space and insufficient penmanship permit.

Comprehensively of the work as a whole, let me say that the figures are nearly all life-size, while the general colouring of the glass-pictures is very silvery and brilliant, yet almost magically soft and restrained, without violent contrasts of tone or tint. The effect is thus at once homogeneous, splendid, and impressive. The chapel is oblong in plan; with a chancel extending to the east, which is lighted by three large windows at the end, and a window on each side. The south side of the body of the building has no windows; its walls are, however, to be enriched with mosaics, the subjects of which are parts of the entire scheme illustrating the *Te Deum*, the all-comprehending subject of the decorations. The west end of the chapel comprises a window of very considerable dignity, in the head of which groups of cherubim and seraphim appear. In the general arrangement of the whole of these mosaics and glass-pictures the painter's power as an Interpreter of the subject at large has been strenuously exercised. The decorations form that which is, in fact, a painted book.

Beginning with the chancel windows, because these face the spectator who enters the chamber, as well as he who remains to pray, we find each of the great lights divided into two tiers, of which the upper tier represents Paradise, the Nativity, Crucifixion, Ascension, Pentecost, and Judgment. The subjects of the lower tier are in the same order, adapted to those above them. Beneath Paradise, Praise is illustrated; beneath the Nativity, Obedience; beneath the Crucifixion, Faith; beneath the Ascension, Hope; beneath the Pentecost, Love; beneath the Last Judgment, Vigilance. The side-windows of the chancel contain: on the south side, groups of the Old Testament Martyrs; (*a*), Abel, (*b*), the High Priest Zacharias; with, beneath the former, the martyred Prophets, and beneath the latter, the Three Holy Children. The windows on the north side contain New Testament Martyrs; (*c*), Stephen, and (*d*), Antipas: beneath the former is a group of martyrs of the male sex; beneath the latter, another group their sisters in Faith.

I must restrict notice of the mosaics of the south side of the body of the chapel to a general statement that, in two tiers of designs, the 'Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets' and the Holy Church of the Old Testament, are displayed. Complementary to these pictures in stone are the lustrous glass pictures of the north side of the building, which set forth, or pictorially interpret, the history of the Newer Dispensation, by means, as before, of two tiers of subjects disposed in order. Ten Apostles are in the upper tier; while the lower tier comprises designs to illustrate the doings of other members of the Holy Church, including Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, Dorcas, St. Barnabas, the Ethiopian Eunuch, Aquila and Priscilla, and the Philippian jailer. The heads of the windows over the upper tier include figures of angels with emblems, such as the Cup, Crown of Thorns, Mirror and Bit, Scroll of the Gospel, and Missionary Ship.

The west window comprises in four tall lights figures of St. John the Evangelist, St. James the Greater, St. Peter, and St. John the Baptist, who, as the Harbinger, seems to say, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' of whom all the Old Testament prophets, delineated on the adjoining south wall of the chapel, testified. John is thus made the connecting link between the two grand series of subjects, and accordingly turns his face towards Malachi, the last of the prophets, whose figure will occupy the panel next to that of the Harbinger. Cherubim and seraphim fill the head of this window in many beautiful groups composed with elegant lines and delightful colours.

Did space allow, I might take the reader from panel to panel, describe them one by one, and thus display at length the whole of the resplendent scheme our Interpreter has propounded. Let me submit to necessity, and say in brief that the painter has given solid form, beautiful lustre, and charming

colour, to many scanty legends and suggestions of the Saints and Martyrs, including St. Jude, who is rejecting the hypocrites, as declared in his Epistle, and declaims with one hand on high. His striking metaphor of the twice-dead fig-tree is represented by the action of placing his foot on the plucked-up roots of such a tree. The figure of St. Matthias, one of those in the upper tier of lights on the north side of the chapel, is before the reader, and will serve to give an idea of the stately energy and noble reticence of Mr. Shields's technical treatment of the subject at large. It is impossible to illustrate the colour and vivid purity of this example; but its design grandly attests the interpretation of the theme, and shows the Apostle humbled by his divine election to the weighty office, with a due sense of his own insufficiency and submission to the will of God. 'Thy will be done!' he says, and bends his head. Chosen by lot in the place of Judas, the mode of his election is signified by the voting urn and ball at his feet.

From the Martyrs of the New Testament let me select the figure of St. Stephen, who, clad in a stainless toga, with a stone at his shoulder, stands looking upwards, as with an appeal for mercy to his slayers. With his hands wrung together he is praying ardently, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!' His agitated draperies contrast with the stately order of St. Matthias's. The Protomartyr has been chosen to contrast with Zacharias in respect to the mottoes of each, that of the latter being the High Priest's death-speech: 'The Lord look upon it, and require it.' We are thus brought to recognise the contrasting motives of the two Dispensations, the one being minatory, the other beneficent and self-sacrificing. A plume-like flame issues from the brow of Stephen, while the martyr's palm, rising in a gracious curve above his head, is held erect by the arm which he energetically presses to his side. At his feet the deaf viper lays his ear to the earth it grovels on, and is significant of the obstinate rejection of the truth by those who slew Stephen. Another noble figure is that of Antipas of Pergamos, an old man, clad in voluminous draperies, who looks up with heroic submission, and holds the brazen bull of his sacrifice. Out of this monstrous statue issue flames and smoke. A great palm accompanies the sufferer. The lily growing among thorns at his feet alludes to his position among the people of Pergamos, the so-called veritable 'Satan's Seat.'

In the groups of Martyrs of the New Testament on the north side of the chancel we have, below the upright figures of Stephen and Antipas, and in the male company, Ignatius, and Polycarp embracing Bishop Pattison, one of the latest of the sacrifices. Behind these persons are Latimer with a candle (referring to his speech to Ridley), Savonarola, Huss, and others. The female company comprises Vivia Perpetua, Felicitas, Agnes (the martyr of twelve years old), and, behind the last, Mary Dyer (the Quaker Martyr of Boston), Anne Askew, and Rasalama of Madagascar. By including these modern instances, the 'Interpreter' desires to show that Martyrdom survives even to our own days, and that it is by no means true that sacrifices are not still demanded as tests of Christianity.

The apex of the two-lighted window of the chancel, which is now in question, as an example of the contents of its neighbours, and the general mode and purport of the entire *Te Deum*, contains a cinquefoil, in the central rondel of which an Angel holds a Crown over a Cross wreathed with poppies, in allusion to Stephen's violent death and his speech. The Angel has a noble and gracious presence, a sedate and sweet visage; his wings are extended wide, showing that he floats on high.

F. G. Stephens.

A PATRICIAN OF VENICE IN THE XVI. CENTURY.

THIS is not a new book; more than ten years ago 'La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise,'* by M. Yriarte, was 'crowned' by the Académie Française. But it is a new edition, revised, increased, and, above all, illuminated, by the addition of contemporary engravings, and of illustrations from that Villa Barbaro at Masèr which Palladio designed and Paolo Veronese decorated with fresco for the family life of the patrician brothers, Daniele and Marc Antonio Barbaro. M. Yriarte is an apt historian for a picturesque period—enthusiastic, assiduous; combining the vivacity of the bright *raconteur* with much of the diligence and method of the compiler. Moreover, the plan which, in this book and in his *Rimini*, the author adopts of making an individual or a family the centre point in a narrative picture of a state and period, is a good method for actualising the subject-matter and securing the reader's attention by a link of personal interest.

The way in which M. Yriarte came to write this book after this particular fashion he explains by a characteristic incident, namely, that when visiting the Villa Masèr, as any art-lover might, but with a mind full of Venice and her great history, his attention is struck by the name of Marc Antonio Barbaro on the

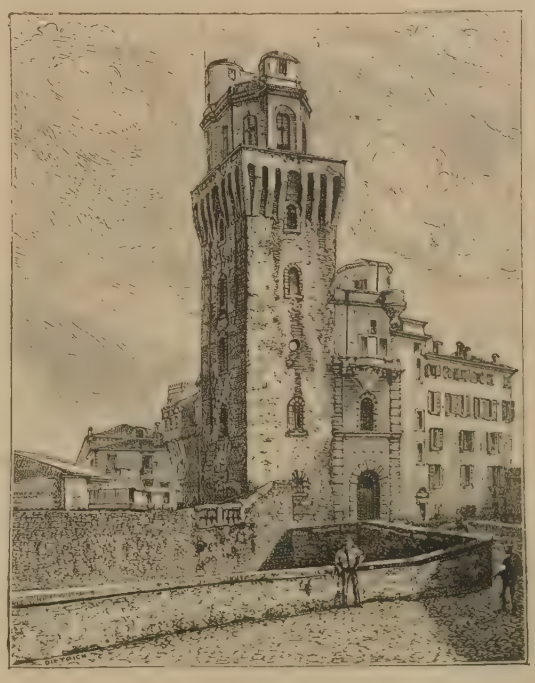
* 'La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au XVI. Siècle,' par Charles Yriarte, avec 136 gravures et 8 planches. Paris: J. Rothschild.

façade, and his fancy is stirred to picture the noble master of this mansion, for whom artists such as Palladio, Vittoria, and Veronese, worked in friendly emulation. Thus impressed, he seeks out the story of Barbaro on the stones of Venice, in her public archives and secret registers, and so step by step follows his life, which, as in stately procession, passes through high and honourable functions of the state at home, in court and school, and embassies of dignity and danger abroad.

STANDARD OF THE REPUBLIC ON BOARD THE 'BUCENTAUR.'

Between the *Libro d'Oro* and the *Necrologia dei Nobili*, between birth in 1517 to death in 1595, this illustrious individual seems to enter into all the important events and conditions of Venice during the sixteenth century; always the same stately person, senatorial, statesmanlike, learned in letters and the arts, various of capacity, that of fighting soldier excepted, but great in diplomacy, even to the point of conducting negotiations between Venice and Constantinople while the powers are in open war, and he, the ambassador to the Porte, is in prison.

The impatience with which M. Yriarte longed for some pictorial record of the personage whose life he had thus tracked and revived out of dusty tomes and forgotten registers can be well imagined. Only an indifferent effigy on some unimportant commemorative medal seemed to exist. But fortune favours a man with a fixed idea—he always finds what he looks for; and M. Yriarte found the portrait of Marc Antonio Barbaro. In the Belvedere Gallery hung a picture of a Venetian noble, by Paolo Veronese, habited in the ermine-trimmed garb of an ambassador, a gulf with fortressed banks and distant mountains depicted in the background; in the right hand this person held a document with seal and tassel attached, but the frame of the picture concealed half the inscription. M. Yriarte, inspired by his fixed idea, knows he has discovered his hero, obtains leave to have the picture taken down and out of the frame, and finds the words to be, indeed, a Latin inscription by M. A. B. [Marc Antonio Barbaro] to his *amico optimo, Domino Mahomet Pacha, Mussulmanorum Visiario.* The portrait is engraved in the volume before us, and a characteristic face and mien it presents, as fully in accord with the biographical exigency as could be desired—a long, wise head; steady, observant, rather small eyes; a large nose, more imposing than beautiful; mouth firm, but not without kindly curves, a little underhung; hair growing close over head, cheek, and chin; large ears; rather square figure, with low shoulders; a stiff, well-formed hand. We recognise the minister who was chosen for public offices, where was wanted good government, by one that knew how to serve his own masters with integrity; the noble upon whom election fell when an envoy was needed who could read men and be fearless as well as astute; who could send from Constantinople very plain-spoken, even fierce advice to the Senate at Venice when affairs were critical, but who bided



OBSERVATORY OF GALILEO, UNIVERSITY OF PADUA.

through his six years' dangerous embassy, out of prison and in it, with unmurmuring fidelity of service; a man who made true friendships moreover, and loved his kinsfolk and children, cared for learning and art, and was *amatore* to the point of executive activity, delighting in his leisure time at the Villa to model sculpture as the pupil of Vittoria, while Veronese painted the walls. It is,

indeed, not often that a figure of such grave, yet genial, splendour comes forward in the pages of Italian history.

The Barbari claimed descent from a family known in the fifth century as the Maghadesi of Trieste, who passed over to Venice, assumed the name of Barbaro, and became famous in the arts of both war and peace, counting polished literati, and valiant captains in their genealogical tables. Marc Antonio and Daniele Barbaro might be well taken as typical figures in the patrician order. Daniele was the eldest, a fine character; after a splendid young manhood, during which he filled distinguished official posts, ambassador to the English court of Edward IV. among others, he later in life took orders, and was nominated Patriarch of Aquileia in succession to Giovanni Grimani, whose coadjutor he had been. He renounced his paternal inheritance and position as head of the family in favour of Marc Antonio, and gave himself to a pure life of study in history, letters, science, and the arts, formed a splendid library, wrote upon Aristotle and Vitruvius, worked at decorative design (the ceiling of the council chamber of the Ten in the Ducal Palace is attributed to him), lived peaceably in the family circle at the Villa Masèr, and died in honour as a man of virtue and learning at the age of fifty-seven, when about to receive the purple of the cardinalate.

GATES OF THE LOGGIETTA.

Marc Antonio Barbaro, upon whom, through the renunciation of Daniele the eldest, and the early death of other brothers, the representation of the family rested, lived to sustain it seventy-eight years. Like Daniele, he obtained at Verona and Padua the education which a paternal Grand Council decreed for the young patricians from whom the State would choose her officers. Moreover, erudition was the fashion in the palmy days of Venice; members of six ducal families held the chair of Philosophy, and so eagerly were the professorial offices of the University at Padua sought after that the Senate had by decree to forbid the patricians from entering into competition, and thus removing their light from Venice. One of the most interesting chapters in M. Yriarte's book is that on the rise and development of the University of Padua, of which M. A. Barbaro was appointed *Reformatore* three times. The Venetian Government, always jealous of ecclesiastical influence, removed the prescriptive right to Rectorship from the Bishops of Padua, and reconstituted the affairs of the University. By an extraordinary system of protection, which reached the pitch of forbidding Venetian subjects from attending a university course elsewhere, and refusing to recognise other degrees, and at last of actually suppressing collegiate establishments in cities of the Venetian mainland, lest they should interfere with the interests of Padua, this University was forced into rapid and brilliant

THE LOGGIETTA.

development. The professorial chairs, at first restricted to natives, were later thrown open to foreigners, as was the University curriculum.

Many famous scholars were shining lights at Padua during the sixteenth century: Paolo Sarpi, professor of canon law; Fabrizio, the famous surgeon; Panciroli, great teacher of jurisprudence, and countless other celebrities; greatest of all, Galileo, who for twenty years held the chair of Astronomy, and from the platform of the tower of Ezzelin the Tyrant,

surveyed the heavenly spaces, and possessed his soul in peace before the troublous days of persecution. It was a credit to the worthy Barbaro during his tenure of office to have especially hoñoured Galileo, and to have obtained for him signal notice from the Council, together with the substantial token of a tripled salary. M. Yriarte pertinently notes that the emolument of the Paduan professors of those days was relatively far in advance of the stipend given to the most celebrated teachers in the Collége de France at the present time.

A considerable portion of this volume is naturally taken up by detailed accounts of the constitution of the Venetian Government, from the Doge in the Ducal Palace to the Procuratori who watched over the security of the Great Council during its sitting. A facsimile is given of Gio. Franco's engraving of these officers sitting at their tribunal beneath the central arch of Sansovino's Loggietta. From the same artist are reproduced many curious cuts. Among these are two of the order of battle in the Gulf of Lepanto, fought out between the naval array of Turkey on the one side and the united squadrons of Venice, the Papal power, and Spain, on the other, Oct. 7th, 1571; a fatal day of disastrous victory, when 'pendant quatre heures, ce promontaire d'Actium, antique temoin de la grande lutte, qui seize siècles auparavant, decida du sort de l'empire romain, voit s'entre-choquer cinq cents navires, et ses flots couverts de débris, s'entr'ouvrent pour engloutir plus de cent galères des quatre nations.'

JUNO. FROM THE FRESCO OF OLYMPUS, BY PAOLO VERONESE, VILLA MASÈR.

Three years after that engagement a treaty of peace was signed between the Sublime Porte and Venice, M. A. Barbaro acting as the representative of the Republic, and being especially named *Procuratore di Sopra*, in recognition of his good offices as negotiator. A year later yet he returned to Venice from his long and arduous mission, and delivered his report, or narration, before the assembled Senate—a celebrated discourse, the fame of which ran throughout Europe, and, though nominally a private document, was printed at Cologne in 1589, and treasured in manuscript copy in divers libraries, Oxford for one, at the commencement of the seventeenth century. A supplementary report was added to the more important narrative, but not pronounced. Barbaro takes occasion in this discourse to pronounce an eulogium on his friend the Grand Vizier, Mehomet Pacha, for whose character and power he appears to have felt the warmest admiration and strong personal regard, and for whom, as we have seen, he commissioned of Veronese the gift of his own portrait.

There is one chapter in M. Yriarte's book from which more might have been expected than is found. *Apropos* of the marriage of the hero of the book to the daughter of Marc Antonio Giustiniani, Ambassador of the Republic to the French Court, by his wife of the noble family Correr, our author gives an account of the noble *Venitienne au XVI. siècle*. That is to say, he would fain give such an account, which would seem to promise scope for much picturesque narrative and anecdotic sparkle. But, strange to say, M. Yriarte declares himself baffled for want of *matériel* when he would write of the Venetian lady *chez soi*. 'La femme intime fuit toujours;' the home life of the Venetian lady of the sixteenth century seems a closed book; contemporary writers have little or nothing to say, save to comment on the complete seclusion of the respectable Venetian lady, except on those public occasions when she is summoned to appear, covered with jewels and arrayed in gorgeous apparel, to serve by her charms as part of the general festive decoration. Unlike her sister of France, says the French writer, the Venetian patrician dame plays no open part in the political world, and shines not as a centre of intellectual and artistic activity. But the fame of her beauty is in the air, and she is noted in historic documents either for her lovely person or her splendid attire; also for the extravagance by which she sought to enhance both, so that sumptuary laws and other restrictions were passed to curb her in-

firmities This is M. Yriarte's witness; he has no faith in the learned or enlightened Ladies of Venice; if they exceptionally exist, it is to prove rule of the contrary. The class of women whose charms win frank acclaim from poet and artist, wit and sage, seem in Venice, as in Greece, to have been those of whom men did not make their wives, or the mothers of the sons who should bear the family name and uphold the family honour. But the courtesan was a recognised and ornamental feature in the luxurious and splendid life of the Venetian nobility, whose austerity was limited to keeping the ladies of the domestic hearth in pure obedience.

The chapter in this volume dedicated to Venetian women under this aspect of affairs, is appropriately illustrated by the engraving of Gio. Franco, a Venetian at her toilette, looking at her back hair by aid of two hand-mirrors, and by a cut showing how ladies combed their tresses over the brim of the *solana*, or crownless sun-hat, to bleach them golden. There are some pattern chopines too,—high wooden clogs,—the use of which the jealous Venetian husband encouraged as a useful kind of impediment to any indiscretions on the part of the ladies of his household. A clandestine elopement would certainly have been impossible to a wearer of chopines. Further, M. Yriarte includes a plate from a curious picture of contemporary manners by Carpaccio, in the Museo Correr—a group of courtesans on the palace terraces, amusing themselves with pet birds and beasts, with their hair frizzed over the brow to catch the sun. An engraving by Golitzius, *A Venetian Marriage in the Sixteenth Century*, gives a characteristic picture of the stately, much-bedizened patrician ladies and nobles, moving in slow dance or conversing in the open loggia of a palace over the lagoons.

VULCAN. FROM THE FRESCO OF OLYMPUS, BY PAOLO VERONESE, VILLA MASÈR.

From the depressing picture, which M. Yriarte implies rather than draws of the frivolous life and habits of Venetian women, it is pleasant to turn to the hint of something tender and happy in domestic ways, which we find in the will and testament of Marc Antonio Barbaro, drawn up and signed at the Villa Masèr, where peaceably he ended his days in a patriarchal *entourage* of children and children's children, the summer of 1595. 'Item,' says the will, 'I ordain that to Elena my daughter-in-law, wife of Antonio my son, and most beloved by me even as though she were my own daughter, shall be given two hundred golden ducats, which she shall receive in token of my gratitude and love towards her, which could not fully rest satisfied if I were to benefit her by far larger a sign thereof. Item, I leave to Marietta, the housekeeper, for her long, faithful, and good service, a hundred ducats,' &c.

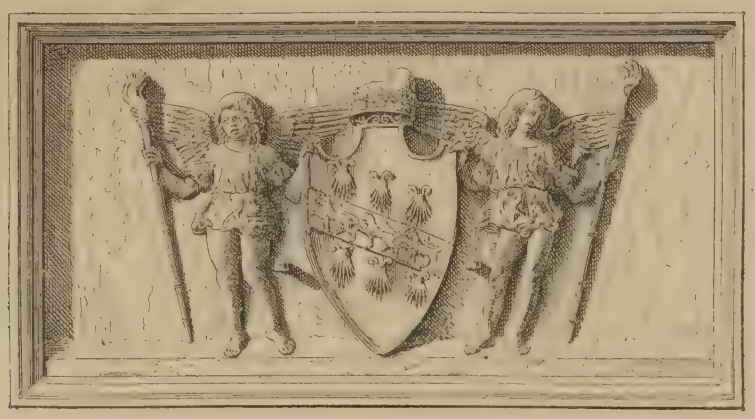
These are touches, at any rate, which reveal a home life where women brought comfort and helpfulness to the hearth.

The greater part of the illustrations to this volume are drawn from the decorations of the country house which, between 1565 and '70, the brothers Barbaro commissioned Palladio, *nostro amorevole architetto*, to raise for them at Masèr, amid the rich undulating country, bounded on the north by the mountains of Cadore. The mansion was intended for a family life after the patriarchal fashion, even now common in Italy, where several generations live peaceably together under one roof; yet it must afford space and state for the reception of distinguished guests on gala days, and be in character suited to the rank of its occupants; and it must be fitting for pleasure and rest, after public care and service, to men whose leisure was enriched by art and letters and the festive manners of the time. So Palladio planned the house with a central projecting block in two storeys, presenting on the façade an elegant *ensemble* of classic pilasters, an open loggia, a pediment with deep eaves, and adorned with large sculpture in stucco by Alessandro Vittoria. The wings are low, and contain the minor dwelling-rooms screened by a deep arcade; at either extremity is a projecting block arcaded below and terminating above, in the upper stage

with a dovecote attic, painted outside with fresco. Within we find a noble central hall or reception-room, with vaulted ceiling, decorated by Veronese with the gods and goddesses on Olympus, surrounding a female figure in the clouds representing Immortality. On the walls are painted eight single figures of women draped, standing in niches, and holding each a musical instrument—noble, largely designed, and decorative. Below the ceiling the painter, by a freak of invention, has represented, with illusive perspective, an open balcony, in which a lady, the wife of M. Antonio, and an old woman, stand looking out. But it is in the smaller chambers or dwelling-rooms of the family that, to quote a writer on art who visited the villa last autumn, and places his note-book at our service, the 'triumphant imagination and style of Veronese are displayed.' Classic deities, groups allegorical and mythical, sporting loves and angioletti, Venus and St. Catherine, Bacchus and St. Joseph, the birth of Cupid, and Faith, Hope, and Charity, find place. Over the doors, grouped against the pediment, nude satyrs or other fanciful figures recline. On walls, chimneypieces, ceilings, wherever his brush can find room, the painter devises and delights. At the opposite ends of a suite of rooms he paints figures of a gentleman, his brother, Benedetto Caliari, it is said, and a lady, entering at a simulated doorway. The faults of Veronese are here, throughout, as well as his strength; the fancy is not always pure, the taste is freakish, the drawing is careless. But the whole is full of rich invention, design free and effective, colour finely decorative; and as to technique, the artist shows 'full mastery over fresco in light, lustrous, and sketchy qualities.'

Altogether, this country-house of a patrician of Venice makes a singularly joyous impression. Surrounded by its gardens, fountains, and statues, sheltered by the wooded mountain slopes, and facing the sunny lands that stretch towards the Adriatic, half temple, half casino in its elegant Palladian architecture, and adorned by the most radiant display of an art sumptuous and festive, the Villa Masèr is in its way unique.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.



ARMS OF DOGE BARBARIGO, DUCAL PALACE.

ART CHRONICLE.

IN the collection of about one hundred and fifty pictures, drawings, and frames of studies which have been brought together in M. Georges Petit's beautiful gallery behind the Madeleine, M. Meissonier sees himself perhaps more thoroughly represented than ever a painter has been before. In the preface to M. Charles Pillet's excellent catalogue we are told that it makes up about one-third of the artist's total productions, while of our own knowledge we can see that it contains nearly all his best things, the only conspicuous exception being the '1807'—the advance of the Cuirasseurs at the Battle of Friedland—which is now in America, in the possession of Mrs. A. T. Stewart. And even this picture is present in a fragmentary fashion in the sketches and studies with which the way was prepared for it. But in any case variety is not the French master's strong point; and it would be difficult to select twenty pictures from the four hundred and fifty or so he has painted, from which an idea of his powers that should be at once complete and accurate might not be easily formed.

From the time of Le Brun down to the present day, France has seldom been without some painter who enjoyed a great and preponderant reputation which depended in some degree upon that official recognition which has, even now, so much more influence in the republic of our neighbours than in most monarchies. This position M. Meissonier has filled for more than thirty years, in fact ever since Prince Louis Napoleon climbed to the throne of France, and, added to his own extraordinary though rigidly circumscribed powers, it has given him such a *prestige* in his native country, and in those countries which accept the art verdict of Paris, that (to quote the words of a French critic of singular penetration and freedom from bias, M. Fourcaud) it is 'only contested in the embrasures of windows, with whispers and deprecating shrugs.' However this is hardly the place for a discussion of Meissonier's real claims to immortality, and we must be content for the moment with allowing that from the imitative and objective point of view, he is one of the completest and most competent painters

that have ever lived, and that all those, and they are the vast majority in every society, who look at pictures for their subjects, and admire above all things the skill with which their own ideas of nature are shown them as in a mirror, will find in his collected works an ample reward for a voyage to Paris. The first number in the catalogue refers to Sir Richard Wallace's small *Bourgeois Flamands*, the earliest work of its author, which was exhibited in 1834, just half a century ago. English picture-lovers well remember it at Bethnal Green in 1871 and following years; there is little in it to hint at the painter's future success. Fourteen years afterwards M. Meissonier painted one of the few works in which he makes any demand on our intellect; *La Barricade*—signed and dated 1848—was exhibited at the Salon of 1851 under the title *Souvenir de Guerre Civile;* it shows us a Paris street, gloomy, deserted by every living thing, but strewn with corpses, and barred in the foreground by a broken heap of paving-stones and other moveables. The picture bears every sign of having been painted on the spot; we are told, in fact, that the scene was at the corner where the Rue de la Mortellerie and the Rue Geoffroy-Lasnièr meet. Close to this picture, and forming an instructive contrast with it, hangs a sketch for *Paris, 1870–1871*, one of those crowded allegories out of which no painter has ever yet succeeded in making an acceptable work of art. This sketch is dated in the present year. Returning to his earlier work, we find *Les Bravi* and *L'Ombre des Bosquets*, from Sir Richard Wallace's collection; *Le Baiser d'Adieu*, lent by an anonymous author; and *La Rixe*, the famous picture which was bought by Napoleon III. in the 1855 exhibition, and given by him to Prince Albert. In two respects, in colour and dramatic action, this may be considered Meissonier's masterpiece, while in drawing and general making out it is inferior to none of the things about it. In a small picture, painted in 1857 and still in its author's possession, the painter seems to have set himself the favourite problem of De Hooghe, the rendering of sunlight in a partially closed interior. The picture is numbered 30 in the catalogue, and called *L'Attente*. It shows us a young man standing by a window of which only one shutter is open; through this the sunshine flows in to fall on a table with a sword upon it and on the well-waxed parquet. In *La Confidence* (32), on the other hand, the artist's desire has been to tell a little story in which the expression of two heads—the head of a young man in love, who gives his confidence, and that of an older and more experienced individual who receives it—do all that is wanted. It is, perhaps, to his skill in the management of expression, to the subtlety with which he contrives to convey an idea of considerable emotion without any exaggerated derangement of feature, that Meissonier owes his best title to permanent fame; and of all his pictures, that in which this faculty is most strongly displayed is the famous *Retreat from Moscow*. Few modern pictures are better known than this. Who is not familiar in engravings, photographs, and photogravures, with the two columns of weary Frenchmen who tramp in silence across the Russian steppes, between snow above and snow below, all eyes, or, at least, all minds, fixed upon that grey figure on the white horse, which they have followed so often and so far? But we must examine the picture itself to appreciate the reticent skill with which the story is told; there is not a head in all the twenty or thirty which immediately follow Napoleon in which discouragement and a hopeless waiting, a 'what-will-he-do-now' kind of feeling, may not be traced if we read between the lines. But every man sits erect on his horse and keeps his features straight. Taking it all round, and in spite of a certain want of quality in the colour, this is probably Meissonier's best picture. It has the advantage of a better subject than the *Solferino* (52), the 1807, or the Queen's *La Rixe*, while in technical matters it is equal to either of the three, except that the last-named excels it in colour. Retracing our steps a little, we should mention *Un Ecrivain*, painted in 1858, and one of the finest of the 'microscopic' class; the *Partie Gagnée*, of the same year; its pendent, *Partie Perdue;* and *Monsieur Polichinelle*, a minute panel which is known to many people from M. Rajon's etching. *La Lecture chez Diderot*, painted in 1859, is happy in arrangement and in the modelling of the heads rather than in colour. We may say the same of *La Partie de Cartes*, painted in 1860, and now the property of Mr. Gordon Bennett. But in another picture of this same year, *Les Amateurs de Peinture*, we find M. Meissonier's powers as a colourist almost at their best, and only to be excelled in *La Rixe*, and, perhaps, in the fancy portrait of his son, *M. Charles Meissonier*, whom he painted in 1862 in the guise of an engraver at work with his acid and copper (57). In this last-named picture, and in the next on the list, *Le Bibliophile* (58), the painter has contrived a more intricate illumination than usual, and carried it out with an amount of success which, although far short of what two or three of the Dutchmen have done, is yet very considerable. In *Les Joueurs de Boules* (82), on the other hand, we see perhaps the finest of Meissonier's attempts to paint diffused daylight: a number of microscopic little figures are playing bowls in the broad shadow cast by the walls of some fortified town, and the quality of the sunshine is truer and more *vibrant* than we find it anywhere else in his work. We miss *Le Halte*, one of the best of his creations in this particular class. There is a picture of the same name in the collection, but it must not be mistaken for its more famous namesake. Like almost, if not quite, every other 'little master,' Meissonier's success with works on a larger scale has been scarcely more than a *succès d'estime*. Of those included in the present show, the *Portrait du Sergent*, and a large *Cuirassiers*, a regiment drawn up in line before charging, are by far the best. But, on the other hand, few even of the best works here mentioned show as much real artistic quality as No. 131, *Le Récit du Siège de Bergen-op-Zoom*, three little talking figures sitting on a bench, and painted on a circular panel about the size of a five-shilling-piece. Of Meissonier as a portrait-painter there are several excellent examples, one of the best being his full length of *Alexandre Dumas fils*, but by far the most interesting his head of *M. Thiers*, painted immediately after death. But perhaps the small *Napoleon on Horseback*, which is called '1814' in M. Pillet's catalogue, should be looked upon as a portrait. In that case, it must be put at the top of Meissonier's works in that genre. Our readers will remember it as the little panel so long in Mr. Ruskin's possession, which was sold last year at Christie's for some six thousand guineas.

FROM the Annual Report of the Arundel Society we may take the following announcements. The first publication of the forthcoming year will be a second group of Angels from Gozzoli's frescoes in the chapel of the Riccardi Palace, Florence, pendent to the group already brought out, which is one of the most successful chromo reproductions yet issued. The *Nativity* by Fra Filippo Lippi in the Accademia, which is supposed to have served as altar-piece in the chapel when Gozzoli's central fresco was destroyed by breaking the wall for a window, has been copied by Herr Kaiser, and will be issued as an occasional publication in 1885. The second annual publication will be a chromolithograph after a picture by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, now in the Pinacotheca at Perugia, representing the cure of a wounded man by S. Bernadino. Herr Kaiser is copying for the Society from the frescoes by Masolino at Castiglione d'Olona in Lombardy; also from the curious series by Romanino in the banqueting-hall of the castle of Malpago, near Brescia, the seat of the great *condottiere* Bartolommeo Colleoni. These frescoes form quite a pictorial commentary on contemporary manners and costumes. Signor Desideri has made copies of four allegorical groups from the decoration by Paolo Veronese at the Villa Masèr. Some notes on the series of frescoes will be found on another page of this issue in a review of M. Yriarte's life of Marc Antonio Barbaro, a patrician of Venice in the sixteenth century, for whom the country-house at Masèr was built and adorned. To Signor Desideri also has been given commission to copy the illustrations of the stories of St. Jerome and St. George in S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni, and one beautiful water-colour drawing from the series has reached the Society's rooms. Botticelli's quaint allegory of Spring in the Uffizzi Gallery has been most successfully rendered by Signor

Costantini. How far all these works will be thought suitable for reproduction is not yet decided. But in any case these copies are invaluable records of work by the ancient masters which is yearly fading, crumbling away, or being destroyed under the plea of restoration.

IT is impossible to hear without a shudder of dismay that a scaffolding encumbers the façade of the chapel of San Bernadino at Perugia, and the hand of the restorer is busy. Well for those who saw the beautiful reliefs of Agostino di Duccio in the shifting radiance of colour which time and Italian sun had drawn from mellow surface and coloured ground before the reparation craze set in.

AMONG minor exhibitions has been the setting forth of a number of notes of colour and slight folio sketches by Mr. Whistler, in a room 'arranged' by the artist in 'flesh colour and grey.' Grey dado, mouldings, and ceiling, pinkish yellow walls, matted floor, frames in three shades of metal colour, and an attendant *en suite*, this freak of a pretty decorative *ensemble* simply attained served to attract the many visitors on whom the artistic value of Mr. Whistler's hints and memoranda must have been utterly lost. Most painters keep such material for private use in their folios; Mr. Whistler is more confiding, and invites the curiosity of the general public. The 'arrangement' was held at Messrs. Dowdeswell's rooms in Bond Street.

A COLLECTION of drawings in black and white, by the popular illustrator of manners and customs in our 'Victorian age,' Mr. Du Maurier, of 'Punch' celebrity, has furnished an attractive exhibition at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. A contemporary journalist deplored some time since that the art of men like Du Maurier and Chas. Keene should be absorbed by the weekly demands of the chief comic commentator on public events and manners: a fate which the writer was pleased to describe as 'throwing their brains into the gutter.' But it appears to us, with all due deference to the clever designers named, that to influence their generation through the pages of 'Punch' is after all no mean avocation. Neither has there been any sign, although Mr. Du Maurier, for instance, is now an exhibitor at the Water Colour Society, that the especial capacity of art expression which fits them for the post of illustrator, would have expanded otherwise and better in independent painting on more heroic lines. Of course, the translation of the designs by the engraver is not always adequate, but by the means of modern appliance, it is as a rule so close, that little is lost of delicacy or force. And the public reached by a publication like 'Punch' is prodigiously wider than any exhibition-visiting section. It is, however, a very just and pleasant thing that we should have opportunity of seeing Mr. Du Maurier's original work *en masse*, and, as in the case of the 'Phiz' Exhibition, the range of the artist is shown.

THE South Kensington Museum is continually adding to its multifarious collections. Two considerable gifts have recently been received. Over a thousand engravings, etchings, coloured caricatures, and some original drawings, by the late George Cruikshank, the outcome of a long working life, have been presented by the widow, who desires that the gift shall serve as a memorial of the artist, and be entitled after him, 'The George Cruikshank Collection.'

Another extensive addition is the British porcelain and pottery, gathered by Lady Charlotte Schreiber and the late Mr. Charles Schreiber with much care and industry in England and the Continent, and now presented to the Museum, together with a valuable set of Battersea enamels and some old English glass.

A SMALL gathering of pictures by French artists, about whom more curiosity than knowledge is rife in England, has been on view this summer at the Dudley Gallery. Three of M. de Nittis' large and clever pastels portray scenes to be found among fashionable circles at a racecourse. Scale, depth and quality of tone, and breadth of effect, are technical successes which give interest to these performances in an otherwise rather ignoble art. The loan was obtained of the immense canvas by M. Gervex, purchased by the State, *First Communion at the Church of La Trinité*. This extraordinary piece of off-hand generalisation, relying for effect on certain brilliant qualities of tone and bold perspective, could hardly be seen in the confined area of the Dudley Gallery. Impression painting on this scale makes large demand on space. Names of note, such as Roll, Ribot, Lerolle, were represented in this collection by minor and often inferior examples. A chief feature, and an admirable, was M. Bonnat's portrait of M. Victor Hugo, lent by the poet himself. The figure is a three-quarter length, seated, searching in character, firm and strong in execution.

A CIRCULAR has been issued in France asking for aid towards the erection of a memorial to Eugene Delacroix, and the names of two Englishmen—Sir Richard Wallace and Sir Frederick Leighton—stand among the signatures. Delacroix has been well described as the painters' painter: his art, that is, has chief value for those who practise as well as know; but his influence is cosmopolitan. The present age seems likely to be noted for its zeal in raising monuments to the prophets whom our fathers neglected, and it is right and graceful for Englishmen to help in perpetuating the memory of an artist great enough to belong to time rather than to locality.

A FAMOUS collection of ceramics came to the hammer at Christie's in June, namely, the Majolica, Palissy, Urbino, and Henri Deux ware, belonging to the late Mr. Andrew Fountaine of Narford Hall, together with rare Limoges enamels. The principal pieces were gathered by Sir Andrew Fountaine, a dilettante of last century, during his travels on the Continent, but he lost part of his treasures by the fire at White's Coffee House, where he was staying in 1732. The collection was removed to Narford House, where it was increased by the late owner. Among celebrated pieces are the Briot Ewer, enriched in Palissy ware by designs attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, a table fountain in Limoges enamel by L. Limousin, said to have been made for Diana of Poitiers, and bearing her monogram and crescent, and certain important examples of Urbino ware well known and described by Marryat and others. The Narford engravings are to be sold this month. The following figures are among exceptional prices realised by the objects of art:—Faenza plate, dated 1508, design in grotesque figures, assigned to Dürer, 920*l.*; Urbino plate, by Nicola da Urbino, 375 guineas; Dish in Pesaro lustre, portraits of Giovanni Sforza and a lady, 270 guineas; Dish in Castel Durante ware, 360 guineas; pieces in Palissy ware, the Briot Ewer, 1300 guineas; an oval cistern, 1870 guineas; another cistern, 1050 guineas; a pair of ewers, 1510 guineas; coloured enamels: a small ewer Limoges enamel, inscribed beneath handle, 'Susanne Court,' 1250 guineas; a large deep-sunk oval dish, by Jean Courtois, 'Moses pointing to the brazen serpent,' 2800 guineas; an antique-formed ewer, by Jean Courtois, with subject from heathen mythology, 2300 guineas; a large oval dish, with sunk centre, by Leonard Limousin, dated 1555, subject, Raphael's 'Supper of the Gods,' 7000 guineas.

THE sale of the Leigh Court pictures has furnished another opportunity for the enrichment of public galleries and the opportunity of private collectors. What objects have been gained for our national museums from this and the Fountaine sales must be noted in our next month's issue. We may then also be able to record more definite news as to the fate of the Blenheim pictures, than at the time of our going to press is possible. The public mind has been agitated by contradictory reports for some time; between legal difficulties as to the right of sale, *on dits* of private transactions between Blenheim and Berlin, and the uncertainty of any terms which the English Government could meet, there has seemed every probability that we should again lose for England some of the best of her treasures.

MEALTIME.

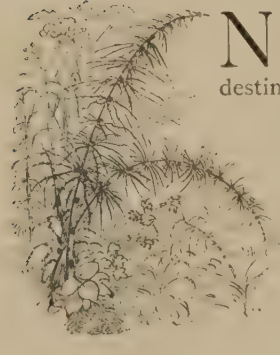
ETCHED BY W. STRANG.

THIS is not exactly the kind of picnic illustrated in *Punch*, where Sir Gorgius Midas has the champagne and the *pâté de foie gras* served by a strong force of lacqueys in the magnificent Midas livery. These poor people happen to be out-of-doors and are hungry, and they possess the simple materials of a meal in which luxury is unknown. They all belong to the same family, and we learn from the artist that the old man has been giving himself a good wash in the lake before his dinner; indeed as *cela se passe en famille* he has not yet quite finished his toilet. The people are serious, the usual characteristic of Mr. Strang's personages, and the meal is not likely to be enlivened with merriment; but they are not supposed or intended to be unhappy. They are 'poor and not thinking of their poverty,' so there is neither any attempt to hide it nor any effort to overcome the thoughts of it by forced gaiety.

Mr. Strang is, I am told, just at present an unpopular artist. If this is the case there is nothing either surprising or really discouraging in his unpopularity. Jean François Millet, the great French rustic painter whose name is now illustrious and whose works sell for fabulous prices, had to live for many years under the cold shade, the common lot of artists who have serious and deep feeling and a great respect for their art. As in Millet there was a combination of a love for real nature with reminiscences of great art, so every critic who observes nature for himself, and loves serious old art also, must quickly perceive that Mr. Strang has this dual taste, and has given himself the two corresponding educations. His work is at the same time observant of nature and learned in the resources of art to a degree that its extreme apparent simplicity is likely to render quite inappreciable by the general public. Nobody who has not given long and careful study to the art of original engraving can really know how thoughtful Mr. Strang's work is. Throughout the plate before us there is not a detail, either in composition or execution, that has not been deliberately preferred. Everything is full of intention, and the intention is carried out. There is no charm of prettiness or elegance, these being qualities foreign to the serious taste of the artist, but there is the charm of a sagacious self-control, of a contented resting within prescribed limits, exceedingly rare in our time, but most favourable to those graver and more earnest forms of art which are disdainful of petty luxuries for the eye, and of the low success that rewards the ingenious craftsmen who in these days so abundantly supply them.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE STORY OF AN IMAGINATIVE PAINTER.



'NOW-A-DAYS,' says Mr. W. B. Scott, 'when the destiny of painting is the embellishment of the dining-room, the higher the painter aspires the worse may be his reward . . . '

I was present in a well-known auction-room some time ago, when a landscape by Samuel Palmer, illustrating a Virgilian subject, was brought forward for sale. Two gentlemen were standing near me, one of whom was particularly well acquainted with modern art. 'Ah!' he said to the other, 'you and I never saw nature like that.' Soon afterwards they were bidding with enthusiasm for a really true and beautifully executed drawing of some fish. Here was a piece of nature which both of them had seen —nay, which they had eaten, and, having seen and eaten, could appreciate and understand.

In a review of a book recently published I found these words: 'Samuel Palmer's effects of landscape were composed with but slight regard to nature.'

Now the gentleman in the auction-room was perfectly correct in saying that he was not familiar with Virgilian country. It is probable indeed, that he would not have felt quite comfortable among the Fauns and Dryads; but I will endeavour to point out that the reviewer's assertion is not quite so accurate.

The position held by imagination in modern landscape art (if it retains any position there at all), is so interesting a subject, that perhaps a brief history of one among the few imaginative painters in our own time may have some interest for the readers of the PORTFOLIO.

Fortunately, I am able to use his own words, for he was a great letter-writer and, with few exceptions, his letters were preserved by those to whom they were addressed. The perusal of some hundreds, by giving me a still closer knowledge of his art principles than even the many happy years spent in his society afforded me, makes it an easier task to show

that a painter who was fed upon poetry from his birth and whose works (according to Rossetti) 'are clear beacons of inspiration,' was yet one of the most diligent students that nature ever had.

We must go back some fifty years or so, to an old ivy-buried cottage in an obscure little village, lying cosily cradled by a lovely Kentish valley. Here, 'walled about with books,' lived a youth with his father. Their life was primitive and quite without ambition in any of its innumerable forms. Time used his wings at leisure then, and gliding calmly past, was pleased to find them with folio editions of the great poets in their hands, or beguiling the lingering hours with ancient music, while the moon glassed herself in the pools of the little river, and, save for the heron or the moorhen, all else was silent.

But the young man was chiefly employed in artistic studies, to which, almost from childhood upwards, he had dedicated his life. His devotion was so humble and sincere, so grafted upon his simple piety, that it savoured more of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries than of the comparative apathy of his own day.

Moreover he had long determined to bind his profession a handmaid to the poetry he loved—to the 'desires of a mind' filled from infancy, as I have said, with all that is best and greatest in our literature, rather than spend his life a prosperous animated camera, merely in imitating what he saw before him. He was led to this, partly by his own nature, partly by his friendship with a man so extraordinary that his name has become a Shibboleth; —a man, the reverenced cynosure in a small circle of young painters, whose affectionate allegiance outlasted their youth, and lived in their hearts till one by one, they have followed him hence. This was William Blake, who, visionary and poet though he was, could give his disciples sound practical advice. 'We should draw anything we want to master,' he told them, 'a hundred times from nature, till we have learned it by heart.' But he told them also that—'He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all.'

The influence of such teaching as this upon a thoroughly congenial mind, was naturally two-fold. Indifferent to gaining popularity with pretty bits of still-life or rustic common-places, Samuel Palmer spent the days, sometimes even the nights, in close and devoted study of the beautiful forms and phenomena which surrounded him, for a wholly different purpose. He spent them in qualifying himself by slow degrees for what he believed to be the truest, indeed the only worthy kind of art—the art inspired by poetry and imagination. And thus it came to pass that, at an age when many a young painter of to-day has pushed his easy way to luxury, and can afford to seek relief from the brush and palette in the cigar and the breech-loader, this enthusiast was living quite contentedly upon an income which might furnish one of his more prosperous brethren with hats and gloves.

It was not long before he found that he had fallen on evil days.

'"What is that?" said a lady to her mate at Somerset House, as I was drinking in Fuseli's *Psyche going to the Fates*. "Oh! that's *imagination*," said he, with a most contemptuous emphasis upon the word—"Come along!"'*

But, yet, he firmly held his own opinion, which was this, though written later:—

'A bird deprived of her wings is not more incomplete than the human mind without imagination; a faculty distinct from the spiritual and rational, yet having a common language; for the language of imagination is poetry, and it is in poetry that both sacred aspiration and secular wisdom have found their noblest utterance. . . .

'If those who are cumbered and paralyzed by worldly cares or prosperity find the ideal too insubstantial for their touch, let them not impeach its reality and force until they have observed its counterpart in the material world; where, through the whole ascent, swiftness and power are gained, as matter becomes less gross and ponderable: oaks are shattered by a fluid (if it be so much), and steam or gases break the mountain, or heave it up from the depths of the sea. What else is the tornado than an invisible and

---

* An incident that shows what progress imaginative art has made in popular favour since this time has occurred quite lately. In a letter dated June 26, 1867, Samuel Palmer wrote as follows:—'I am anxious to mention again a great art opportunity. Lievens' *Raising of Lazarus* is at the British Gallery! and as it was once exhibited there before, it will probably be the last opportunity of seeing it except at the residence of the fortunate possessor. There is an etching of it by the INVENTOR himself and also an excellent print, which is always among my London attractions, as it hangs in the dining-room of a cousin with whom I usually stay.'

Under the heading of 'Sales' in the *Athenæum* of June 14, we may read these words:—'Snyders. *A Dish of Fruits in a Chair, with a monkey, parrot, and dog.* 315*l.*—I. Lievens. *The Raising of Lazarus.* 12 guineas.' This was at Christie's, the resort of the most distinguished and wealthiest connoisseurs in England! 'It is especially noteworthy,' says the *Athenæum* of the same date, 'that *The Raising of Lazarus*, by Jan Lievens, a noble picture of the Rembrandt type, superior to the latter master's representation of the same subject, together with Lievens' own etching from his picture, were knocked down, if not sold, on Saturday last by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods, for twelve guineas. Our readers will remember the picture at the Academy in 1871, a loan from the Baroness North.'

Noteworthy, indeed! for it is a work which once seen is not easily forgotten. It illustrates, in a manner worthy of the subject, a deeply solemn and pathetic story. But it does more than this; it appeals to the imagination in a manner which one would have thought irresistible.

Had not the rich Christian gentlemen who bid so eagerly for the *Dish of Fruits in a Chair, with a monkey, parrot, and dog*, one touch of shame mixed with their contempt, as perhaps the grandest version of the grandest story in their Testament was knocked down for little more than the price of a new coat by a fashionable tailor?

permeable element which in its playfulness is the balm of spring?'*

A letter to Mr. George Richmond, written in 1828, gives his first outspoken resolution to enrol himself with the unpopular minority in his profession.

'By God's help,' he says, 'I will not sell away His precious gift of art for money; no, nor for fame neither, which is far better. Mr. Linnell tells me that, by making studies of the Shoreham scenery, I could get a thousand a year directly. Though I am making studies for Mr. Linnell, I will, God help me, never be a naturalist by profession.'

But although he thus intended to devote himself to the Ideal rather than the Real, we have seen that, like his master, he knew full well the importance of severe training in either branch of art.

Writing to Mr. Linnell in the same year he says:—

'The hop-picking began yesterday, and I think, as the days are glorious, you had better come directly. The picking will last a month; so if you seize the fine weather and begin immediately, you can, if you feel disposed, spend a day at Bayswater between whiles, and still have time left to come back and finish your sketches. . . . I have begun a pretty view of part of the village, and have no doubt that the drawing of choice portions and aspects of external objects is one of the varieties of study requisite to build up an artist, who should be a magnet to all kinds of knowledge; though at the same time I can't help seeing that the general characteristics of Nature's beauty not only differ from, but are in some respects opposed to, those of Imaginative Art; and *that*, even in those scenes and appearances where she is loveliest and most universally pleasing.'

'Nature, with mild, reposing breadths of lawn and hill, shadowy glades and meadows, is sprinkled and showered with a thousand little pretty eyes, and buds, and spires, and blossoms gemm'd with dew, and is clad in living green; . . . . but the leafy lightness, the thousand repetitions of little forms, which are part of its own genuine perfection (and who would wish them but what they are?), seem hardly to be reconciled with the unwinning severity, the awfulness of Art.'

'Milton, by one epithet, draws an oak of the largest girth I ever saw. "Pine and *monumental* oak." I have just been trying to draw a large one in Lullingstone, but the poet's tree is huger than any in the park: there, the moss, and rifts, and barky furrows, and the mouldering grey (though that adds majesty to the lord of forests), mostly catch the eye before the grasp and grapple of the roots, the muscular belly and shoulders, the twisted sinews. . . .'

'I saw a lovely little rustic child this evening, which took my fancy so much, that I long, with to-morrow's light (God sparing me), to make a humble attempt to catch some of its graces. If I can at all succeed, it will be nothing Dutch or boorish.'

'Temporal creation, whose beauties are in their kind perfect, and made and adapted by the benevolent Author to please all eyes and gladden all hearts, seems to differ from images of the mind as that beautiful old picture in the last British Gallery (I forget the name) differs from the conceptions of the Sistine Chapel, or the Tomb of the Medici. Were both called suddenly into breath, the simple shepherds would, I think (as they ought), modestly withdraw before the stupendous majesty of Buonarroti's *Night*.'

'So, among our poets, Milton is abstracted and eternal. That arch-alchemist, let him but touch a history, yea, a dogma of the schools, or a technicality of science, and it becomes poetic gold. Has an old chronicle told, perhaps marred an action? Six words from the blind old man reinvigorate it beyond the living fact; so that we may say the spectators themselves saw only the wrong side of the tapestry.'

'The perfection of nature is not the perfection of the severest art: they are two things. The former we may liken to an easy, charming colloquy of intellectual friends; the latter is "Imperial Tragedy."'

'*General* nature is wisely and beneficently adapted to refresh the senses and soothe the spirits of general *observers*. We find hundreds in raptures when they get into the fields, who have not the least relish for grand art. . . . Everywhere curious, articulate, perfect, and inimitable of structure, like her own entomology, Nature does yet leave a space for the soul to climb above her steepest summits. As, in her own dominion, she swells from the herring to the leviathan, from the hodmandod to the elephant, so divine Art piles mountains on her hills, and continents upon those mountains.'

'After all, I doubt not that there must be the study of this creation, as well as art and vision, though I cannot think it other than the veil of Heaven, through which her divine features are dimly smiling; the setting of the table before the feast; the symphony before the tune. . . . Those glorious round clouds which you paint, I do think inimitably, are alone an example how the elements of nature may be transmuted into the pure gold of art.'

These opinions, strong and singular though they were, were far from leading the young artist to relinquish the pursuit of his profession by the most difficult and laborious path that was open to him. Treasuring Blake's sayings, he mastered the structure and peculiarities of natural objects by frequent and patient analysis, extending to the minutest details. The buds and leaves of trees received the same close attention as, later on, their naked branches, roughly stripped by the winter's blast. His love for the finest works of art, though exceptionally great, left room for the million flowers that embroidered the fields and hedgerows with the prismatic hues of spring, or daintily fringed the deep, tortuous lanes;—for the tall corn and the clustering hops and apples. All these, with the sturdy, picturesque old implements and the beautiful dress, which the steam 'cultivator' and cockney clothier had not yet improved upon, were drawn repeatedly and carefully. The very bat, for which a mere dot suffices in a landscape, is the subject of a life-sized drawing from nature in one of the sketch-books of that time. The thatch, too, of great hoary barns, jewelled with emerald

* Some Observations on Poetry, &c. S. Palmer's *Eclogues of Virgil*.

and amber clots of moss, lives in several elaborate water-colour drawings.

After seven of these secluded but industrious years Samuel Palmer felt it necessary to extend his knowledge by travelling. Accordingly, in 1835 he started, with an old and thoroughly congenial friend* as his companion, for North Wales. Here, as he expresses it, he 'enlarged the materials of imagination,' and by diligent work accomplished, among others, a series of studies of the best waterfalls, most of which were repeated on another occasion. From Tintern he wrote as follows to Mr. Richmond :—

'*Very deep twilight, August* 19, 1835.

'My dear Sir,—Our Ossian sublimities are ended, and with a little more of Macpherson's mist and vapour we should have had much more successful sketching; but, unfortunately, when we were near Snowdon we had white, light days, on which we could count the stubbs and stones some miles off. We had just a glimpse or two one day, through the chasms of stormy cloud, which were sublime. However, we have this evening got into a nook for which I would give all the Welsh mountains, grand as they are . . . Such an abbey! The highest Gothic, trellised with ivy and rising from a wilderness of orchards, and set like a gem amongst the folding of woody hills. Hard by I saw a man this evening, literally sitting under his own fig-tree,† whose broad leaves, mixed with the hollyhocks and other rustic garden flowers, embowered his porch . . . We have a lodging under the walls, and three centuries ago might have been lulled with Gregorian Vespers, and waked by the Complin to sleep again more sweetly.'

From this time, from motives of policy, he lived chiefly in London, but his heart was in the country still, and the summer months of nearly every year were devoted to sketching expeditions.

Having married in 1837, he journeyed with his wife by *voiture* to Italy, that leisurely manner of travelling enabling him to fill his inseparable sketch-book by the way. Having at last realized an old hope, he spent two years in ceaseless labour, almost entirely out-of-doors. From Corpo di Cava, where they spent a considerable time, he wrote to Mr. Richmond (then in Rome) of his strong endeavour 'to do his best, not merely by a blind copying of nature, but by studying his art in nature, to get from that great store-house, substantial principles and philosophic views of his profession.' . . .

'In this place a load has been lifted off my mind, which has hung upon me for more than a year. I now see my way, and think I am no longer a mere maker of sketches, but an artist . . . If we are spared, we shall visit Ravella and Amalfi hastily for motives and outlines, and return to Naples, where I shall explore Baiæ. Then we hope to grapple with Tivoli, and to resume our labours at Rome, where we earnestly hope to see you in the winter; afterwards to have a fierce grapple with Terni; then to get some views of Florence, and to return home laden with spoil.'

To the friend with whom he had first seen Wales he wrote from Italy :—

'I have been thinking a great deal about the principles and practice of art, and endeavouring to increase my acquaintance with the phenomena of nature, as well as working hard and incessantly, with the exception of the time consumed in travelling; so I am in full energy, with my will and determination not a whit unstrung by time, and hope to bring forth fruit in my old age.'

They left Italy 'laden with spoil' indeed. These sketches are at once so numerous and so highly wrought that it is difficult to imagine how so much could have been accomplished even in two years.

The return to England was a return to work as hard, or even harder, for it was done in the midst of life's bitter and distracting realities. The peaceful seclusion of his early years and the bright Italian skies had passed away. The black fog, which was their welcome home, was typical of the struggles and bereavements of many years to come. The means which had sufficed for the Kentish cottage did not go far towards the necessities of married life in London; and so we find Samuel Palmer's practice at this time marked by a greater timidity, a greater desire to please the multitude, than is shown by his preceding and his later works. It was impossible that a mind such as his, even unstrengthened by his old determination, should grovel to the unhappy level of popular mediocrity; but we find all that might be thought crude and ill-considered in his principles carefully eliminated.

In 1843 he was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-colours; and it is a significant fact that of the drawings exhibited for the first few years of his Associateship, by far the greater number represent actual scenes or places. But, however great the realism, it was tempered by a pastoral sentiment and by the fresh innate poetry which none of the cares of life could taint.

Year after year he continued his sketching; for the most part in Wales, Devonshire, and Cornwall. These journeys were not made at all in a luxurious manner, for the apparatus, though complete, was simplicity itself. There were no costly umbrellas, elaborate boxes, or well-filled portmanteaus. A narrow deal case, or, at other times, a capacious sketching portfolio, slung round the shoulders with a strap, held a good supply of paper, with two large but very light wooden palettes, set with clots of colour a quarter of an inch thick, upon a coat of enamel formed of flake-white and copal. A light hand-basket held the remainder of the more bulky materials, with the lunch or dinner, and a veteran camp-stool which had survived the Italian campaign. A quantity of capacious pockets were filled with sharp knives, chalks, charcoal, crayons, and sketch-books;

* The late Mr. Edward Calvert.

† The subject of the illustration.

and a pair of ancient neutral-tint spectacles carried, with a little diminishing mirror, specially for sunsets, completed the equipment.

Unusually simple as it was, the sketcher's bodily *impedimenta* were simpler still. Heavily nailed boots; the minimum of the plainest clothes, and an habitual disregard of fashion, enabled him to travel with impunity in any company and far away from the beaten tracks of the tourist herd. A favourite maxim, 'Be firm in aim, flexible in means,' aided by a good constitution and by inexhaustible patience, made it of little moment how rough were his quarters, how remote from butchers and feather-beds. 'In exploring wild country,' he writes, 'I have been for a fortnight together uncertain each day whether I should get a bed under cover at night; and about midsummer I have repeatedly been walking all night to watch the mystic phenomena of the silent hours.' He seemed as much at home in clambering down a Welsh mountain after a long day's work, without a notion of the way save that afforded by a roaring torrent, as when, declining the offer of a private room, he joined the evening gossip in some snug chimney-corner, while a fresh fagot shot a sudden, ruddy gleam through the small lattice, far into the darkness of a lonely moor. Now we find him in bed, while his drenched clothes are drying at the kitchen fire of a little Welsh inn, at work with his pencil, or reading a seven volume 'Sir Charles Grandison' for the second time; now laying the foundation of a friendship with Crabbe Robinson, one of those who, though many took the artist and his few belongings for a poor pedlar and his wares, had the insight to discover behind such unpromising appearances an original and cultivated man.

His actual *modus operandi* was very careful, and, like everything he did, had a strong backbone of method. His pertinacity was such that, for twenty succeeding years, he watched one particular effect of twilight, till at last he had mastered all its subtilties. His colours were the best that could be bought, and of assured permanency. While hotels and first-class carriages were unknown to him, and sometimes butcher's meat for days together, he indulged in pure ultramarine for his skies and distances, with madder carmine and other costly pigments. He sketched rapidly, but it was the rapidity of experience and skill, so that, however slight the work, no touch was wasted and the '*Why*' was secured. To save time, he used a good deal of warmish middle-tint paper, and heightened with body-colour,—a practice he utterly eschewed in his finished drawings. Many of the sketches show a more or less advanced preparation in black chalk or pencil, and pens of all kinds and sizes were resorted to, from the crowquill to the reed. His execution varied from the minute dot and stipple of a miniature, to the bold sweep of a brush two inches broad, filled from the thick slabs of colour on the palettes, to replenish which the bottom of the basket was lined with tubes. We find him, in a letter to an advanced pupil, adjuring her to take out 'whole saucers full of colour, great reed pens, vast brushes, and bottles of brown ink;' but elsewhere reiterating the single all-important word, 'EXACTNESS.' He seldom attempted to attain in one study more than its chief object, but he made memoranda upon a separate paper, of appropriate figures, birds, or cattle, which might pass by, and kept them with the principal sketch.

But what use, it may be asked, was all this labour to one who, after all, composed his pictures 'with but slight regard to nature'? Why, when the spring sunshine enticed him at last from his dingy little London study, did he redouble his exertions, instead of basking away a well-earned holiday? Was it to increase his income by stippling the pretty traditional water-colour? No. Much as his studies were admired by his brother artists, and even by the dealers, who saw at a single crafty glance their marketable value, it was only under the pressure of sheer necessity that he would part with one. Here was a man whose yearnings for greater opportunities of revelling in literature, his old love—in the charity he never ceased to practise, were curbed by narrow means;—here was a painter whose unquestioned power, grace, and facility of execution, really placed comfortable means within his reach (as Mr. Linnell had said many years before), who stored away in boxes 'the 'potentiality of growing rich.'

I will show, then, very briefly how these materials were generally used. If we had ventured into Samuel Palmer's study at Red Hill on a certain autumn day in 1864, we should have found him, glue-brush in hand, joining together two millboards with a broad strip of rough canvas. When this was dry, behold a primitive portfolio! We should have seen him fix upon it a great label bearing the giant letters 'MIL,' and then begin a long and thoughtful search through the other portfolios, which, crammed to bursting, lined the room. One by one he reflectively picked out from the classified divisions of each, sketches from nature, small and large, highly finished or mere pencil indications with written memoranda, and tiny effect 'blots' on scraps of paper. The scheme for painting a series of large water-colours illustrating certain passages in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—a scheme the cherished hope of many years, was now afoot, and henceforth the Milton portfolio would casket the choicest jewels of a long life's search; would stand by the easel and be carried from room to room. Day after day, month after month, nay, year after year, I have seen my father adding to that portfolio and absorbed in its contents—absorbed so utterly that night would often change to morning ere

he went to rest. Thus, with his chalks and pencils close at hand, and with his sketches scattered round him, he would slowly ponder the designs that one day would grow to pictures.

'It is curious,' he wrote to their future possessor, the late Mr. L. R. Valpy, 'how, without my seeking, my sketches of very picked scenery have pressed themselves into the service.'

Years before, he had returned from one of his expeditions an 'utterly-South-Devon-stricken-one.' Devonshire became his favourite haunt, its 'utmost deep and heaped-up richness' his standard of English scenery. The studies he made there were stored away, but they influenced his future work very greatly, and in the *Comely Cloud* (one of the Milton series), we find the ideal which they had helped to ripen in his mind.

'I have endeavoured to represent,' he wrote, 'a showery, gusty morning, which over a waste flat would be called "wretched," but is not wanting in poetic force when the clouds, "big with blessing," break upon rich glebes such as adorn the sides of Dartmoor. I tried to unite poetic remoteness with such homely reality as the smell of turned-up earth and the details of a farm afford, though unhappily painting is at fault equally with scents as with sounds. I aimed at Southern Dartmoor sentiment, where the valleys run with cream, and where they clout pilchard pies with clotted cream; and it was this that I fancied after infinite labour I had embodied. If my moor remind the spectator of anything north of South Devon, I have laboured in vain.'

But my father was bound by no self-imposed law to alter or reject Nature when he found her supremely beautiful, and at the same time in harmony with the mental conception of his design. Of this the Milton subject known as *The Prospect* was an instance. 'It will be quite a variety,' he wrote, 'from the upland open sweep of the foreground; the distance, even to the "labouring clouds," being an absolute fact, of which I have a study.'

Even the most realistic of the realistic school know perfectly well that Nature is not often so considerate;—that there must nearly always be some selection, some rejection.

Those who themselves have spent a long lifetime in the indefatigable study of natural phenomena, from the heavenly sunset and the cloud-cast shadow miles across, to the tiny leaf and tinier flower, are best qualified to judge whether or no a landscape is composed 'with but slight regard to nature.'

'You will find Cornwall suggestive, I think,' wrote Samuel Palmer to Mr. Valpy, 'and this seems a peculiar charm in Poetic Landscape, whose office it is not only to set and enchase history and mythology in her mystic woodlands, but, under a veil, to suggest polities and manners, as was done by Titian, Claude, Nicholas Poussin, Bourdon, and some others. It is surely no fiction that landscape suggests manners, as we shall see by a glance at the naturalistic. Does it not suggest the *present?* Rabbit-shooting, picnics, and little Trot, the school pet, dropping her best curtsey? I mean no sneer, but admire the skill.

'Two things always affect me in a great picture-gallery. First, the vast amount of power and knowledge; next, a regret that it should have comparatively seldom been devoted to the embodiment of sentiment in the higher sense of the word—that the love should seldom be found in measure quite equal to the skill. I cannot but feel with you that there is sweet refreshment in the scenes of Fra Angelico: nooks and dells of paradise, where emulation, and power, and learning, and greatness, have become empty sounds.'

Again:*—

'I do not know whether the rocks upon which Nicholas Poussin has seated Polyphemus have ever been gainsaid. They affect the imagination; and if they failed to affect mine, I should feel that I had gained a loss by any supposed knowledge which had lessened their impression. Had this happened to me after much study of geological diagrams, I should feel that my knowledge was disproportioned, and that I wanted much more of some other kind of knowledge to set me right.

'Last year at Margate, I made several observations and memoranda upon certain reflections of sky in sea which seemed to violate the most obvious optical laws; and I think we shall never see rightly, unless we bring science and knowledge of the individual refinements and niceties of nature into contact with an equal amount of art knowledge and the phenomena which modify individualities.

'Nature knowledge and art knowledge ought to be in harmony, but they are two distinct things. Nothing would please me more than to spend a year in resuming my old studies of botanical minutiæ;—it would replenish the mind with a world of delicate refinements, but it would not give that perception which "laps me in Elysium" at the sight of a fine (uncleaned) Claude: nor would any amount of geological diagrams bring my soul in unison with Nicholas Poussin's *Polyphemus:* rather, perhaps, it might incline me to pick holes in it.

'I think the great landscape-painters used as much of literal truth as was necessary, in order to "make the ideal probable," and that minute criticism will never be more prone to object, than when they showed the chief mastery of art in knowing what to omit. I think the *Callisto* rocks should be studied in order to *see* nature.

'I have heard one of the most eminent living painters express his gratitude to art for the specific reason that it taught him to *see* nature. Turner, who of all men was the most pronounced disciple of Claude (painting large pictures of avowed companionship with certain of his great master's) learned from Claude, Poussin, &c., how to see nature—to see nature in its proper aspect and position relatively to art. I remember some Savoy pictures by Turner in which he was bringing to bear very evidently what he had been learning from the Poussins.

'It is thus, I think, that the great original painters and poets are made. They differ from inferior men by having at once more of their own and more of other people's—more of their own and more of their masters'. . . .'

Again:†—

'Stories from the Classics are peculiarly fit to be painted

* Letter to Mr. L. R. Valpy, May, 1875.
† Letter to Miss Richmond, 1862.

at the present time, as a protest against the degraded materialism which is destroying art. Their connection with an exploded mythology has not in the least impaired their beauty and freshness; for their freshness being the freshness of first-rate poetry, is eternal, and to every man gifted with imagination they come home at once—fascinate and bind him as with flowery wreaths wet with the morning dew. If you tell such a man that they are obsolete, he will smile at you with a peculiar smile; for by the very constitution of his mind he and they are contemporaneous, and you might as well tell him that beef is obsolete while he is eating his dinner. Fancy any one talking this "stuff" to Nicholas Poussin.'

Such were the opinions and practice of this artist. His remarkable constancy to the one, and his painstaking care in the other, are equally apparent. He had the materials and knowledge for a thousand realistic pictures, and the power of elaborating them, had he wished, with pre-Raffaelite minuteness. He could have 'tinted up a bunch of grapes, or stippled perfectly' a bird's-nest, but he preferred transmutation to imitation. The frivolous demands of modern art, and the sweet pleading of the ancient poetry he delighted to illustrate, were antagonistic. Popularity and ease within his reach, he turned away contentedly to his thoughtful work—to his old friends and old books; until at a ripe age he closed them, and passed quietly from our sight, his last touches, like his earliest, being lovingly given to works of true imagination. His affection for Nature's loveliness was unfeigned; but he longed for the loveliness, infinitely greater, of a fair country, where no decay would crumble the beautiful, no sin would tarnish the glorious lustre of the wise. His career was an episode in the old and now unequal fight between the Actual and the Ideal; between the human camera and the few retainers of poetic Art who linger around her yet, blinded and deafened by the electric glare, the railroad shriek of 'progress.'

I will conclude with a few more words from his pen, and leave them without comment:—

'We are all of us more or less influenced by the fashions of the day; and the arts of the day are influenced, like its literature, by materialism. . . . In the Townley Gallery is the sure test of our imaginative faculty—the *Sleeping Mercury*. More than two thousand years ago the sculptor bade that marble live. It lived but slept, and it is living still. Bend over it. Look at those delicate eyelids, that mouth a little open. He is dreaming! Dream on, marble shepherd; few will disturb your slumber.

'We will go our ways and feed upon our facts—our "bits of nature" and our bits of fish; our fresh herrings on a deal board with all the grain in it. "As nat'rul as life—ain't it, Master 'Gustus?" says the nursery-maid. "And the herring, why it looks as if we could scrape the scales off with a knife!"

'"So move we, each his own desire to find,
A substance, or a shadow, or the wind."'

A. H. Palmer.

S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE.

WITHOUT the gates of Ravenna, half way between the city and the pine-forest, is the ancient church of S. Apollinare in Classe. Of the town of Classis not another trace is left. The once flourishing seaport of Roman times has disappeared, swept from off the face of the earth, without so much as a column or stone remaining to tell the tale of its ruin. The sea itself has retreated; the harbour where of old the galleys of Augustus rode at anchor and the merchants of Byzantium brought the spoils of the East to supply the Roman market, is now a marshy plain, where dank grass and rushes grow in the slimy furrows between stagnant pools of water and rice-fields, intersected with narrow dykes and trenches. Cesarea and Classis, they have both alike vanished. Only, as we emerge from the gates of Ravenna, and follow the stream of the Ronco in the direction of the Pineta and Rimini, a small cross by the roadside marks the site of the once sumptuous church of St. Laurentius, built by the chamberlain of Honorius in 396, when Cesarea was a populous suburb and Ravenna the seat of the imperial court. Another mile, and we reach the gates of S. Apollinare, the one relic that has survived the universal wreck of Classis.

Here it stands in its widowed grandeur, this mighty pile of Justinian's age, more impressive now in its utter desolation than in the days when emperors and kings, popes and exarchs, vied with each other to do it honour. No other church in the world is so altogether alone. Day after day you may walk under its walls and see nothing but the long lines of its lofty nave and great round tower rising in their solitude to heaven. Nowhere is there a vestige of human habitation, scarcely a trace of living creature. At most you may meet a peasant or two with bare limbs burnt to a coppery hue by the fierce heat of the sun, working in the rice-fields, but more commonly the croaking of the frogs in the ditches is the only sound that breaks the silence. Far as the eye can roam there is nothing to be seen but the same dreary waste of reedy marshes, bounded on the east by the dark girdle of the pine-forest hiding the waters of the Adriatic, and on the north by a dim blue line of distant Apennines.

The very loneliness, the unutterable desolation of the scene, has a weird fascination of its own. At times it is almost beautiful. As the day wears on the colour deepens. The hot glare of the sunlight changes to a rich and mellow tone. It wraps the

ancient walls of S. Apollinare's shrine in a deep orange glow, and leaves a long belt of yellow light behind dusky pines and purpling Apennines. Beyond the infinite blackness of the plain the skies break out into a thousand lovely hues, a twinkling star or two appear in the west over the distant towers of Ravenna, and the young moon hangs its golden crescent just above the crest of the tall campanile. But it is dangerous to linger then, for the deadly miasma is rising fast from the fever-stricken marshes, and as the thick white mist creeps

S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE.

over us with its vapoury folds the natives bid us fly for our lives.

It is this penetrating damp which is slowly destroying the mosaics of S. Apollinare. The crypt is already full of water, the floor green, the walls streaked and blotched with damp. Without the silence of death—within a slow and gradual but sure decay. That is the state of S. Apollinare to-day, and we almost wonder, as we look at the slimy ooze on which it stands, that its foundations have not slipped, and its marble columns given away centuries ago. But it still remains the noblest example of the early Christian basilica, with its original form and primitive arrangements unaltered; and since the destruction of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, it has absolutely no rival.

Like San Vitale, the basilica of Classis owes its origin to the days of the Gothic kingdom. It was founded under the episcopate of Ursicinus, in the year 534, while Belisarius was conquering Sicily, and Theodore's daughter, Amalasontha, still reigned over the Goths. Like San Vitale, too, S. Apollinare was built by the treasurer of the see, Julius Argentarius, and finally consecrated by the Greek Archbishop Maximian, in the year 549. An inscription in honour of the first Exarch Narses is still to be read on the walls of the church, and records the deliverance of Ravenna from the Gothic rule and the restoration of peace and liberty. But although completed in the early days of Justinian, unlike San Vitale, the great church of Classis has nothing Byzantine in its architecture. The twenty-four columns of veined Greek marble which support the roof indeed came from the shores of the Propontis, and Byzantine artists may have been employed on its mosaics, but instead of following the Eastern models from which San Vitale was copied, S. Apollinare retains the old basilica form. The white marble capitals of the pillars and many other smaller details are also distinctly Roman. In fact, we see here all the leading features and peculiarities of the older Ravenna churches. The long nave and aisles are without transepts, square blocks of marble marked with the cross are placed above the pillars, lozenge-shaped ornaments are carved on the pedestals, and

the apse is adorned with mosaics. As usual the external walls are divided by round arches, and the tall round campanile stands by itself at the south corner of the tribune.

This tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, and thirty-three broad at the base, is one of the finest and best preserved of the kind in Ravenna, and was probably erected at the same time as the church, since the brick-work belongs clearly to that period, only that thicker tiles were used for the base. It is divided into seven storeys, each with triple lights, formed by small round arches, resting on dwarf columns; and from the flat roof a fine view over the Pineta and the Adriatic on one side, and the Apennines and Alps of Tyrol on the other, can be enjoyed by all who care to ascend the worm-eaten stairs.

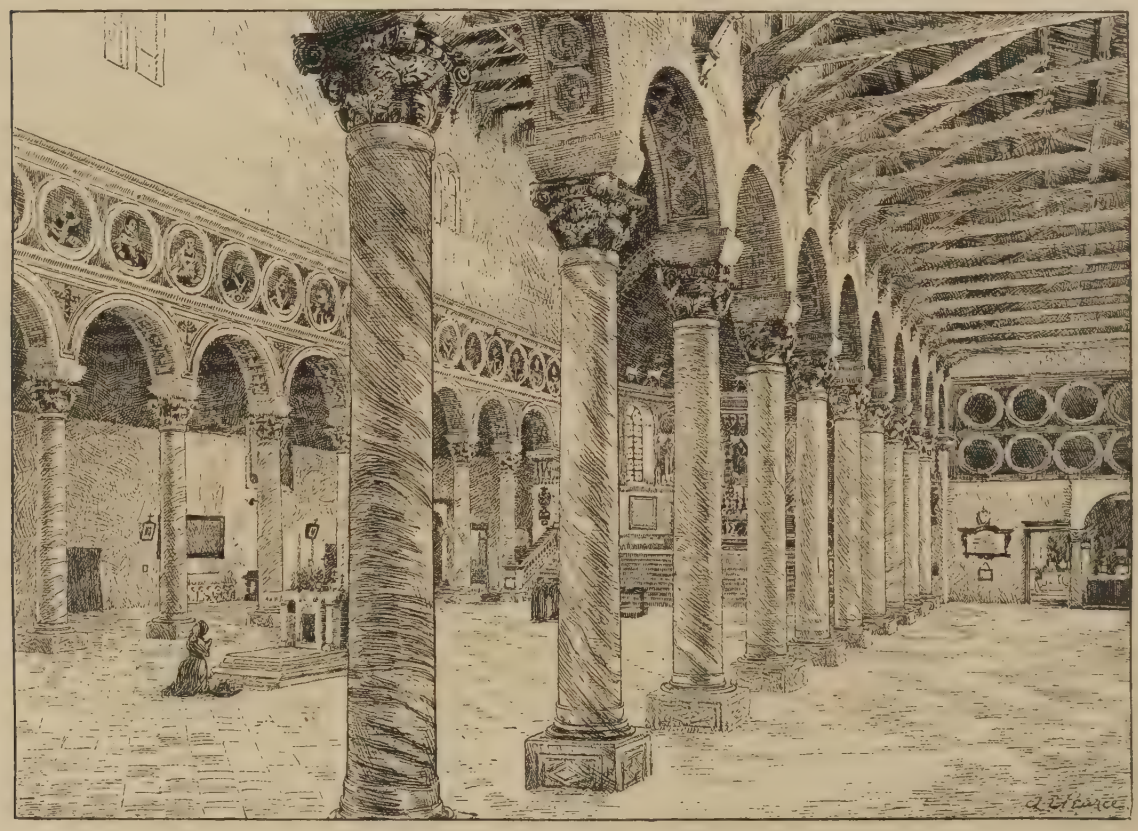
The tribune which still retains the ancient leaf-moulding running along its cornice, is polygonal outside and semi-circular within. Both of the aisles end in small apses, which are parted off into separate chapels, an arrangement peculiar to S. Apollinare, among Ravenna churches.

CARVING ON THE IVORY CHAIR OF S. MAXIMIAN.

The recent discovery of vast substructions has shown that, like S. Ambrogio of Milan, S. Apollinare originally possessed a spacious atrium surrounded by arcades, with a cantharus in the centre. Of this nothing remains but the ante-church or pronaos, called 'ardica' by Agnellus the historian. Both the windows and open arcades of this hall have been bricked up so as to form a closed court, by which we enter the church; and above the door we still see the bronze hook which was used to support purple and gold-embroidered curtains on festive occasions. The interior of the basilica is singularly majestic. The pillars are not half buried in the floor as at San Vitale and other Ravenna churches, where it has been necessary to raise the pavement; and the great height of the open roof, still retaining its mediaeval wood-work, adds to the noble proportions of the spacious nave. No side-chapels or transepts break the line as we look down the double colonnade towards the raised tribune, with its broad flight of ascending steps and shining mosaics. Yet, with all its solemn grandeur, its simplicity and beauty of proportion—and there is no church in the world which surpasses it in these respects—we cannot enter S. Apollinare to-day without feeling how sadly it has been shorn of its ancient splendour. The fifty great windows, formerly filled with perforated layers of coloured marbles, were bricked up hundreds of years ago, and replaced by small double-lights which give but insufficient light. The slabs of precious marble which covered the surface of the lower walls are all gone, and, worse still, the mosaics of the nave and aisles have entirely perished. These have been replaced by a painted series of medallion portraits of the Archbishops of Ravenna, whose names—one hundred and seventy-nine in number—have been preserved in unbroken succession from S. Apollinare; while in the spaces between the arches is a most interesting collection of twenty-six sacred emblems, including cross, monogram, crown, star, dove, peacock, fish, lamb, and other favourite symbols of early Christian art, probably copied like the portraits from the original frieze of mosaics.

The decorations of the apse have fared better, and although badly injured by damp and mutilated by repeated restorations, they are good specimens of Ravenna mosaic work under the Exarchate. The oldest, and by far the best, is the Transfiguration in the semi-dome of the apse; interesting as the most ancient representation of the subject in Western Europe, and but little later in point of date than the Transfiguration of the Convent on Mount Sinai. The hand of God appears in the upper part of the clouds, pointing towards a large jewelled cross set in a circle, on a dark-blue ground powdered with ninety-nine gold stars. Above this cross, which symbolises the Person of Christ, we read the Greek word, ΙΧΘΥΣ; below is the Latin inscription, *Salus mundi;* and at the end of each arm are the letters Alpha and Omega. In the centre, encircled by a blue nimbus, is the Sacred Head, a finely-drawn bust, resembling the Christ in the choir of S. Apollinare Nuovo in type, and evidently belonging to the latter half of the sixth century. On either side are half-length figures of a youthful Moses and a white-

haired Elias, raising their hands and looking towards the Cross as if talking with Christ; and on the grassy slopes of the mount below three sheep with uplifted heads represent the Apostles Peter, James, and John. Still lower down, we have a symbolical representation of the Church of Ravenna, under the figure of twelve sheep, who approach singly through a grove of pines and cypresses, in which local writers see an allusion to the pine-forest in the neighbourhood of Classe. Birds hover in the tree-tops, and large white lilies spring up in the pastures where the faithful are feeding; while in the centre St. Apollinaris, the first Bishop of Ravenna, clad in white dalmatic and wearing the gold pallium, stands with upraised arms interceding for the flock entrusted to his care.



INTERIOR OF S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE.

Between the windows of the apse, four other sainted Bishops of Ravenna, Ecclesius, the founder of San Vitale, Ursus, the founder of the Basilica, Ursiana, Severus, another prelate of the fourth century, and Ursicenus, during whose episcopate S. Apollinare itself was commenced, are represented in their pontifical robes with crowns suspended over their heads and holding rolls in their hands. These are inferior in design and execution to the mosaic of the Transfiguration, and are at least a century later in date. So also are the compositions on the side walls of the apse. On the right the sacrifices of the Old Testament, which in the sanctuary of San Vitale formed the subject of three separate pictures, are brought together into one. Melchisedec is seated at a table in the act of breaking the bread, Abel carries the lamb and Abraham leads in Isaac, wearing a yellow tunic; while, as if to emphasise the Eucharistic meaning of these sacrificial types, the scene is laid in a church. The separate figures are plainly copied from the earlier compositions in San Vitale, but a great falling off is evident in the stiffness of the forms, the fixed and staring eyes and ill-drawn heads. All alike have been much injured, several portions of the mosaic work having disappeared altogether and been replaced by painted stucco.

On the opposite wall is a remarkable historical composition, the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus granting special privileges to the Church of Ravenna. The Emperor nimbed, and robed in purple mantle, is seen at the gates of his palace, accompanied by his two brothers, Heraclius and Tiberius, and attended by a chamberlain, in the act of handing a roll bearing the word *Privilegia* to the aged Archbishop Reparatus. The names of the Emperor and his brothers are preserved in an inscription on the wall above their heads; and although the composition has been irretrievably ruined by the restorer's hand, it is of the highest interest as com-

memorating an important event in the history of the Church of Ravenna.

Both Agnellus and Rubens record that during his episcopate, between 672 and 677, Reparatus visited Constantinople and received from the Emperor Constantine IV. certain privileges, by virtue of which the Church of Ravenna was confirmed in her independence of Rome, and her Archbishops were pronounced to be free from the jurisdiction of the Popes. This claim we know was maintained as late as the ninth century; and even afterwards we frequently hear of discussions between the Roman pontiffs and the Archbishops of this ancient see, who could not forget that there had once been a day when Ravenna was

SARCOPHAGUS OF ARCHBISHOP THEODORE.

the residence of Caesars and the rival of the mistress of the world. Agnellus further tells us that Reparatus, in obedience to the imperial command, placed a mosaic commemorative of the event in the basilica of S. Apollinare of Classis, and gives the Latin inscription still to be seen on the walls of the church above the imperial personages.

One other mosaic remains, that on the Arch of Triumph, which divides the nave from the apse. In the centre is a medallion bust of Christ clothed in purple, with the Evangelists beside Him, and the Apostles as twelve sheep advancing from the cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem on either side of the arch. Below these, to the right and left, guarding the entrance to the sanctuary, are full-length figures of the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, clad in crimson mantles, and bearing flags inscribed with the Trisagion attached to the staves in their hands. Their faces are youthful and regular, and, in spite of repeated restorations, retain something of classical grace; but in the haggard, deeply furrowed countenance of the Christ above, we see that increasing tendency to repulsive and ascetic types which, with the spread of Byzantine art, was fast becoming prevalent in Italy.

After all, the mosaic decorations form but a small part of the interest which attaches to every stone in the walls of this shrine, consecrated by thirteen hundred years of worship, and hallowed by endless associations. Wherever we turn some ancient sculpture or memorable inscription meet our eyes. On entering the church our attention is immediately arrested by ten great marble sarcophagi, with vaulted lids richly decorated with sculpture, ranged along the walls of the aisles, and on either side of the principal door. These are the tombs of Archbishops of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, which originally stood in the atrium, and, after its destruction, were removed into the church itself. They are all in excellent preservation, and carved with a great variety of crosses, doves, peacocks, palm-trees, and similar devices. One of the best is that of Archbishop Theodore in the ninth century, where peacocks are represented on either side of a cross surrounded by a beautiful tracery, in which the foliage of acanthus and vine is mingled. Another earlier one, bearing a youthful Christ enthroned between the Apostles Peter and Paul, and saints holding crowns on their heads, is attributed by Martigny to the Roman sculptor Daniel, who was summoned to Ravenna by Theodoric for the express purpose of decorating the resting-places of the dead.

Above the altar of St. Eleucadius, third bishop of Ravenna, in the chapel at the end of the left aisle, is

a remarkable ciborium, erected, as the inscription cut in the marble tells us, by the presbyter Petrus, at the close of the ninth century, and one of the oldest in Italy. The canopy is richly decorated with vine-leaves and flowers, arabesques, and curious patterns of Moorish character, and is supported by four pillars of Greek marble, adorned with spiral flutings in the upper, and perpendicular lines in the lower, part.

The original altar, erected by Maximian at the consecration of the church, and marking the spot where the bones of the martyr Apollinaris were laid when they were first brought from Ardea, still stands in the centre of the nave. Like the other altars of this date in Ravenna, more especially those of the Baptistery and of the crypt of S. Giovanni Evangelista, it consists of a mensa, or slab of marble, laid on a quadrangular block, with two pillars in front, and carved with the cross and Eucharistic symbols—such as doves, ears of wheat, and grapes. On one side we read an inscription in honour of the Virgin—*Martyrum Reginæ;* on the other is that ancient saying dear to the first Christians, and true, above all, of the Church to which it is here applied—'*Martyrum sanguis semen fidei tuæ, O Ravenna.*' A favourite shrine and burial-place of the Archbishops of Ravenna in early days—the basilica of Classis—was enriched not only by these patriarchs, but also by the Emperors and Popes of later ages. The most splendid gifts were lavished upon her shrines; the vestments of her priests, and the vessels and ornaments of her altars, were famous for their costliness and beauty. Unfortunately the renown of these treasures attracted plunderers from all parts, whether in the guise of friend or foe. In the destruction of Classis by the Lombards, early in the eighth century, S. Apollinare suffered terribly; and after the final conquest of Pepin, Pope Leo III. sent chamberlains and workmen to repair the damage done to the building, and caused a new wooden roof to be made for the nave.

Next came the Saracens in the ninth century; and besides burning and destroying whatever they laid hands on, these terrible invaders carried off the precious silver pillars which supported the baldacchino of the high altar erected a century before. So great was the terror which these robbers excited, that for fear of a second invasion the relics of St. Apollinaris were removed for a time to Theodoric's basilica within the walls, which from this circumstance received the name of S. Apollinare Nuovo or in Città. In the eleventh century S. Apollinare in Classe became the seat of a famous monastery; and the presence of S. Romualdo, the founder of Camaldoli, and of S. Pietro Damiani, both of whom were natives of Ravenna, brought fresh lustre to the ancient basilica. The name of Romualdo is still inscribed on the altar of Maximian, and the cathedra of Pietro Damiani was preserved until the last century, when it was sawn in two and the separate pieces were placed on either side of the choir.

An inscription on the walls records how the Emperor Otho III., after his flight from Rome, spent forty days in the cell of St. Romualdo at Classe, as a penitent. This young Emperor showed his enthusiastic veneration for Ravenna and her saints, not only by largely endowing the basilica, but by appointing his tutor, the famous Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., Archbishop of the See. Several other Germans were placed in the chair of St. Apollinaris during the long strife between the Emperors and the Popes, and Henry IV. found the Patriarch of Ravenna his best helper in his battle with Rome. Few of the German Emperors who appeared in Italy failed to visit Ravenna, and the greatest of the Saxon Othos was there no less than five times. Charlemagne, who carried off Theodoric's marbles and mosaics to Aachen, can scarcely be numbered among the benefactors of Ravenna; but his grandson Louis II. is singled out for honourable mention in the long inscription which records the names of those emperors and rulers who, from the days of Justinian and Narses, lavished gifts and honours on this renowned shrine. All the three Othos—Henry II. Conrad I., Barbarossa, and another great prince of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, Frederic II.—are named in this roll of illustrious benefactors.

Unfortunately some of these noble patrons were also plunderers; and if they respected the altars of S. Apollinare, they were less scrupulous as regards other sanctuaries. Frederic II., following the example of Charlemagne, carried off pillars from San Vitale and marbles from the Porta Aurea, said to have been founded by Claudius, to Rimini, and thence by sea to Sicily. The ruined churches of Classis were looked upon as fair prey by every petty tyrant in the neighbourhood, and the Venetians were not slow to take their share of the spoil as the Ravenna capitals of many of St. Mark's pillars prove. But the worst sinner of all was Sigismondo Malatesta, the despot of Rimini, who, in 1450, stripped the walls of St. Apollinare of all the precious marbles which covered nave and aisles, and carried them off to adorn his new temple of St. Francesco.

Other acts of Vandalism were perpetrated in the last century when the marble screen and ambones were removed, and the cup of iniquity was filled to the brim by the destruction of the stately ciborium, with its four pillars of priceless Oriental marble which Archbishop Dominic had raised over the high altar at the close of the ninth century. The convent of Romualdo was suppressed by Napoleon, and the unhealthiness of the spot has since caused the buildings to be entirely abandoned. To-day the walls are

in ruin and the monks are gone. The great basilica stands alone in the midst of the fever-stricken marshes, and the long roll of mighty names looks sadly down on us from the bare walls. Carlovingian and Hohenstaufen, Caesars of East and West, Greek, Frank, and Saxon—their names fall strangely on the ear in this desolate spot. For the record is ended and the book closed. Their glory has passed away,—the splendour of their presence, the treasures they gave, have all vanished like a dream; and in the wide spaces of the deserted nave the altar of the martyrs alone remains to bear witness to the faith of Ravenna and the antiquity of the church which Apollinaris planted.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

PANGBOURNE AND MAPLEDURHAM.

THE character of the river between Streatley and Pangbourne may be gathered from the fact that it flows for the whole distance, which is not less than four miles, without so much fall in any place as to compel the erection of a lock. Immediately above the latter village it opens out into what is, perhaps, the finest reach of its upper course, the magnificent, lake-like expanse of Henley,* of course excepted. The hills close in again upon the stream; a feature that adds here, as always, to its picturesque character. The slope on the Oxfordshire side is richly timbered; nor is its quietude broken, as is the case with the equally beautiful woodland of the opposite shore by the invasion of the railway, which runs for several miles within hearing, though seldom happily within sight, of the river.

LANDING PLACE, NEAR COOMB LODGE.

Pangbourne is a pretty village, somewhat spoilt, at least for the taste of those who knew it in the days of its simplicity, by the fashion which has turned it into one of what may be called the outlying suburbs of London. It takes its name from a charming little stream which here flows into the Thames. The visitor who can throw a fly, and throw it well—for the highly educated inhabitants of these clear southern streams will take no clumsily offered lure—may, with permission first duly gained, fill a creel with trout from the Pang, pounders and even two-pounders among them. In any case he may profitably pursue its course for a few miles, say as far as Bradfield, seat of a school which has risen into reputation in these latter days. He will see a delightful country, whose rich meadows are so interspersed with woodlands, and have their hedgerows so finely timbered with oak (sometimes called, if I remember right, 'the Berkshire wood') that the whole has something of the aspect of a forest.

A noticeable feature of the river at Pangbourne is the pool, which exhibits the strength of the stream more effectively than is often the case, by the proximity of the various 'weirs' and 'bucks' over which and through which the river descends. The Thames loses something no doubt in picturesqueness by the system of locks which maintains its efficiency as a navigable river, and its valley loses a great deal by the floods which are aggravated, if not caused, by these artificial restraints; but it gains, on the other hand, not a little. It gets that 'brimful' look which the severest drought scarcely seems to affect, and it can show these delightful weir-pools, with their cata-

* Hideously disfigured, while I write, with posts which are supposed to divide the course more fairly for competitors at the Regatta. The posts will, of course, be removed, when the necessity, or fancied necessity, is at an end; but it seems a pity that they should ever have been driven in. What has been good enough for the best oarsmen of England for fifty years and more, is surely good enough for the present generation. But no sacrifice is too great which the fashionable cult of athleticism may choose to demand—witness the monstrous proposal, seriously proposed, but happily hindered by want of funds, to canalize this same beautiful stretch of the river by cutting off Remenham Point. Because the choice of sides gives an advantage (found, I believe, in almost every course in the world) to one competitor or the other, and this for two days only in the year, this lovely bit of scenery was to be disfigured. Will a wall be erected next to shut out the wind, which must often give a far greater advantage than can come from any bend in the shore?

racts, not more than four or five feet in depth, it is true, but effective from the great body of water which they pour ceaselessly down. If any one would enjoy the full experience of the delightsomeness of moving water, let him sojourn for a week in the thirsty region of the Chiltern Hills, where water is almost as rare as in the Sahara, and then come down to the river, which is indeed within easy reach, and spend a hot afternoon with his boat moored as close as may be to one of these 'Falls of the Thames.' An excellent view of the river may be got from the long white bridge which joins Pangbourne to Whitchurch, its neighbour on the Oxfordshire shore. If the traveller is in luck he may see, at the right time of year, one of those mighty trout for which Pangbourne used to be, and I believe still is, especially famous.

ABOVE PANGBOURNE.

Below Pangbourne the river valley opens out again, the meadows stretching in wide expanse, especially on the Berkshire shore. The river, too, which is curiously full of rushes and weed-beds, is, perhaps, less attractive than usual; but a walk of two miles, or thereabouts, will bring him to what is, I venture to think, the most exquisite spot in its whole course, Mapledurham. Let him note on his way, first, on the Oxfordshire shore, Hardwick House, a picturesque building of some antiquity, the seat of the Powys family, and an admirable specimen of the manor-houses of Southern England; and, secondly, four or five hundred yards above Mapledurham Lock, a little wooded island. This I knew now more than forty years ago as the haunt of an otter, and it suggests a word of protest, useless I fear, as such words almost always are, against the barbarous Philistinism which is banishing, if it has not already banished, this beautiful creature from the Thames. It is ruthlessly trapped and shot because the Angling Societies grudge it its tribute out of the multitude of coarse fish with which, though they are increasingly difficult to catch, the river still abounds. I should gladly see the passing of an Act which would give an absolute protection to what may be still left of the once abundant *fauna* of the Thames, the otter, first of all, and with him to the kingfisher, the grebe, and the moor-hen, now made the victims of useless massacre, 'butchered to make a Cockney's holiday.'

THE SWAN, PANGBOURNE.

I have said that a walk will bring the traveller to Mapledurham; but I must retract my words. He might do so if he did not find himself the victim of the warfare which the riparian proprietors are now busily engaged in carrying on against the public. If he approaches it by the towing-path from Pangbourne he will discover that he is shut out from its delightful retreat as hopelessly as the Peri from Paradise. The towing-path, when it reaches Mapledurham Lock, is transferred for a few hundred yards from the Berkshire to the Oxfordshire side of the river. This might seem exactly to suit his purpose, the village which he desires to visit being also on the latter side. But he will find himself unable to cross. The Thames is here as impassable as the *irremeabilis unda* of the Styx. Nay, it is more so. Travellers duly prepared for the journey could pass one way at least over the river of Hades. To retrace their steps was 'the labour, the toil.' At Mapledurham they are forbidden to cross either one way or the other. The lock-keeper has a boat, but he is strictly prohibited by the local Pluto, Mr. Blunt, of Mapledurham House, from employing it for the passage of even

the most harmless traveller. And the ferryman below the lock, where the towing-path is again transferred to the Berkshire side, is under the same prohibition. 'It is private ground except for barge-horses,' said the Charon of the place to me the other day, when I wished to renew for half-an-hour my recollections of the spot. It is difficult to speak with patience of this churlish behaviour on the part of the proprietor. It is indeed as silly as it is ungenerous. There was nothing to hinder me hiring a boat and going where I would; and the difficulty thrown in my way, as it is thrown in the way of other harmless travellers, was perfectly objectless. I took the opportunity in an earlier paper to say a few words on behalf of the riparian proprietors. They are subjected to a great deal of annoyance from the vast pleasure traffic which now passes up and down the Thames. Some of this annoyance is unavoidable, the inevitable consequence of living in a crowded country. Thousands of proprietors and residents in the neighbourhood of great cities experience the same. What were once secluded retreats became the haunts of the multitudes as the population extends its borders towards them. But there are vexations which might be avoided. Whatever may be the charms of an occasional relapse into savage life, excursionists have no right to camp out on a man's lawn, burn his trees for lighting their fires, and bathe before his drawing-room windows. But the barbarians who thus inflict upon the river-side inhabitants something of the horrors of a hostile occupation approach the places which they invade by boats. The wayfarers who use the towing-path are comparatively harmless. They may commit, like pedestrians elsewhere, occasional trespass; but they do not carry the necessary *impedimenta* of what is the great grievances of the riparian owners, the nocturnal encampment, and surely if usage can establish any right of way,—it has established that of the towing-path. I myself have passed up and down for years without challenge over this particular portion from which Mr. Blunt now excludes the public; and I believe that the privilege has been exercised here and elsewhere along the banks of the navigable river without interruption for centuries. The pedestrian has always had to run his chance of being able to get across the ferries, but that he should be absolutely forbidden to use them is a novel tyranny.

HARDWICK HOUSE.

Mapledurham House is an admirable specimen, though it has not wholly escaped the destroying hand of the alterer and renovator, of the domestic architecture of the Tudor period. The warm red of its bricks, gables, and mullioned windows, seen among the foliage deeply green with the perennial watering of the stream that almost washes its walls, is singularly effective. The Blunt family have the distinction of having possessed the estate, or at least a part of it, for nearly four centuries. The parish contains two manors, belonging curiously enough to two hundreds, and Mapledurham Gurney was acquired by a Norman lord of that name at the Conquest by the peaceful means of marriage with its heiress, and was sold in 1487 to a Blount. About a century after, the other manor —Mapledurham Chawsey — was added to the estate by Sir Michael Blunt, for a sum, it is interesting to know, of 900*l*. The church is an interesting little building. The south aisle is the mortuary chapel of the reigning family. They adhere to the Roman Catholic faith, but they have the grace not to disfigure the building with the hideous wall of partition with which the Duke of Norfolk has marred the beautiful proportions of Arundel Church. The chapel contains some interesting monuments, one of them presenting the Shakespearian name of Bardolph. The Bardolphs were a knightly race, who owned the manor in the fourteenth century. The advowson of the church belonged, in early times, to the Abbess and Convent of Clare Ruissal, near Gournay, in Normandy (the gift, evidently, of the Gurney who acquired the manor). When the alien priories were suppressed it came into the hands of the Crown. Henry VI. gave it to his new foundation of Eton, which still retains it. A more congenial retreat for the *magister emeritus* it would be difficult to imagine.

On the Berkshire side of the river, Purley (not the Purley, it should be said, where Horne Tooke pursued his philological 'Diversions') is noticeable for the beautiful variety of timber with which the part,

reaching down to the river—but, alas! cruelly bisected by the railway—is planted. Some of my pleasantest experiences of angling in days gone by are connected with the river at Mapledurham and reaches below it, about half the way down to Reading. As I find that my Basildon recollections have entertained some, at least, of my readers, I venture to return to a theme which is not the less attractive because it belongs to a state of things that exists no longer. Between thirty and forty years ago one of my brothers and myself used to make our headquarters for a week or so in the late summer at the 'Roebuck,' a house which every frequenter of the Upper Thames will know. It is now a handsome hostelry, with spacious dining saloons, a printed *menu*, a wine *carte* with some thirty vintages upon it at fashionable prices. The fact that one of the University crews made it their abode during a part of their preparations for the great race has given it an almost European celebrity. Nothing less can be said of a place which, for a time, at least, furnished the papers with its quota of intelligence as regularly as did Paris or Egypt. In the days of which I speak it was nothing more than a roadside public-house, deriving a little extra custom from occasional visitors, who made their way thither by water from Reading. I remember that when we first proposed to take up our abode there for a week the idea seemed to strike our hostess as a surprising novelty; and, indeed, the accommodation—the quaint bedroom, with its yellow-washed walls and low ceiling, and the narrow lattices, not too well used to opening—was of the most primitive kind. The old building still stands unchanged by the side of its fashionable successor; and dusty drovers on their way to Reading market rest, as of old, under the elms before the door; but the river-side inn as I knew it in my youth is no more. I must confess that our sport was of the humblest kind, nothing more than the gudgeon-fishing for which I have already ventured, *pace* those who follow the lordly arts of salmon and trout-fishing, or fill their creels with pike and perch, to offer an apology. But for gudgeon-fishing it was a very paradise. Near to Mapledurham itself the stream ran too rapidly for the purpose; but in the neighbourhood of the 'Roebuck' there were spots that, as far as my experience goes, could not be rivalled elsewhere. In one place there would be fine sand, with some three or four feet of rather swift current over; in another a somewhat coarse gravel, with six or seven feet of slower water above, that was still more prolific. It was a delight which a summer day, aye, and a week of summer days, could not exhaust, to move from one spot to another, and endeavour in the new locality to exceed the record of what had been achieved in the old. There was little question of size. The fish were curiously uniform in this respect, a peculiarity which is not uncommonly noticed by anglers in various branches of their sport. The commonest measure would be about four inches; a fish that reached to as much as six was almost a prodigy. But they made up in number what they wanted in magnitude. Our largest basket was *thirty-five dozen*, caught by two rods, without the help, it must be remembered, of a professional fisherman, an assistant who expedites the work of an angler not much less than a loader does that of a shooter. At one 'pitch,' to use the technical term, we caught, without moving, *eleven dozen and a half*. The total weight must have been somewhat about fifteen pounds for each angler, a basket which the trout-fisher in water not specially preserved would consider a more than respectable average. No great amount of skill was required for attaining this result. The mechanical faculty for moving and fixing a punt once acquired, there was needed only the habitude of guessing aright where the fish might be found—and in those days it was hardly possible to go astray, so plentiful was the fish, if only a place free from weeds was chosen. The cause of this extraordinary abundance of the gudgeon is worth noting, for this also—and here I cheerfully recognise a change for the better—has passed away. The keeper of the lock at Mapledurham, Shepherd by name, was the most inveterate destroyer of fish that the Thames has ever known. He rented the right of netting from the neighbouring proprietors, and 'skinned' the river, to use the expressive term which is applied in such cases, relentlessly. There was no one in those days to inquire into the size of the mesh,* and with his bag nets and flue nets, and other diabolical contrivances of misplaced ingenuity, he cleared the river of everything that was much above the size of a sprat.† The gudgeon thus freed from their natural enemies increased and multiplied marvellously. To catch a jack, perch, or even a roach, within the range of the fellow's operations, was almost impossible, but the gudgeon fishing became incomparably good. What it is now I do not know, and shall not risk a certain disappointment by trying to find out.

ALFRED CHURCH.

---

* I believe that when this was inquired into at a late time, all, or almost all the nets in common use, were found to have a mesh illegally small.

† He would sometimes send as much as half-a-ton of fish at one time to Leadenhall Market.

JEAN GOUJON.

THE works of Giovanni di Bologna are familiar to all lovers of sculpture, while the very name of Jean Goujon, his French contemporary, is little known. Yet the Louvre—that great palace of the art of all ages—has two or three rooms devoted to the productions of Goujon and his contemporaries, and bears in its finest, as well as oldest portion, many traces of his chisel. This lack of interest, however, is not altogether peculiar to ourselves; the French showed a singular neglect for some of their greatest names until the intelligent criticism of this century threw welcome light upon the beginnings of their modern art.

M. Lenoir, by his unceasing labours, preserved and collected most of what we now see in the Musée de la Renaissance. Since his time, that is, from after the revolutionary passion for the destruction of all that could recall the monarchy, down to the present day, the interest in the sculpture, as well as in the other arts of the sixteenth century in France, has been increasing. Nor are these valued merely as the predecessors of later and more famous developments; the Cinque Cento has in France, as elsewhere, a unique charm. The sixteenth century turned everywhere a fresh page in the history of art.

The early Italian revival, based upon a study of nature and the antique (the latter really goes back to the discovery of Nicola Pisano in the Campo Santo), and culminating in the art of Donatello Ghiberti, and the Della Robbia, gave rise to the second great sculptural style which the world has seen. Perhaps we may say that the essential distinction between the sculpture of Greece and that of mediaeval Italy lies in the pagan motive of the one and the Christian motive of the other, though this fundamental difference of conception must then be traced in many a detail of manner. But the latter has another relation in the general development of Italian art, as a transitional step towards the style of Michael Angelo, who never left a school, so much was that style peculiar to the man and so far were the pupils below their master.

Michael Angelo indeed, regarded exclusively as sculptor, fills somewhat the same position as Raphael the painter. Both sum up—though with profound dissimilarity—the labours of their predecessors in their respective arts; each adds, to what he has inherited from others, something of his own, which he yet receives from his age. They reach the limits of artistic representation, and mark its consummation in an age peculiarly favourable to this mode of expression. This, as a German critic has remarked, is the secret of their excellence, and no less of their unapproachable grandeur; the artist before their time possessed, as it were, a reserve of inspiration, through his inability to render all that he felt. After them style stifles thought, degenerating into mannerism, and imagination finds other outlets for expression now that its burden has become too great for the imitative arts.

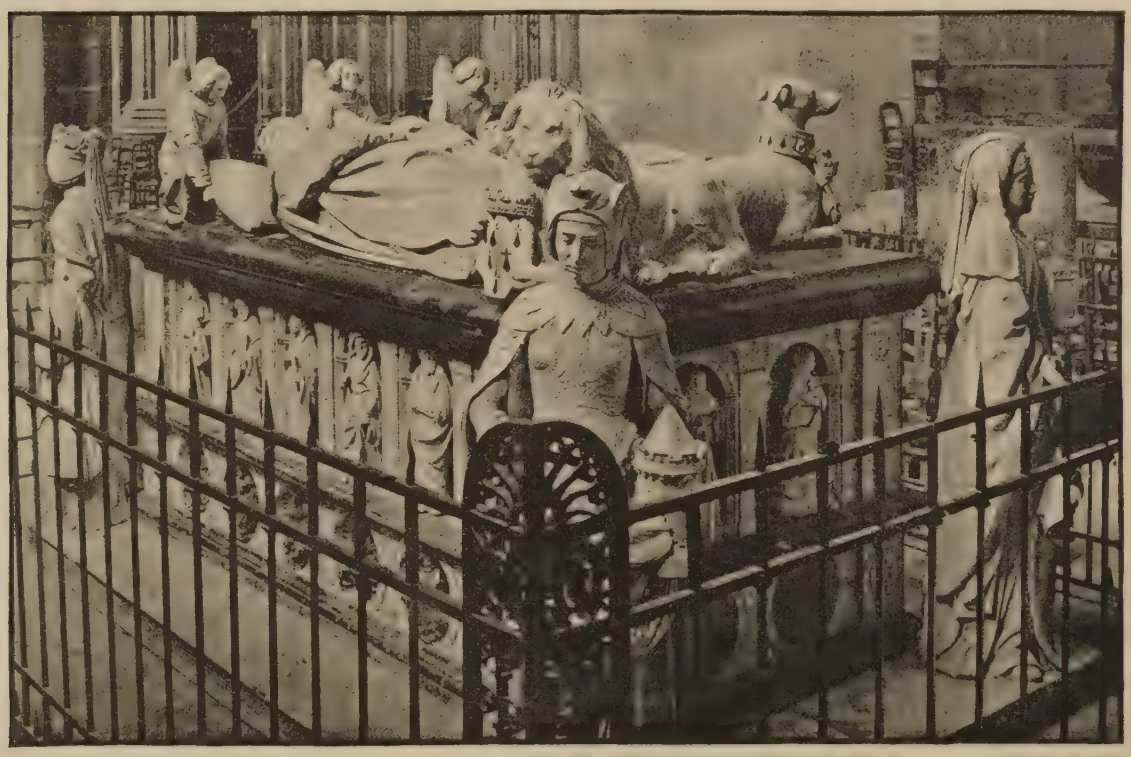
Such was the point which Italian sculpture had reached at the rise of Giovanni di Bologna. His career illustrates the condition which has just been described perhaps better than that of his contemporaries; he is the purest example of the Tuscan style of his time, though by birth he came from the north (Bologna is an Italianised form of Boulogne, and he spent his early years at Douai), and his life runs almost exactly parallel to that of Jean Goujon.

The conditions under which the art of France developed were very different. Italy produced successive styles of sculpture, according to a principle of internal growth which was peculiar to herself. Her art, like the whole framework of her civilisation after the thirteenth century, existed apart from that of Northern Christendom. It was not till after Frenchmen Germans and Spaniards had turned her soil into their common battle-field, bent only upon her dismemberment, that Italy began profoundly to affect the rest of Europe.

It is hard to conceive of a similar development in France; yet so it was. But between the art of the Middle Ages and that of the Renaissance we are conscious of a great gulf, native and original though they both are in their own way. The latter, as we shall see, is no mere imitation of an Italian prototype. The explanation lies in the fact that these years at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries cover in France a double, in Italy only a single change. The interval is bridged in the former country by the School of Tours, which answers most nearly to the antique revival of the early fifteenth century in Italy, to which reference has already been made. Its life was short, for under the pressure of Italian influence, a fresh impulse, that of the Full Renaissance, quickly succeeded, taking however also an essentially French form.

The Loire was the cradle of this subdued Renaissance, to borrow a metaphor from the branch of art that we are discussing. We may almost fancy that *le beau crystal*, which Ronsard sings of his native stream, possessed a magical power to transmute the qualities of the Middle Ages to those of the Renaissance, accomplishing for the time so admirable a fusion of the virtues of both. This country, indeed, by reason of climate and soil, even of population, if we may trust the imaginative descriptions by French-

men of their own countrymen, was a fit scene for such artistic transition. Nature has made it the gate of the south. Sunshine and vineyards suggest the luxuriant sweetness of a southern sky; waving fields of corn (not far off is La Beauce, the granary of France), and the salt-storms that blow from the Atlantic, remind us of the vigour of the North. At the time of which we speak, a certain Florentine, Francesco Florio, chose it for his home, calling it *viridarium Franciae.* These natural characteristics have their value for our subject, if we remember that France was entering upon a momentous change, that extended to literature as well as art—from the old



TOMB OF FRANCIS AND MARGARET IN THE CATHEDRAL OF NANTES.

Northern and Gothic to the Classic forms, which must then have seemed, whether in connexion with pagan or Christian times, native to the south.

It was of the utmost importance to the future of French art, that the shock of revolution should be broken and force acquired to resist the seductions of Italy, who might fairly claim to lead other nations in the newly-chosen path. We turn aside, therefore, for a moment to note two or three of the chief features which distinguish works of this transitional time. We may choose three, all of which strike the most careless observer—the tomb of Francis and Margaret in the Cathedral of Nantes, the fountain of Beaune-Semblançay in the market-place at Tours, and the tomb of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany that stands in the north transept of S. Denis.

The first was executed by Michel Colombe in 1502–1507, from the design of Jean Perréal, painter and architect of the time, and much engaged at Court in different artistic capacities. Its most interesting portions are the effigies of Duke and Duchess that lie above upon a table of black marble; the Virtues that stand, a little more than the size of life, at each of the four corners; and the delicate ornament that figures niche and pilaster in the solid substance of its sides. The last were actually the work of Italian artists, possibly of the very Mantuans who executed strikingly similar ornament for the Staircase of the Giants in the Ducal Palace at Venice. Interesting, however, as it is to witness the quiet impulse given by foreign workmanship, the more prominent figures deserve our chief attention.

All show large, yet precise, handling; the draperies are admirably managed and the features well characterised. *La Force* especially is a noble conception; but most noticeable of all is the union of naïve intention, a mediaeval quality, and natural treatment. We are conscious of thought struggling for expression through the veil of art, and but inadequately portrayed. Whatever the success achieved, we feel assured of sincere motive in the artist. The Fountain of Beaune attests considerable advance both in spirit and form, due no doubt to enlarged intercourse with Italy. The city of Tours was alive with projects both for improvement and embellishment, of which the fountain, and the aqueduct which supplies it from afar, are but instances. The geometrical forms,

peculiar to the Renaissance, and dear to early Italian art, which were here employed, remind us how much sculptural talent was diverted into a foreign channel, and lavished upon the beautiful and unique palaces that rose suddenly into being upon the banks of the Loire during the early years of the reign of Francis I. A little, but not insignificant circumstance, must not be overlooked. Now, the successive blocks that lift themselves from the basin of sparkling water, are surmounted by a simple spike piercing a metal ball. Yet this but poorly replaces the original ornament of wreath and crucifix, hammered in gilt bronze, which suffered destruction at the hands of the Huguenots. The fountain was the work of Bastien and Martin François, possibly upon the plans of Michel Colombe, their old master and uncle. The tomb of Louis XII. bears evidence to a fuller adoption of the Italian style in its architectural form, and the free draperies and mannered heads of the symbolical figures at its base tell the same story. Jean Juste, who executed it at Tours, may have had the co-operation of Italian artists, for he himself was a Florentine by extraction, though he seems to have studied in the school of Colombe and to owe much to its influence. Even here the bas-reliefs, which actually serve to relieve the more prominent arabesques, speak of French taste and workmanship. The tomb, too, has considerable prospective interest, for it served in general design as a model to its successors of the sixteenth century, now together in the Royal Abbey.

(*To be continued.*) S. Udny.

ART CHRONICLE.

The loan exhibition of Scottish Historic Portraits opened at the National Academy, Edinburgh, the first week in July, has proved very successful. The collection includes ancient and modern subjects and painters, from James V and Mary of Guise by an anonymous contemporary artist, to Edward Irving by W. Dyce and Thomas Carlyle by Whistler.

To reserve the high lights in a water-colour drawing requires a rare amount of care and skill; no chemical agents or mechanical processes applied to the surface of the paper are competent to bring back its original qualities of hue and texture after it has once absorbed a pigment. Collodion applied, before any colour, to those parts of the paper which are meant to remain white or to be delicately tinted is difficult of management; a solution of pure india-rubber in benzole answers the same purpose, namely, that of repelling the subsequent washes of water-colour which may be passed over its surface. Such a solution may be prepared in the following manner. Select a piece of good rubber, shave off with a wet razor the dark exterior, and cut up the paler part into small bits. Put these into a wide-mouth bottle having a glass stopper, and cover them with pure benzole. When they have swollen up, pour on more benzole and replace the stopper. Stir at intervals, until a pale brown liquid having the consistency of thin cream or rich milk is obtained. A liquid of this sort has been lately introduced to artists by an accomplished water-colour painter, Mr. N. Chevalier, under the name of 'N. Chevalier's Medium.' It is, however, not a medium, but a 'reserving liquid;' and it has long been used for mounting prints and drawings. The disagreeable smell of the commercial preparation may be avoided by the use of *purified* benzole as the solvent; while fine silver or pale bronze powder forms a better material for rendering visible the places where it has been used than the yellow pigment employed by M. Chevalier to colour his preparation. The reserving liquid may be laid on with any kind of pen or brush. When the strokes are *quite* dry (desiccation occurs very rapidly if pure benzole has been used as the solvent), the painting may be begun, care being taken not to disturb the india-rubber films by too vigorous washings or too hard a brush. When the water-colour work is dry, the repellent films may be removed by a clean piece of soft india-rubber (not vulcanized); afterwards the clean spaces left may be painted upon to any extent that may be desired. It is also quite easy to apply the reserving liquid to any painted surface, so as to prevent some parts of it from receiving colours subsequently laid on. The absolute harmlessness of the liquid, both as regards paper and pigments, is not its least recommendation.

The sale of the Leigh Court pictures at Messrs. Christie's last month could hardly have realised the expectations of the owner, Sir Philip Miles, for, under the searching ordeal of the London auction room, the reputation of several hitherto much-prized canvases fell to zero. The *Creator Mundi*, *Christ holding a crystal globe*, ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, and pointed out as a gem of the collection to strangers visiting the house at Leigh, fetched at the sale 525*l.*, a price that indicated with sufficient emphasis how far this dubious product of the school could be fathered upon the great Milanese. *The Three Graces*, catalogued as by Titian, and by Dr. Waagen ascribed to Nicolo dell' Abate, fell to Mr. Denison at 220*l.* 10*s.* These may be taken as typical examples of the way in which certain pictures with high-sounding names found their level at this sale. Another instance may be considered, the rate at which, for 630*l.*, went to Mr. Phillips the beautiful Raphaelesque *Virgin with the Infant Jesus*, a panel that has been put forward as the missing Loretto picture, to the description of which, *minus* the figure of St. Joseph, it corresponds. The little long composition of *Christ bearing His Cross*, accepted very generally as the centre portion of the predella to the altar-piece painted by Raphael for the Nuns of St. Antonio at Padua (still housed, but not accepted at the National Gallery) was better received, and was purchased for Lord Windsor at 520 guineas.

Great interest at the sale gathered about the important Rubens pictures, the well-known *Conversion of Saul*, *The Woman taken in Adultery*, the *Holy Family with St. Francis of Assisi*, and some expectations had been raised that the first-named canvas, characteristic for bold composition and impetuous handling, might be acquired for the National Collection. But this, as well as the *Holy Family*, was bought in; the latter having been bid for up to 4950 guineas by Messrs. Agnew. *The Woman taken in Adultery* went for 1785*l.* Other famous pictures which did not pass the reserve price were the large *St. John the Evangelist*, by Domenichino, the *Venus and Adonis*, ascribed to Titian, and *The Plague at Athens*, by Nicolo Poussin. The remarkable group of classic landscapes by Claude Lorrain raised enthusiastic bids. The two large compositions, *Sacrifice to Apollo* and *Landing of Æneas*, known as the Altieri Claudes, and once in the Fonthill collection, were both bought by Messrs. Agnew, the first and finest at the large sum of 6090*l.* The same firm bought the charming *Herdsman driving Cattle through a River* for 2047*l.* 10*s.* *A Seaport—Evening* went for 525*l.*, and *The Seaport* for the same sum. A large and effective *Holy Family*, by Murillo, which had passed through the Calonne and the Hope galleries, was put up at 1000 guineas and fell to Messrs. Agnew at 3150*l.*

Five pictures were purchased for the National Gallery at the

total cost of 3943*l.* 16*s.*; and on the whole it is difficult to say that a better selection, considering the balance of the Gallery, could have been made. First, a beautiful little composition, the size of a predella panel, an *Adoration of the Magi*, ascribed to Gian Bellini, but probably to be renamed, formerly in the Borghese Gallery; secondly, the largest and finest of the examples of Gaspar Poussin, a noble upright composition of wood and mountain with a stormy sky, and figures which give to the picture its title, *The Calling of Abraham*. This panel was coveted by the Berlin Gallery, but fell to us at 1900 guineas. Then it is matter of congratulation that two fresh and delightful examples of Hogarth's bust portraits, *Miss Fenton as Polly Peachum* and the masterly sketch called *The Shrimp Girl*, were secured for the National Gallery at 840*l.* and 262*l.* 10*s.* respectively. Finally, Sir F. Burton wisely bid through his agent for that delightful little panel by Thomas Stothard, the well-known *Canterbury Pilgrims*, so popular through engraving, and got it at 463*l.*

In the July number of 'To-Day,' a monthly organ of the Socialist party, Mr. William Morris speaks his mind on the pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, and the signs therein to be traced of art-degradation and hopelessness. It is not surprising to find that the writer, whose ready eloquence waxes warm under indignation, designates the Exhibition a 'piece of wretched twaddle,' or that into the work of some chief and popular painters he reads the lesson of high gifts sold to a spirit of commercialism, or worse. No sign of such vitality of thought or execution as has growth and promise of continuity can this latter-day prophet see within the walls of Burlington House, and without them only the retrospective fragments of a few gifted men, ghosts of an art that cannot be revived. Yet Mr. Morris speaks of hope, and this hope he bases on the assurance that the art of to-day is dying of its own infirmity, and in the future to which men of his political creed look forward, an art real and living will spring from the handicrafts of a freed commonwealth of workers. This may be very strange sense or nonsense to the general public, but as Mr. William Morris is a practical leader in the industrial art of the time, and an officer in our schools, let alone his influence as a thinker and a poet, it may not be beside the mark to chronicle his judgment.

The Government has thus far not been able to come to terms with the Duke of Marlborough for the Blenheim pictures. One hundred and sixty thousand for the Raphael *Holy Family* and the Vandyck *Charles I.*, does certainly seem a demand astounding enough to stagger the most patriotic of ministries. One cannot help wishing that national pride were a sentiment of weight on both sides.

The total proceeds of the Fountaine sale were over 91,000*l.* Following the precedent of at least one former occasion, that of the sale of the Soulages collection, a syndicate of cognoscenti was formed, among whom the names of Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, and Mr. J. C. Robinson, Keeper of her Majesty's pictures, most prominently appeared, for the purpose of securing certain objects, and offering them to the Government at the sale price. The pieces acquired, Urbino dishes, candlesticks in Limoges enamel, by P. Raymond, etcetera, were on view at the British Museum in July; but there was no indication that the Government would close with the opportunity. Conspicuous among the objects bought was a carved Italian ivory horn of exceptional beauty, which fetched 4240 guineas the last day of the sale. This was lent by the Syndicate to the South Kensington Museum, in expectation that an effort would be made by the authorities to secure it. Not more than 2000*l.*, however, was offered, and the horn has passed into a famous private collection in Paris.

The Narford (Fountaine) collection of prints proved to be a very heterogeneous gathering when brought to sale. The little German masters and anonymous engravers of the sixteenth century, both German and French, were among the best represented. Especial interest and lively competition were roused by designs for ornamental art and furniture, among these, engravings of cups by Albrecht Altdorfer, fetched good prices. A set of vases by Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, brought 21*l.*; another set of cups by the same, 31*l.* 10*s.* Three designs for four-post beds, by a French master of the sixteenth century, fell at 99*l.*

A French MS. of singular historic interest and beauty passed through the market, with a collection of rare books and manuscripts, under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer in July, namely, a vellum folio of some two hundred and fifty leaves, a chronicle of the early history of Normandy, written in the fifteenth century, and illustrated with delicate miniatures, full of quaint detail. Mr. Quaritch secured this prize at 980*l.*, less than half what it fetched at the Didot sale.

A genial figure has passed from the ranks of German artists since our last record, namely, Adrian Ludwig Richter, who died at the advanced age of eighty-one after a life of labour. He was the son of Karl August Richter, a line-engraver, and was educated in his father's branch of art, but took to oil-painting by preference, and attained considerable position as a painter in landscape *genre*. He was made Professor of landscape art in the Academy of his native city, Dresden, and received over his long life plentiful tokens of honour. The highest tribute he won must, however, be the gladness and sympathetic aspiration aroused by his illustrations of childhood and of the people's life. It was in the latter part of his career that he gave himself more to the figure-drawing which his early predilections for Chodowiecki strongly influenced, and that he brought his landscape knowledge to bind Nature and her children into loving union, brightened by glimpses of the supernatural. The *Richter Albums*, a collection of his illustrations to people's tales and poems, his *Lord's Prayer*, the *Seasons*, *Sunday*, and other series of designs, that are spread by woodcut in many a household, abound with earnest tenderness, an imaginative homeliness, and a genial humour that mark them in their way unique. Mr. Ruskin has given in his Oxford Lectures a fine tribute to the spiritual qualities of Richter's designs, while claiming for them in technical merit that they are types of easy line drawing, exquisite in ornamental composition and refined even to ideal grace.

In the second issue of this year's 'Jahrbuch' of the Prussian art collections, Dr. Bode writes a monograph on the portrait by Albert Dürer, which was bought for Berlin at the Hamilton sale. This large and repellent piece was one of three pictures claiming dubiously the authorship of Dürer. The Germans, however, believed in the authenticity of the picture, and held the low price (388*l.*) at which they secured it to be a stroke of luck. Dr. Bode now brings forward his various arguments to establish the work as an early picture by Dürer. Of these the chief are the internal technical evidence, on which experts differ. Then the fact that the portrait is painted in water-colours on canvas, a method little in use among German painters of the time, but to be found not unfrequently with Dürer; the similarity of treatment to the early portrait picture in the Madrid Gallery; and, finally, the evidence in favour of the portrait being a likeness of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, who was twice in Nürnberg when Dürer was working there, and who appears by an item of accounts to have commissioned a famous artist of the town to paint a picture for him. In the Hamilton family Dr. Bode has been informed there was a tradition that the person depicted was an Elector; further, a bronze bust exists in the sculpture collection at Dresden, which came from the castle of Thorgau, and is the effigy of Frederick the Wise, by some rough craftsman hailing from Florence, perhaps an Italianised German, modelling from memory. There is no doubt that the likeness between this bust and the Dürer portrait is indisputable. Upon this skeleton of evidence, even without additional surmises, which we do not quote, it is not difficult to establish the authenticity of the picture very much to the satisfaction of its present possessors.

STUDY IN RED CHALK.

BY P. RAJON.

THIS example of M. Rajon's original work may be interesting to those who have hitherto known him only as an accomplished etcher occupied in interpreting with rare skill the works of others. 'Accustomed,' writes M. Rajon, 'in my work with the etching-needle to render with the fewest touches the qualities of the pictures which I had to reproduce, I was prepared to pursue the same method in studying from nature. Being forced by ill health to lay aside etching for a time, and glad to occupy vacant hours by taking a crayon now and then and sketching from a model, I felt at ease in drawing from the life, and it was a pleasure to me to work thus directly, and not to be tied down to the interpretation of another artist's work. The rooms at the Louvre in which the drawings of the great masters are exhibited, had long been a favourite haunt of mine, and I had fallen more and more in love with them. It often happened that a figure or a head which in a picture by some master had seemed to me only half satisfactory, was recognised as a perfectly delightful and exquisite thing in the drawing which had been made as a preliminary study. I was carried away by the intense sentiment and subtle charm of these works; and latterly, in spite of myself, I have spent the greater part of my time in making drawings of children and young girls. In this way I have produced a series of sketches, from which the one here engraved has been selected. I know that work of this kind appeals only to those who have a cultivated taste for art; but I hope it may not be unwelcome to readers of THE PORTFOLIO.'

JEAN GOUJON.

WE have reached the years in which, says Mr. Pater,* France became 'more Italian than Italy herself, a time among the most attractive in the history of art, when, under a strange mixture of lights, Italian art dies away as a French exotic.'

But these years, in which Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto became the guests of Francis, form but an episode in the history of French art. Leonardo expired at Amboise in 1519; Andrea had already returned to Italy. Raphael died in 1520, leaving pupils like Giulio Romano to perpetuate his latest style and transplant it into France. The summons of Francis to Rosso and Primaticcio in 1530–1531 laid the foundation of the school of Fontainebleau, where we may still see their earliest productions, as in the staircase designed by Primaticcio.† Paul Ponce Trebati and Benevenuto Cellini soon followed, to exercise an increasing influence upon the manner of the French chisel. Sculpture in France shows henceforward traces of this struggle between a native and a foreign style.

The last years of Francis mark for a time the extreme limits of the Italian manner. His little Court near Paris has been strikingly portrayed by Michelet—that strange group of the old king, his mistress, Madame d'Estampes, and the little princess of the house of the Medici, living but the shadow of the old gay life which renders Francis's early reign memorable for all time. The substance was gone both from art and politics; of what was unique in the character of king and age, all had disappeared.

Contrasting this state of things with the dawn of the sixteenth century and the artistic work of the school of Tours, we are drawn to reflect how great was the change. Whether we think of the palaces of Blois and Chambord, or the illuminations of Fouquet and his better disciples, and the later portraiture of the Clouets, or again of the sculpture at which we have glanced, we can discover in this early Renaissance upon the banks of the Loire little or no trace of the pride and sensuality which Mr. Ruskin has distinguished as the great vice of all Renaissance art. Fashion as yet was happily unknown as a factor in the problem.

But, like the waters of the Loire, rapid and fresh but of little depth, her art proved by no means inexhaustible. The time had come for the spirit of the north to reassert its place in the development of French art, and thither point the names of Cousin, Goujon, and Pilon. Goujon's name carries us away from the cities and châteaux of Touraine to the Norman capital.

The old city of Rouen has left us works of the highest mediaeval beauty, and with each fresh impulse her art renewed its life. It is here that Goujon too began his career. Great in purely Norman times, Rouen can show in her cathedral one of the most splendid monuments of the thirteenth century, built during the period of activity that followed the union of the Duchy of Normandy with the Crown of France. The fourteenth century produced the most precious parts of S. Ouen; the fifteenth at its close added the

* 'Studies in the Renaissance.'

† In stucco, for which Vasari tells us Primaticcio was famous, he was recommended to Francis as skilled in such work.

Palais de Justice. These are examples taken at random from that art in which the Middle Ages excelled, but the magnificence of her buildings has ever been her chief claim to admiration. Half a century ago, Rouen, according to Victor Hugo, was the most remarkable among the old Gothic cities of France. Since then the old-world character of her streets has disappeared before the strides of improvement; but her great monuments, both civil and religious, still rise majestically upon the banks of the Seine, giving dignity and repose to the rush of modern life below.

Beneath the shadow of these walls other arts have always prospered, at first in more immediate connexion with architectural design, in after times more independently. The Renaissance naturally gave freer scope to works of sculpture. Nor did the change stop here, for the school of enamel, which dates its rise a little later, lived on into the eighteenth century, eclipsing other forms of artistic activity. In the sixteenth century the impulses that flowed from Italy were quickly felt in the Gothic north. The names of subsequent fame belong to the northern provinces of France, and thus restore them that artistic pre-eminence which they enjoyed during the Middle Ages. Cousin, perhaps the foremost figure of the French Renaissance, was a native of Sens, Pilon of Paris, his family being from Le Mans; Duvet, the engraver, came from Langres. And these are but instances of a general rule.

The interest, indeed, which attaches to Goujon and his fellow-artists arises from the resistance which they offer to the fashion of the time, and the assimilative genius which makes a borrowed form of art their own. From Italy they receive a style of treatment based upon conditions foreign to their own. The motives and manner of the Cinque Cento were strange to France. But her artists adopt them boldly, and furnish these with a character of their own invention. One of the most distinguishing features of France, artistic as well as political, is this capacity for change and the adoption of fresh ideals.

Goujon must have been born about 1520. Among the many places which claim the honour of his birth, Alençon seems, perhaps, to have the best title. There, at least, we find families who believe him to be among their ancestors, while one of these is said, on good authority, to have satisfied M. Landon, a local painter, who interested himself in the question of the authenticity of their story. Alençon, too, possessed works reputed to be by the hand of Goujon, some destroyed or lost during the Revolution, others—namely, four Evangelists in wood belonging to an altar—being preserved in the Public Library. And hence originally came a buffet of ebony ascribed to him, which was sold in Paris by auction now many years ago, and was said to be of great finish. Perhaps, unless we accept what seems on the face of it an unlikely supposition, that Goujon was a native of Paris, we may conclude him to have been Norman by birth as well as by training. But, before we watch his first appearance on the stage of his public career at Rouen, we may glance at the state and cultivation of sculpture in the Norman capital in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Normandy, which benefited in other ways from the administration of the Cardinal d'Amboise, minister of Louis XII.,* gained her first knowledge of Renaissance art through the erection of Château Gaillon by that prelate. The accounts of its building proved that the Cardinal brought together workmen from all parts of France, as well as from Italy, and such a union could not remain without results. Michel Colombe was sent for to undertake the *retable* of the altar in the chapel, the bas-relief of St. George and the Dragon, now in the Louvre.

It is remarkable, and to our purpose, to notice that even this production of a French chisel betrays Italian influence. There can be little doubt that there existed between France and Genoa at this time a certain artistic intimacy as well as political connexion. We know that Colombe procured his marbles from the quarries of Genoa; thence also he may have borrowed some hints for his own treatment. In the scenery of rock with which he furnishes his action we can recognise the constant manner of Genoese representation. Most of the higher work about the Château was however reserved for Italians, as was natural. The Seigniory of Venice, for example, sent a splendid fountain in the advanced style of the cinque cento, which we may still admire in an old engraving. We need feel no surprise that a fashion thus set should find adoption at the Cardinal's cathedral church as well as at his palace, especially in connexion with his own tomb. Rouen was brought into contact with Italy, as regarded the arts, just as about the same time her Archbishop there talked politics with the greatest of Italian statesmen, and the author of 'The Prince.' The tomb itself was entrusted finally to the care of Maître Leroux,† and was therefore due to the workmen of Rouen. But, while the shell of the monument remains Gothic, the crust, as it were, of ornament, yields to innovation; the innumerable statuettes are Italian in their liveliness; some of them are sibyls, and all show a nicety of touch that belongs rather to miniature. It was to this tomb that Goujon later brought his skill, though his work was very soon destroyed.

But the early impulse was not lost. Little

* M. d'Amboise's natural capacity shone more purely—if we may believe the record upon his tomb and general estimation—in his own province, than in the field of diplomacy.

† Master architect of the cathedral.

known as is the Aitre de S. Maclou, even to the curious, it contains fragments of sculpture not without their interest to the student of Renaissance sculpture at Rouen or in France. Built about the years 1520–1530 by *rouennais*, it was originally decorated with scenes from the Dance of Death, a favourite subject for a burial-ground. But these perished at the hands of the Protestants in the latter part of the century; what remains is yet sufficient to show the fine execution in parts, such as of drapery and heads, with much that seems to us merely grotesque and unfit for representation. The same realistic character that we can discern here shows itself in the bas-reliefs on one side of the courtyard in the little Hôtel Bougtheroulde, which is familiar to all who know Rouen. The bas-relief depicts the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and Francis himself is believed to have lodged at the Hôtel, where such a scene would doubtless seem to do him honour. The execution illustrates the transitional state of provincial art during this period; the treatment is conventional and heavy, but the composition happy, and the expression of some of the faces very real All extravagance is avoided, while repose and breadth are evidently aimed at, and give pleasure, though with a tendency to monotonous effect. But it has certainly suffered much from exposure and the quality of the stone, and these circumstances must qualify our judgment.

It is not till 1540 that we can trace Goujon actually at work in Rouen. The Comptes of the church of S. Maclou show in that year that considerable activity existed with respect to the fittings of the edifice. Jean Goujon, '*tailleur de pierre et maçon*,' is paid 6 livres 15 sols for designs made both of the 'portail' and the fountain. The latter still stands attached to the church, though all signs, but of the slightest workmanship, have disappeared. What the expression 'du portail' may be taken to mean, we must consider hereafter. On May 22, 1541, he receives 57 sols 6 deniers for a pedestal and column for the pipes of the organ, later for the marble columns 70 'escus soleil' and 5 sols for wine. He designs a '*custode pour porter le corps de Notre Seigneur*' for 25 sols 8 deniers, and gets 30 sols for '*le deviz pour paindre les orgues*.'

These entries certainly speak of pretty miscellaneous employment, and we may presume that Goujon gave satisfaction. But it is difficult to identify them with what we possess. Apart from the columns of black and white marble, which alone remain, but interest us little, there is the question, which all who know the church will ask, whether the existing doors, the north transept the north and central western, are the work of Goujon. These three doors, carved in wood, arrest the attention of the most careless. Their general design is very simple; the flat surface is ribbed with deep ledges, on which stand almost in full relief figures of holy men and women; the panels of the surface are decorated with scenes and ornamental designs.

The figures are much worn, the scenes and designs almost obliterated; but the workman has left a charm of line upon the rude material which we find delightful still. And, with this love of form, we find a sincerity of feeling which does not forget its subject and impresses the visitor.

Those who are acquainted with the contents of our own museums may compare with these doors a cast, recently placed at South Kensington, of a pedestal for a statue from the church of S. Michel, at Dijon, the capital of which in very slight relief is exquisitely handled. Both show, though the stonework is much superior, naïveté of conception, in the one case grave, in the other very sweet, carried out with quiet mastery. The spirit of these—always of primary importance in art—is admirable, and gives great promise. Such examples lead us to wonder whether France, had her workmen been left to develope their native powers by the light of nature and the antique, might not thus late have achieved results somewhat similar to those which followed the Renaissance of the fifteenth century in Italy.

The strange mixture of sacred and profane is completely in the spirit of the time, and was probably quite congenial to the artist. We have only to think of the classic subjects of Palissy the Potter, who died in fact a martyr to his convictions, and was naturally a most seriously minded man as his own writings prove, to understand how free workmen felt in the choice of such for their art.

One little detail has met with special admiration. It is a design in a panel of one of the folding-doors of the north transept; two birds are drinking from a basin, which supports a nude female figure, terminating in scroll-work. Whether these doors may with certainty be ascribed to Goujon we cannot answer. But it is more difficult to believe that they are due to the design of any one else, we know of his employment in the church, and they date indisputably from this period. That they are not specially mentioned in the Comptes is no objection to the supposition that they are his, as they may have been a private gift,—a hypothesis that should have full weight in determining these questions. Even if the design and superintendence belong to Goujon, the execution may have been the task of other workmen under his direction.

At the cathedral, Goujon executed in 1541 a figure of the Archbishop, nephew to the first Cardinal Amboise, for the tomb of the latter, to replace that of an attendant angel. But the intention was premature, for after the prelate's promotion to the Sacred College, this figure, too, gave way to a new

one in Cardinal's robes, pronounced to be of inferior workmanship but characteristic in the head. The new statue was not by Goujon, and we thus lose an example of his portraiture. Before the visitor leaves the Virgin's Chapel, he is shown another monument, which he is told may be by the hand of Jean Goujon. The tomb is that of De Brézé, Seneschal of Normandy, raised by his widow, the famous Diane de Poitiers, somewhere about the year 1540. The sarcophagus, on which lies the emaciated body of De Brézé, forms the centre of its base: on either side two columns, thrown a little forward, support the entablature above, on which four Caryatides, corresponding in position to the columns below, enclose an arcade, containing an equestrian figure of the Seneschal in life. The cornice above bears very small but spirited figures. There are Victories in the spandrils. The whole is crowned by an allegorical figure within a niche. Between the columns are seen below, on one side the kneeling figure of his widow, on the other that of the Virgin and Child, while behind each a little shell canopy shelters an angel. Round the entablature runs a frieze of masks and garlands, alive, it has been well said, with delicate birds. Each mask has a label with the motto of De Brézé. The Caryatides, who bear on their heads baskets of flowers and fruits, are inscribed with the names—Victory, Faith, Prudence, and Glory. They are executed in alabaster, like the figures below, and throughout the tomb this material is used, with a slight mixture of gold, to enrich the ground of black marble. In the tomb new architectural forms are adopted without reserve and with very graceful effect. Unlike the royal tombs at S. Denis, which are detached on all sides, this rests against the wall, presenting a single, though projecting surface. The quietness of design brings it well into harmony with its surroundings. The execution is so unequal as to give probability to the supposition that many hands had a part in it. We may suppose that Goujon made the designs for a master, but only sometimes used the chisel. But a certain mannerism about the Caryatides seems no objection to the likelihood of his workmanship.

Goujon, when he left Rouen, passed at once from provincial labours to a wider world of art. He joined at Paris the little company, who, under Pierre Lescot, the architect, were engaged in the work of restoration at the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Of anything which he may have executed on his way there we have no record. But it seems in no way improbable that Goujon executed some of the sculptures, certainly in his manner, at Gisors and other places. On the other hand, apart from vague tradition, we hear nothing of journeys to the south. The increasing centralisation of social life within the Court at Paris absorbs the energies of Goujon, and the rest of his career is spent either near or actually within the capital. It may be taken as a sign, however, of the veneration in which his name is held among Frenchmen, that at the present day statues upon the *Escalier de François I.* at Blois are believed to be his. His name has become, in fact, typical of native Renaissance art.

Returning to his first appearance at Paris, M. de Laborde has rescued for us some entries referring to the works in S. Germain. There he executed a Notre Dame de Pitié and four Evangelists, all lost; but the pulpit, to which the latter belonged, bore also the *Deposition*, which has found a last refuge at the Louvre, owing to the efforts of M. Lenoir after the Revolution. This bas-relief, apart from its merits, has additional interest as the only composition of any complication which we know by Goujon's hand. An Italian critic, M. de Cicognara, of considerable note at the beginning of the century, held that it showed his strength to lie rather in architectural decoration than in the more ambitious fields of sculpture. It suffers certainly from the confined space which it was designed to fill, and which allows none of the actors to stand upright. But we must admit that of this difficulty Goujon has disposed well.

The relief is defined in two groups—on the left two disciples have just laid the body of the dead Christ upon a sheet; to the right His Mother, fainting, is supported by St. John; while more faintly are seen the forms of Holy Women in attitudes of quiet grief, one beneath a slightly indicated tree. This line is broken by the kneeling figure of the Magdalene, who clasps her hands in adoration as she gazes upon the Body. Her fine figure recalls a rather frequent motive in such compositions. The face shows expression rather roughly portrayed, and the slender forms of the women contrast happily with the more robust figures of the men. The excessive breaking of the drapery into innumerable folds suggests that affectation which M. de Cicognara discovers in passion and movement. It certainly detracts from the simplicity proper to so solemn a subject, but it was a mannerism that he borrowed from the other side of the Alps, which he never shakes off, and yet redeems at times in other subjects by its propriety.

Those very remains of Gothic taste which offended a subsequent century, and which dictated a certain angularity in the lower limbs of Christ's body, are at the root of the fettered expression which breathes through the piece, but cannot break the bonds of an artificial style. Pure feeling may, perhaps, take little pleasure in the actual representation; but we are bound to remember under what difficulties French art lay,—how strong at the time was foreign fashion, and how native and natural feeling was proscribed. If we look back to the school of Tours,

we may not discover the healthy progress which might have been expected. And, as things are, we shall probably not regret that the artist soon abandoned a class of works which put a constraint upon his power, for others more congenial to his taste.

Under Lescot at St. Germain, Goujon had come into contact with Germain Pilon and other rising workmen of his day. But when he entered the service of the Constable de Montmorency, during the building of his château at Écouen, he passed into a circle that could not fail to affect both himself and his art. Bullant was its centre, and combined free and enthusiastic workmanship with foreign culture.

While there Goujon must have seriously studied the theory of his titular art of architecture, if we may trust the preface which he wrote to the edition (1547) of 'Vitruvius,' brought out by his friend Jean Martin a year or two later. He himself supplied the engravings that had reference to 'la massonerie;' and thus we learn of his practice in another art, upon wood. The confident tone which he uses when urging the necessity of acquaintance with various sciences, and the indispensable utility of geometry and perspective for him who would excel in architecture, may bespeak the 'self-taught workman;' but it removes at least the reproach that he was an unlettered man, which has been based on ridiculously inadequate grounds. And it may be taken to do much more. In these few words of preface he cites the great Italian names of the early-sixteenth century with an air of intimacy, not likely to be assumed, with the utmost respect yet with independence. It was probably during this period that he travelled, if ever, beyond the Alps; or at least first gained his knowledge of Italian art, indirectly, through intercourse with those who had made the journey. We must not forget that the two noble Slaves of Michael Angelo, now in the Louvre, executed for the tomb of Julius II., stood in one of the porticoes at Écouen.

When we come to the question, what Goujon himself contributed to the château with his chisel, we are met by something of a puzzle. In the 'Vitruvius,' already mentioned, which was dedicated to the king, Henri II., he is introduced with the words, 'n'a guère l'architecte de Monseigneur le connétable, maintenant l'un des votres.' Probably Goujon preferred the more honourable title, borne without shame by a nobleman like Lescot, to the humbler one of 'tailleur de pierre.' After all, architectural decoration was his *forte*. He was never a fashionable 'imagier' and 'sculpteur,' in the style of Pilon.

In spite, however, of this, his latest editor, M. Réveil, in his 'Œuvre de Jean Goujon,' decides unhesitatingly that the strictly sculptural remains are his, while he thinks that he had little to do with the rich decoration of the château, which he ascribes to the immediate supervision, if not the actual hand, of Bullant. It was Bullant who designed similarly lavish ornaments on the earliest portions of the Tuileries when he succeeded De L'orme as architect.

The Renommées upon the terrace, and on a sort of triumphal arch, which formed an entrance into the gardens, are struck out in a rough style, that has no sign of the delicacy of Goujon's later works in the same field, but yet they promise well for the future. A Victory upon a panel in wood, engraved in 'Du Sommerard,' shows the same general features of design with more mannerism and much less grace, as the similar figure in the *œil de bœuf* at the Louvre. Another Victory, a decoration of the chimney-piece in the Salle de Gardes, is much more striking. It shows spirit and grace, not without some affectation; and though, like the other sculptures at Écouen, it bears no name, we cannot but recognise in it Goujon's characteristics. The figure is full of movement and gaiety, the lower draperies are admirably arranged and very finely finished. Poised upon a hemisphere, with uplifted sword, she turns backward, calling, as it were, the ranks behind her to fresh achievements.

His other work is connected with the altar in the chapel. The three allegorical figures of Religion, Faith, and Power, fill the space between the four Evangelists, who decorate the *avant corps* of the high altar. The latter are meagre, and treated in a spirit of unhappy conventionalism, sadly out of place. If beyond doubt Goujon's work, they give a very bad impression of his style, or rather to what it could sink. But it is very different with the former, which were well suited to his power. How great is the contrast between the *La Force* here and that upon the tomb of François at Nantes by the hand of Michel Colombe! The one Gothic to its core, the other as completely of the Renaissance, have yet about them both something indefinably Christian, a quiet and disciplined fortitude, that is beyond fear. The expressive head, the simple, heavy draperies, the attitude of repose, even the solid shield* on which one hand falls, produce an effect which is noble in its own way.

Above, the retable consists of a Sacrifice of Isaac in white marble, in a finely carved frame, surmounted by a frise, which is crowned in the centre by a medallion containing a figure of the Père Éternel. The former, which borders on the picturesque, though severe in line, is a very dignified composition. The moment chosen for depiction is the usual one, when the angel catches Abraham's uplifted arm, and the ram appears in the thicket below. The central figure of the Patriarch is grand both in conception and execution, while the kneeling boy, with hands a little ostentatiously folded, affords a tender

* It seems to be half battlement, half shield.

contrast. The angel, whose full length is seen, yet in swift motion, unlike the earlier Italian renderings, which suggest the mystery of flight by a form lost in cloud, adds greatly to the life of the picture, which contains at the same time little distance. In front, a thicket with the caught ram, and altar of rude stone; and behind but close, the Doric pillars of a temple make up the scene. The Eternal Father, whose body is visible to the knees, reclines upon a throne of clouds, leaning over a globe in the act of benediction. Round him are seen some of the signs of the zodiac. The figure is richly robed, and the expression of maturity is finely conveyed. The eyelids are half closed, as if in watchful repose. The whole is strangely marked with the prevailing neo-paganism, refined and with feeling, but very artificial.

We may turn for a moment from these isolated labours to the château itself and the men who worked there. The sculptor was fast developing a style both French and individual, while Écouen is the record of a very different change. This Bullant and Goujon, however, have in common, that they produce from various materials works stamped with their own genius. Primarily, indeed, Écouen proclaims the triumph of Italian architecture in France. It is the type of succeeding classic buildings, however these might suppress one feature or exaggerate another of the original; but only because this style rapidly* naturalised itself in the country that adopted it. We must not follow Bullant to his other achievements, but we may remark that the peculiar excellence of their style finds no heir in the case either of sculptor or architect. To what, then, must we ascribe the artistic pre-eminence of Goujon's generation such as it was? This scene in his life suggests an answer. It has often been asked, Was he a Calvinist? and we shall find the two questions not unconnected. At Écouen his fellow-workers were Cousin, Palissy, Barthélmi Prieur, all three possibly—two certainly, professors of the new creed. How then did intercourse with such men affect him?

We have no positive evidence on this point. Goujon's name does not occur on any martyr-roll of the persecuted. And it is contended that such a name would not be omitted, could it have been claimed. But, on the other hand, he certainly received little notice from any quarter, even, as we shall see, when some tribute seemed inevitable. There is certainly the tradition that he perished during the struggles that followed S. Bartholomew's Day, but by accident, not for his beliefs. Goujon, both from employment at Court, and by natural temperament, if we judge by his works, may have well been disinclined to take a side. There have been cases remarkable enough of artists in our own country who stood aloof from political party, absorbed in their art, at a time when indifference might have seemed impossible, considering their sympathies: Flaxman is an instance among sculptors.

But art not less than religion and social life stood in need at such a crisis of new and vivifying impulse. The early Protestants in France were essentially seekers for more natural and satisfying truth. Bernard Palissy's life illustrates both the difficulties and triumphs of his age. He united the fervent belief and constancy of a martyr to the intellectual activity of the philosopher and the sensibility of the artist. But the source of his energy was the love of Nature, 'that beautiful book of the heavens and the earth,' which, he tells us, 'lies open to all.' Whether reading the Scriptures in the little congregation he gathered at Xaintes, or seeking Nature's secrets in the furnace and the spring, or transferring to his exquisite pottery the forms and colours of the shells, reptiles, and butterflies, that he knew so well, and planning yet bolder trials of his art, he shows the same indefatigable curiosity for independently discovered truth. Who even that hears of the scheme he offered for the defence of unfortified towns, based upon the observations he had given to the building of a bird's nest, does not wonder at the force of a mind that could thus occupy its leisure hours?

From such company Goujon could not fail to derive encouragement in the path of self-development, and Palissy was not the man to let opportunities pass when he hoped to persuade those about him, as we learn from his words and actions.*

Cousin, too, resembled Palissy in eagerness to add to the traditions of art which he inherited, or borrowed from abroad, something of his own, both of form and spirit. Barthélmi Prieur, whose tomb of the Constable, now in the Louvre, shows great feeling for truthful and natural portraiture, narrowly escaped sealing his religious convictions with his blood.

These instances are sufficient to show, how the same desire to be rid of the taint of artificiality pervaded the best energies of the time in every department of life. The ferment in men's minds, raised by the agitation of questions, religious, social, and artistic, had not subsided, nor had the demand for freedom of thought crystallized in the form of new creeds. Common warfare against a state of restraint that was felt to be intolerable created a remarkable receptivity—even sympathy between minds, that under other circumstances would certainly have been found in opposing camps. We cannot otherwise under-

* The universal employment of the high-pitched roof during this period, recommended by considerations of climate, is an example of this adaptation.

* I know of no positive evidence which brings them together in these years, but there can be no doubt they came across each other.

stand how those, who rejected the cruel unrealities of State and Church, accepted the puerilities into which the Pagan Renaissance had sunk. When the conflict broke out, and the banners of party, and at last of Civil War, were raised, this truce also came to an end. There was no longer the repose essential to artistic creation. Art henceforth became the slave of a Court, cut off from the true sources of inspiration to serve ascetic superstition or worldly pomp.

One other inquiry is suggested by Goujon's stay at Écouen. Have we the likeness of his outward features? The engraving prefixed to the 'Vitruvius' of Jean Martin was formerly asserted to be his portrait. But this has given place to the only natural supposition that it is the author's. We can learn, indeed, little or nothing of Goujon during this brief period; but we know it to have been the turning-point in his career. He returns almost at once to Paris, his style now formed, to achieve those works which are his chief title to fame.

THE FONTAINE DES INNOCENTS. BY JEAN GOUJON.

The French love of water for decorative purposes is one of the first things to strike the English traveller. Between the climate of northern France and southern England there is no difference sufficient to account for our dissimilarity of taste in this respect. Our few fountains are formal and in intention utilitarian—even so they are little used; but we quickly feel their absence in a French *place*, or garden. We must not indeed forget the sandy character of French soil, which is peculiarly favourable to artificially raised water, as well as very grateful for it; but we are conscious of other than natural causes. The leaping waters that sparkle under the blue sky of France suggest the national gaiety which takes as simple and childish a pleasure in them as it does in fireworks.

We do not hear much of fountain-building there during the Middle Ages; but it was passionately cultivated by those who breathed the atmosphere of the Renaissance. In Italy one of the first signs of revival in civic life and art was the magnificence with which public works connected with water were undertaken; and among them that of providing it with fitting sculptural shrines for purposes of use and ornament. Just so in France the sixteenth century witnessed great energy in this direction. Like the public gardens borrowed from Italy—the Luxembourg is the earliest in Paris—they have found so continuous appreciation that they seem to have become characteristic of the country; yet once they were a novelty. In themselves there are few things which throw so universally a felt charm over common life.

The Fontaine des Innocents is a work of this class, ordered by Henri II. to replace a former fountain on the same spot, and it bears the impress of its royal origin. The commission was entrusted to Lescot and Goujon, and their co-operation speaks sufficiently for the character of the fountain, which was considered primarily as a work of architecture. The sculptures that break the surface of its stone are architectural decoration strictly speaking; but whether under one aspect or the other they approach perfection, and as an example of the best achievements of the time, the fountain stands unsurpassed in Paris or elsewhere. At the same time it is acknowledged to be Goujon's *chef d'œuvre*.

The fountain was originally designed for the corner of the Rue aux Fers and the Rue S. Denis, where it seems to have been built into the wall, leaving only three arcades exposed. Its form was very simple. A dome rests upon an ample entablature supported by solid shafts of stone, into which are let flat columns of the Corinthian Order. The base proper has in the engraving of Germain Brice, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, a very high

pedestal, which would certainly render the bas-reliefs of the entablature barely distinguishable on account of their delicate workmanship. The same engraving supplies the lower part of the arcades with a screen of latticed work ; within a spiral jet throws water into a graceful basin beneath the dome. Below simple pipes pour water from the solid pedestal.

The sculptor's labour was lavished on the exterior of shaft, base, and entablature. Perhaps the figures of Naïads which stand between the pilasters of each shaft have been most admired, nor has that admiration ever been withdrawn. We can feel, even in these days of distant sympathy with the thought feeling and manners of Renaissance times, the charm of subtle passion which the creator has thrown over the fancies of a dead mythology. Yet how far are the faint smile, the delicate affectation of dress, the ripple of movement upon their calm repose, from the nobility of Greek sculpture, the one a representation of refined humanity, the other the evanescent refinement of a court. Their design and execution are excellent ; dainty grace of limb is relieved by the breadth with which the draperies are spread and the support which they give ; while the figures themselves are full of elasticity and the disposition of dress is as appropriate to the spaces to be filled as to the character of the figures. Goujon too shakes himself partly free from that monotony of type in the heads which wearies by its constant repetition, and expresses various moods—indolence, reverie, and expectancy. Nor can a tribute be withheld to the technical mastery with which he handles the slight relief, scarcely projecting, in the more prominent parts, beyond the edge of the flat pilasters.

The bas-reliefs of the entablature and base are even happier, indeed they give us a higher impression of the capabilities of the artist than any other of his works preserved. The slighter subject of sporting boys is reserved for the entablature, while below occur more ambitious compositions. Nowhere perhaps in any age shall we find such a graceful expression of natural gladness as in these tiny forms that bestride their dolphins or sail on shells, revelling in the melody of their primitive music, while the wind ripples the water and fills their scanty draperies.

There is great freedom and animation in all the scenes ; distance is boldly suggested with pictorial effect, yet the harmony of design is perfectly preserved. The reliefs near the base are in a fuller, richer style, with more sculptural severity, and the figures are all thrown forward by the background of drapery which is employed as a veil. The beautiful composition of a Triton and Naïad — intended possibly, it has been supposed, for the conjunction of the Seine and Maine—may be considered the finest thing Goujon ever did in dignity and sweetness of conception. Their freedom from any sort of mannerism, as well as their intrinsic excellence, enable us to understand how French artists of to-day look back to his name with more than traditional reverence, as a starting-point, however humble, for honest effort untrammelled by the correct taste of the schools.

Goujon in all three reliefs grapples with the difficulties of the nude form with marked success. The *Amphitrite*, as the French call her, seen immediately in front, must have offered peculiar difficulties from its slight relief. The third and last is a bold composition, yet does not escape a decided angularity from the singular attitude of the feminine figure; but the boy, who turns inquiringly towards his companion, is a lovely infantine fancy, enhanced by the spirited treatment of the sea-horse whom he rides. The same nicety of execution is found throughout the ornament, which chastely enriches the fountain. The Victories in the spandrils of the arches are indeed unequal to the other figures in style, if not in workmanship, but the delicate frieze of dolphins tridents shell and leaves is worthy of its place.

The perfection of this monument sets us wondering why it should have remained unique in a time of such artistic activity. But on inquiry it is not very difficult to distinguish sufficient reason. Out of France we find nothing like it,—no such adherence to architectural forms as the basis of fine sculpture,—and we can hardly help connecting this distinctive quality with the genius for structure, which the French displayed in the Middle Ages. To this day they seem to lack the soberness of mind the restraint and patience requisite for independent sculpture. The strain upon the individual faculties proves too great, and their gayer powers find a more congenial field than the treatment of pure form. But the lively sympathies, which are ill-fitted for isolated effort, may, under a discipline of subordination and co-operation, achieve splendid results. It was so in the case of those who reared the magnificent cathedrals of mediaeval France, sparing no effort to beautify the fabric from loftiest pinnacle to lowliest shrine or tomb.

The French sculptors of the Renaissance seem to have recognised the limits imposed by their artistic weakness, and never trod the nobler paths of their art. Jean Goujon, Jean Cousin, Germain Pilon, attained fame by confining themselves to architectural monumental, and the lighter styles of sculpture. The Fontaine des Nymphes, the tomb of Admiral Chabot, or that of Henri II., the Group of the Graces, attest their success within these bounds. This eminently sensible view saved them from the extravagance of Italian work of this period, yet south of the Alps not even falseness and insincerity of motive could take away the charm of natural feeling or the subtle touch

inherited from happier days. In France, inspiration vanished with sound judgment, and her sculptors, wasting their powers upon subjects far above their strength, sank lower and lower. The classicism, which could but impose a false form upon a literature, whose strength was from within, crushed the arts, where form is everything, merely setting up a delusive standard of so-called taste. The Fontaine des Nymphes is almost without taint of affectation, and here lies the secret of its enduring appreciation. We return for a moment to its history.

The dates assigned to its erection differ by a year in the account of two historians of the city. But it must have been at least well forward on the way towards completion, when Henri II. made his entry into Paris in the summer of 1549.* It remained where it had originally been placed till 1787, when Government wished to effect some alterations in the neighbourhood, and finding that the fountain had been gradually hemmed in by surrounding buildings, determined on its demolition, with the exception of the sculptures, which were to go to the Louvre. From this fate it was saved by the protest of M. Quatremère de Quincy, who declared that, removed from their architectural frame, these would lose their value. Much as he disapproved of the detached position which it still occupies, even this was better than destruction. But in 1820 a fresh difficulty arose. It was found that the water which supplied the fountain, owing to alterations in its channel, was inflicting serious injury upon the sculptures of the base, in consequence of an overflow, and their removal to the Louvre became at once necessary.

A fourth side already added contrary to the original design, it now stands in a public garden, adjoining the *Halles*, where a squalid crowd snatch a few moments' rest in the heat of the day. Art may have far better claims to the sympathy of the many now than it had in the sixteenth century; but just here the life of thousands, who pay the penalty of the organization of modern society, points a sharp contrast between the old order and the new.

(*To be continued.*) S. Udny.

* Bernini, who affected great contempt for the beauties of Paris, says Germain Brice gave way to admiration before the fountain.

A VENETIAN CANAL.

ETCHED BY LUCIEN GAUTIER.

THIS is the first time that we have the pleasure of publishing an etching by M. Lucien Gautier, an artist who has now been for some time known in France in consequence, principally, of the large plates by him which have appeared in our contemporary, *l'Art*. He has also published, last year, a much larger plate of the Forum at Rome, which, in addition to great truth in the architecture, had the merit of a brilliant effect of light without the common defect of blackness and heaviness in the shadows. The plates of Marseilles and Paris which appeared in *l'Art* are all of them strikingly truthful; indeed, the writer of the present note has found himself strongly reminded of them both on the banks of the Seine and by the Old Port and the Bassin de la Joliette at Marseilles. In like manner it is probable that many of our readers may think of this plate the next time they go to Venice. M. Gautier was a photographer before he became an artist, and something of his first profession remains with him in the love of clearness and truth; but this does his work no harm, and he is quickly losing a certain hardness that was noticeable at first. It is unnecessary to point out how luminous the present etching is, and how well it combines a careful attention to humble and homely details with the brightness of the Venetian atmosphere. This is not proud and stately Venice, but familiar Venice, yet here we have a remnant of past splendour in the tall *palazzo* to the left.

THE PAINTERS-STAINERS' COMPANY.

THE primary object of all the trade guilds of London was to exclude the competition of foreign workmen, the influx of whom operated injuriously upon the employment of native workmen; the second object was to train and regulate the apprentices and secure the best type of work for the public. These purposes of the guilds endured through several centuries, and were first broken through by the admission of men of different trades, who became free by patrimonial right, independent of their trade, so that in the progress of time the distinctive character of the guilds became entirely lost, and the original purpose abandoned; there can be no doubt that the spirit of the present age is entirely opposed to their resuscitation. The Painters' Company of London is of very ancient foundation; in former days it included all the foremost professors of the 'art or mystery of painting' in our land. Had its Governors

and Directors in these times been endowed with a sufficiently elevated ideal, the Company might well have stood now as the most ancient of Art Academies: as it is, such glories as it does possess are of the past; its present is that of an effete trade guild—an all but useless relic of a bygone age.

The 'Painters' originally were those who worked upon timber, stone, iron, and such like (MSS. Lansdowne, n. 847), who executed the painted adjuncts of architecture, and probably included those of the very lowest rank in this art, as well as the highest, in our country. They had existed as a company from very early times, the first record of them dating so far back as the reign of Edward I.; in the twenty-third year of his reign all persons, 'except gentlemen for their pleasure,' were forbidden to practise any kind of painting, unless they had served a seven-years' apprenticeship with a painter or stainer. 5 Elizabeth, cap. 4, confirmed this ancient monopoly and veto, imposing a penalty of five pounds upon offending persons, and requiring an examination from apprentices at the end of their time. Various grants were also made to them in the reigns of Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII. and VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and II. In the sixth year of Edward the Fourth's reign the painters received their first charter as a company. Cap. 9 of the first year of Richard III. provided that no alien could practise the handicraft except by first serving a native. In 1486 the honourable craft and fraternity of painters received a grant of arms—figured in Walpole's 'Anecdotes.' The 'Steynors' were those who had worked upon cloth, silk, or similar materials (MSS. Lansdowne, n. 8), and had existed as a separate company for a long period, being as ancient, perhaps, as the Painters' Company. In the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry VII. the two companies coalesced, and assumed the title of the Painters-Stainers' Company, by which name they have since continued to be known. The coat-of-arms which had been granted to the painters was ratified to the Painters-Stainers' Company on October the eleventh, in the twenty-second of Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth the power of this company became simply autocratic; they acquired absolute dominion over painting of every description. In the third year of her reign power was given to the Master and Wardens, or any one of them, with some of the Company, not exceeding four in all, at convenient times to search any places where painting was sold (within the City of London, the suburbs of the same, or elsewhere), to see if it were well wrought, and, if not, to seize it and carry it away, and deface it and destroy it. Of the work seized and not destroyed, one moiety was to accrue to the Crown and the other to the Company. This absolute dominion was further confirmed in the first year of James I., which declared the Company to have power to oversee, rule, and govern all the fellows of the same society, all others using the same art, and all material works and merchandise concerning the same. This last Act also forbade plasterers to mix their colours in oil, confining them to size, and limiting them to the use of four colours and plain decoration. About 1644 the draft of a Bill for the better government of the Painters-Stainers' Company was prepared, in which it is stated that the 'Plaisterers' stretched this Act of James I. to their own advantage, and presumed to execute all kinds of painting work, much to the degradation of national art; and it is sought to make the veto more stringent. The Company had been reincorporated in the twenty-third of Elizabeth's reign, and in the following year drew up the following ordinances for its government:—1. That all persons, exercising the art of painter-stainer in London or four-mile compass, to pay a quarterly fee to the Company, and attend at the Common Hall on quarter-days, to pay it and other duties. 2. No person, except gentlemen for pleasure, to execute painting without the apprenticeship, on pain of a forty-shilling penalty for every offence. 3. Any person refusing to have his workshop surveyed to be fined forty shillings or less, at discretion. 4. Persons exposing bad work to be subject to a fine not exceeding 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* These ordinances were confirmed by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord High Treasurer, and Lord Chief Justice of England, on the 10th Jan., 29th Eliz. (See State Papers, Commonwealth period, vol. xi.)

In 1578 they petitioned Lord Burghley to the effect that they had time out of mind painted the 'royal castles, honours, manors, ships, funerals, tents, pavilions, and other regal exploits,' but were at that period in danger of ruin from the action of the Heralds-at-Arms, who had forbidden them to depict any sorts of arms or 'portraycts.' As to the quality of the portraits by the English painters of this time we have a curious testimony in the draught of a proclamation in Cecil's handwriting, drawn up in 1563, and which has been printed in the second volume of 'Archæologia.' It sets forth that a great number of Her Majesty's subjects naturally desired to have Her Majesty's portrait, that many painters, gravers, and printers daily attempted to make, in divers manners, portraitures of Her Majesty, wherein it was evident that none had properly succeeded, and that many complaints had reached Her Majesty upon this score. Wherefore Her Majesty commanded all these painters, gravers, and printers to forbear producing their deformities until some special cunning painter had been chosen, who should be permitted access to Her Majesty, and should produce some perfect pattern, which should serve for an example to be followed by the rest, and when the suspended deformities might be reformed, if reformable. From this it is evident

that the Painters-Stainers' Company did not apply their powers very severely, or they would have suspended the production of these deformities, or defaced them, without the intervention of Cecil.

In the earlier time there can be no doubt that the Painters' Company obtained the execution of most, if not all, of the mural and architectonic decoration; as is shown in the early portion of Walpole, this was considerable; but as the arts progressed in our country, and their monopoly became more frequently intruded upon, we can understand how this Company sank in caste, and eventually became a trades-union, or at best but a company of heraldic painters. The remonstrance of the painters, mentioned above, marks the beginning of a long wrestle between the painters and the heralds. On the whole it must be said that the latter expressed themselves with unnecessary violence, or rather virulence, while the former replied with temperance and moderation. The painters, however, seem to have given first offence by taking upon themselves the province of ordering and marshalling funeral processions which had been the exclusive right of the College of Arms. In forbidding painters the practice of heraldic painting, the College gave as its reason, that painters not being sufficiently versed in heraldry, often committed grave mistakes, to the scandal of the nobility generally. In 1618 the office of the Earl Marshal published an ordinance for the prevention of these abuses. At Birmingham, in 1620, two painters—Arthur Brown and one Hamlett—were charged with having persisted 'even before the mayor,' in making the escutcheons for a Mr. Dod's funeral (MSS. Ashmolean; 836, 529–32). In 1621 the opponents drew up an amicable agreement whereby the College put into the hands of the Company all such work as came into their hands, while the painters consented to execute this class of work only under their direction. Notwithstanding this, some of the painters continued to tacitly defy all the ordinances, &c.; and in the 22nd of James I., an order was issued for the punishment of all such. In 1630 one Henry Lilly, painter, was charged with breach of Heralds' privilege, and disorderly conduct at the Office of Arms (MSS. Ashmolean; 172, 836). In 1637 Sir Sir John Borough, Garter-King-at-Arms, gave a certificate that he had appointed, during pleasure, George Langley, of Wisbech, and Edmund Langley, of London, painters, to paint in all churches in Norfolk and Suffolk his Majesty's arms, and forbidding all other painters to interfere with the same. In 1660 some new proposals were drawn up by Sir Edward Waller, Garter-King-at-Arms; and a new agreement entered into in 1663. In 1674–5 a number of the chief members of the Company banded themselves together in a fellowship, agreeing to share the work and the profits that accrued to them. This was to hold good for thirty-one years. A volume of the accounts of the Painters-Stainers' Company for 1687 is preserved in the Harleian Collection of MSS. (n. 1476). Some curious facts concerning the value of their work can be culled from this. The price of an escutcheon on silk was five shillings, on buckram two shillings; the painting of a drum cost fifteen shillings. In this account-book four classes of painters-stainers are there recognised: the first, thirteen in number, paid 12*l.* towards defraying the charges belonging to the Society, such as the purchase of silk, buckram, and painting materials; the second class, of whom there were eight, paid 9*l.* each; four painters of the third class paid 7*l.* each; and six of the fourth class, 3*l.* 10*s.* each. During the year the sum of 1184*l.* was divided among these thirty-one members, and a balance of 31*l.* was left in the treasurer's hands; from which it appears that the profession of a painter-stainer was a tolerably lucrative one, for these accounts only represent the moneys that came to them through the Company. The last charter granted to this Company was by James II. in 1685.

The Painters' Hall was built on a piece of ground given by Sir John Browne, alderman and serjeant-painter, in 1504. He is presumably the same as the John Brown, alderman and king's painter, whose name is of frequent occurrence in the State papers preserved in the Record Office. His portrait by an anonymous painter is still preserved in the Hall of the Company. The building is situate in Little Trinity Lane; the original edifice was destroyed, and with it most of the documents relating to its early history, in the great fire of 1666. A water-colour drawing by G. Shepherd, 1810, preserved in the British Museum with the Crace Collection; and another by T. H. Shepherd (1830), in the collection of John E. Gardiner, represent the building erected on the site of the destroyed edifice. In 1831 a new front was built, and the interior wholly repaired and redecorated under the direction of Thomas Richard Read, master for that year. Of the present front there is a drawing by T. H. Shepherd (1850) in the Crace Collection, and another by T. C. Dibdin (1854) in the Gardiner Collection.

The collection of pictures in the possession of the Company in 1794 is catalogued in the Additional MSS. of the British Museum, 6391, *f.* 117. Camden, whose father was a painter and member of the Company, gave to them (in 1622) a silver cup and cover in repoussé work, which stands two feet high; it is used annually on St. Luke's day: the old Master drinks from it to the health and prosperity of his successor. Another silver cup and cover, with bowl (dated 1623), was bequeathed to the Company by Camden. This is known as the 'Camden Cup;' the bowl is ornamented with large repoussé leaves, and on the cover is an open-work pinnacle, with Minerva holding a shield. These two cups were exhibited at

the South Kensington Museum in 1862 (Nos. 5468 and 5470). A portrait of Camden, nearly whole-length, in the dress of Clarencieux King-at-Arms, was presented to the Hall by Mr. Morgan, Master of the Company in 1676. Another silver cup, with flowers chased upon it, and a Medusa's head in the centre, bears this inscription: 'Leonhart Fryer, serjeant painter, gave this, A. 1605.' Sir James Thornhill, who was Master in 1728, also presented a cup and cover in plain silver. This and the other plate belonging to the Company, is preserved for safety's sake at the Bank, and can only be seen on the occasion of the annual dinner.

CAMDEN CUP.

A considerable number of pictures are preserved in the Hall, several of which are interesting as being absolutely unique, while not a few of the names will hardly be heard of elsewhere, such as Everbrook (Flower-piece), Feilot (Boys supporting a Medallion of Queen Anne, 98″ × 19″), Montingo (Flower-piece), Modena (A Painter offering his Works to Minerva), &c. The chief pictures of the collection are shown in the Great Hall: of Van Somer there is a picture, 63½″ × 30″, of *St. Luke writing his Gospel;* by Dahl, a whole-length of Queen Anne; by Huysman, whole-lengths of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza; by Sir Godfrey Kneller, a whole-length of William III., presented by the painter himself; by George Lambert, a Landscape, with Figures by Hogarth, representing the story of the 'Babe with the Bloody Hands,' from Spenser's 'Faery Queen;' by R. Smirke, R.A., there is a *Death of Abel*, 34″ × 16″, which was presented by Thomas Maxfield, member of the Company in 1779; by Sebastian Ricci, a large Allegory of the Peace of Utrecht; by Peter Monamy, two Marines; and two pictures by Hondius. Several of the pictures are interesting as being by obscure painters of the Stuart period, such as Barlow's *Flying Live Fowl*, 63″ × 44″; this painter, a man of much ability, is chiefly known by his books of fable, the drawings for many of which are in the British Museum Print-room; two Poultry-groups, at Hampton Court, formerly given to Bogdane, are signed by him; Jacob Penn, a Dutchman, who died in 1680, is represented by two pictures, one a small *St. Luke Painting*, presented by Mr. Stevenson, the other, a large *Heraclitus and Democritus;* of Isaac Sailmaker, also a Dutchman, employed by Cromwell, and who lived till 1721, there is a *Sea-storm;* there is also the very interesting *Fire of London*, by Waggoner (a painter otherwise unknown),—a panoramic view, 74″ × 21″, engraved for Pennant's 'London,' by Mozelle; by John Hayls, the painter employed by Samuel Pepys, and who died in 1679, there is a *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, which was presented by the painter; by Andrea Collone, a Dutchman (?), who died in 1681, there is a picture, 36″ × 33″, of the *Angel Appearing to the Shepherds*, formerly attributed to Gaspar Smitz, known as 'Magdalen Smith;' there is a highly-finished *Magdalen*, marked S. F. (interlaced) 1662 (*i.e.*, Sebastian Francks).

By members of the Company there are several besides those already mentioned. One of them, Trevitt, obtained some reputation as a painter of architectural pieces. There is in the Hall a large picture by him, 90″ × 47″, which he presented to the Company; also an ornamental entablature over a large *Sunset* by Samuel Aggas, a landscape-painter of some merit for his period, who was Master in the reign of Charles I. Trevitt, who was Master in 1713, died in 1723. Christopher Catton, a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and the artist who painted the panels of Sir Joshua Reynolds' coach, was also a member, and Master in 1784. He presented to them (Oct. 2nd, 1794) a large picture, 76″ × 58″, entitled *Reason Governing Strength*, and at the same time gave a flower-piece by Baptiste Monnoyer. By John Edwards, another member, there is a flower-piece, which he presented in 1790. On the staircase and in the room, known as the Painted Room (formerly the 'Clerk's Dining-room') there are a number of panels, which have been painted and presented by various members of the Company. These were nearly all collected by Trevitt, who seems to have displayed considerable enthusiasm during his year of office. Among these panels are a landscape; a copy of Murillo's *St. John in the Wilderness*, by Pettar; an architectural piece by Trevitt; *Dead Fish and Landscape*, by Craddock; and a portrait of *Capt. Edward Polehampton*, Master in 1707, painted by himself. Beneath these panels are a series of mythological bas-reliefs. In the Court Room there are also several pictures, *e.g.*, a portrait of *John Potkyn*, who was Master in 1631; another by Mather Brown of *Sir Jonathan Miles*, Sheriff of London in 1805, and Master of the Company in 1815, who presented this picture. There is also preserved in this room a card of invitation designed by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which reads as follows, 'You are desired to accompany the Society of Painters at St. Luke's Feast, on Monday, y^e^ 24 Novr. 1687, at 12 of ye clock, in Painter-Stayners' Hall, where you shall be entertained by us.—Anthony Verrio, Godfred Kneller, Nicholas Shepherd, Edward Pole-

hamton. *Stewards.*' Vander Meulen and Sir Joshua Reynolds were also among the members of the Painters-Stainers' Company; Vandyck, although frequently entertained by them, was not a member, probably because he was already free of the Antwerp Guild.

On the 18th of October, 1794, a catalogue of all the pictures belonging to the Painters-Stainers was taken by Mr. John Wightwick, Master, Mr. Joseph Cole, Upper Warden, and Mr. William Nash, Renter's Warden. This was printed and forms a small pamphlet of eight pages; there is a copy bound with the 'Additional MSS.' (British Museum), n. 6391. There is another small pamphlet, printed in 1864, which contains an account of the constitution and charities of the Company, a slight sketch of its history, and a list of the pictures which is somewhat fuller than that contained in the 1794 catalogue.

In the Great Fire of 1666, most of the archives of the Company were probably destroyed and its early history thus obliterated, or we should, doubtless, have the fullest evidence of the intimate connexion of this Company with the English Art throughout its entire history. During the present century all its powers and regulations have sunk into abeyance, never to be revived. Within the last few years, however, the Company has made an attempt to be of some practical use in the world, by establishing a yearly exhibition of productions of members of the painters' trade, such as marbling, graining, writing, and the other branches of the decorator's art. The first exhibition was held in 1860, when there were thirty-five exhibitors, and four certificates were granted. No exhibition was held in 1862, so that they might not clash with the International Exhibition, but they were resumed in the following year, and doubtless exercised some salutary influence upon the trade.

The great benefit now felt from the Company arises from its charities, which are apparently much more faithfully administered than is the case with some of the other City Companies. Their chief benefactor was John Stock, painter to the Royal Dockyards, and of whom there is a portrait in the Court-room. This worthy individual died in 1781, leaving the sum of 62,700*l.* at the disposal of the Company; this bequest, together with others, provides 10*l.* annuities for one hundred and eighty blind persons of either sex and any former occupation; there are also annuities to two decayed liverymen, ten lame painters (incapacitated through the nature of their work), and ten poor curates, in addition to the provision of relief to poor freemen and their widows.

The Company consists of a Master, which, as we have seen above, has included some artists of eminence, an Upper Warden, and a Renters' Warden; there is also a Clerk and a number of assistants—these form the Court—then come the Liverymen in considerable number, and the Freemen. It is now open to any person to become free of the Company upon payment of small fees and stamp duties. The Livery is a superior grade of the Freemen, who pay 10*l.* for fee and have a vote for the City.

In the list of Liverymen for 1864, only fourteen were described as painters. It is certainly a matter for regret that this ancient and once honoured institution, with its centuries of historic tradition, should serve now no other purpose than that of out-door relief. We have recently seen a distinct and strongly pronounced effort to effect a renaissance in the art of house decoration—a determination not to leave the decoration of the home to the unprogressive traditions of mere journeymen has made itself apparent. This is very satisfactory, and it is highly desirable that it should remain a permanent good. The creation of a strong artistic *esprit de corps* among decorators is of prime importance. The Painters' Company is ready to hand; why should it not be utilised as a centre for the propagation of progress in this matter, among the classes to whom it must be largely confided?

ALFRED BEAVER.

A WINDOW GARDEN.

BY ARTHUR STOCKS.

HERE is a British workman enjoying his pipe in an hour of ease, and examining the flowers in his tiny window garden along with his wife and child. The garden evidently has been the object of great care and some inventive genius. The gate in the middle with the lantern over it, suggests enclosures on a much larger scale, but the flowers are inevitably rather large in proportion. One cannot help approving the kind sympathy shown by Mr. Stocks with the workman's respectable and elevating tastes, which are not only valuable in themselves but have the advantage of making his home prettier and more attractive to him, and of providing a pleasure that is not selfish, as he can share it with his wife. Let us hope that he will be able to save money and have a larger garden some day, with a gate not quite so Lilliputian, and that he may walk in it with wife and child and smoke his pipe when work is done, proudly contemplating more numerous flowers and even, perhaps, an apple-tree!

SAN VITALE OF RAVENNA.

THE kingdom which Theodoric had founded did not long survive that great prince. His feeble successors, weakened by their own dissensions, soon yielded to the intrigues and armies of Justinian; and thirteen years after the death of the mighty Goth, Belisarius stormed the hitherto impregnable walls of Ravenna, and entered the city at the head of his victorious legions.

During the next two hundred years Ravenna was the seat of the Byzantine Exarchs, who governed the western provinces in the name of the Emperors of the East, and remained what she had been, alike in the days of Honorius and Theodoric, the capital of Italy.

After the wars and troubles of the last ten years, the people hailed the conquerors as the restorers of peace and liberty, and a new period of prosperity seemed to have dawned upon the ancient city. Justinian's edicts for the rebuilding of towns, and especially churches, were faithfully executed by Narses, the wise and able Exarch, who administered the affairs of Italy from his home in Theodoric's palace, and the gold of Byzantium was poured forth freely to aid the diminished revenues of Ravenna.

Within a few years four noble churches were completed and consecrated, and the contemporaries who witnessed this extraordinary activity might well say that the days of Galla Placidia had returned for Ravenna.

But the one building with which Justinian's name will always be the most closely connected, that one which is, above all others, the great monument of those Byzantine influences which were gradually spreading over Italy, the famous Church of San Vitale, owes its origin to the days of Gothic rule. It was actually founded in 526, the year of Theodoric's death, by Bishop Ecclesius, on his return from an embassy to Constantinople, where he had been sent by Theodoric's own daughter, the accomplished Gothic Queen Amalasontha. After his death the works seem to have been carried on by Julianus Argentarius, whose name was formerly inscribed on the portico, and who was probably treasurer of the bishops, or paymaster and superintendent of the builders.

The legend which ascribed the foundation of San Vitale to Justinian has long been refuted, but after the triumph of his armies the building and decoration of the shrine was continued at his express command.

Both Justinian himself and the Empress Theodora contributed large sums towards the work in progress, and the church was finally consecrated in the year 547 by the Archbishop Maximian, a Greek priest, by birth an Illyrian, who had received the pallium from the Emperor. The plan of S. Vitale—afterwards adopted by Charlemagne for his Minster at Aachen—is essentially Byzantine. It adheres, indeed, more closely to the ordinary Eastern type, than either of its great rivals, St. Mark's of Venice, or Justinian's own S. Sophia. In its leading features it reminds us of the ancient Syrian oratories, especially of the church built by Constantine the Great at Antioch, and described by Eusebius, while it also bears a striking resemblance to that of St. Sergius and Bacchus, or Little St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Like this church which Justinian built some years before the great S. Sophia, S. Vitale is octagonal in shape, with a cupola of lofty dimensions resting on eight great arches supported by massive pillars. This central dome is surrounded by aisles with a quadrangular choir ending in a domed apse on one side, and a large *narthex*, or porch on the other.

But in several particulars the arrangement of the two churches differs considerably. The choir and aisles are differently placed, and the cupola of S. Vitale is raised above an upper gallery of arcades which forms a kind of clerestory below the dome. The combination of these motives is effected in a masterly way, and in spite of decay and disfigurement, the whole presents an imposing appearance, altogether unique of its kind not only in Ravenna but in all Western Europe.

The fabric itself has suffered more than many older Ravenna churches. The grand portico was partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1680, and has been hideously defaced by modern additions. Only a portion of the precious marbles which once lined the whole of the lower walls, and a small part of the antique stucco decorations of the roof, are left to give us an idea of their original splendour. Worse than all, the mosaics which formerly covered the dome have disappeared to be replaced by miserable frescoes of the last century.

Fortunately those of the sanctuary and apse have been preserved, and it is this series of mosaic pictures so gorgeous in colour, and so highly original in subject and treatment which forms the great beauty of San Vitale at the present time.

As we advance between the stately pillars which support the dome into the quadrangular space of the choir, we see on the soffit of the arch above our heads a row of fifteen medallions framed in gold arabesques on a blue ground. These contain busts of Our Lord, the Twelve Apostles, and SS. Gervasius and Protasius, the sons of the patron saint Vitalis, who perished at Milan in Nero's persecution. These have all been terribly damaged by restoration, and the head of Christ in particular has been irretrievably ruined.

On the wall of the sacrarium we find a remarkable series of Old Testament types of the Eucharistic sacrifice with single figures of prophets and evangelists in the upper storey. Abel, Melchisedec, and Abraham, the three patriarchs singled out for especial mention in the canon of the mass, are the subjects of the lunettes which fill the blank head of the circular arch on either side of the altar. To the right, on the south wall, an altar draped in white with a purple border and bearing loaves of bread and a chalice, occupies the centre of the composition. On one side Abel brings a lamb, and on the other Melchisedec, clad in a kingly mantle of purple and gold with a red cap on his head and red shoes on his feet, is seen advancing from his palace. The names of each are inscribed over their heads, and the hand of God, here, as usual, the symbol of the divine presence, appears in the clouds. In the lunette of the north wall, Abraham is seen twice over, once in the act of raising his hand to sacrifice his son, in the other bearing a calf to the table where the three angels are seated under a spreading tree, while Sarah turns round at the door of the tent, with her chin resting on her hand. The clouds in the sky behind the tent are here tinted with red, and, whether intentionally or not, give an evening effect to the scene. In the spandrils of the south arch Moses is seen as a shepherd in Midian tending his flock, taking off his shoes at the burning bush; on the opposite wall he appears again, receiving the tables of the law, turning his head away from the glory of the Lord, while below a group of Israelites awaits his return. Isaiah and Jeremiah, one with closed, the other with unfolded roll, occupy the spandril on the western side. The four Evangelists and their symbols fill up the spaces of the upper storey.

Most of these subjects are repetitions of older designs which appear in Roman mosaics, sculptures, or Byzantine miniatures. Abel, in his goatskin, with the red mantle falling over his shoulder retains the classical shepherd type. The Angels, sitting at table in their white robes and reaching their hands to the three loaves marked with the cross, are antique both in gesture and drapery. But the influence of classical form is already on the wane; there is a perceptible decline in drawing and design. The same tendency to length in the figure, which has been already noticed in the mosaics of Theodoric's age, is here visible, and the smallness of the feet causes the want of proportion to be still more felt. On the other hand, there is a marked advance in realism, especially in the treatment of landscape and backgrounds in the rocky terraces which rise behind Moses, and in the budding trees which overshadow the Angels entertained by Abraham. The finest figure of the whole series is that of the white-haired patriarch, resting one hand on the head of his son, while with the other he raises the knife to slay him, and looks up to heaven, where the hand of God is seen pointing to the ram at his feet. Curiously different from this grand and majestic form in the prophet-robes of flowing white is the stunted figure of Abraham on the opposite side of the same picture hastening along in his short tunic, with outstretched arms carrying the tender calf on the dish to his guests. The careful drawing of the calf, who is represented as standing whole on the dish, with horns and hoofs complete, adds considerably to the grotesque character of this quaint figure.

The types of sacrifice set forth in these mosaics find their fulfilment in the vaulting where the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world is seen on a deep blue star-sown ground, surrounded by the wreath of immortality and borne on the upraised arms of four stately Angels. The feet of these celestial beings rest on the balls of opening blossoms. Garlands of flowers and fruit, lilies and pomegranates and apples, hang in festoons from the central medallion of the Lamb. Vine-tendrils with doves pecking their grapes, and birds of gay plumage hover among their delicate sprays. Arabesques of exquisite device and colour, foliated ornaments of glittering gold, shading into the tenderest green on a ground of deepest azure, twine their lovely fancies over the spaces between the uplifted angel-arms, and at each angle of the vault are four blue-breasted peacocks, their tails outspread, and their feet resting on globes—emblems of the faithful soul that soars above this earth in the hour of death. This wealth of decorative work meets the eye everywhere in the mosaics of S. Vitale. Glowing vine patterns adorn the arches of the upper triforium, above each lunette two angels bear a medallion with a cross, and on the triumphal arch which divides the choir from the apse, two more angels fly towards each other with the monogram of Christ on the shield held up between them. A tall cypress stands on either side, and beyond, glittering with gems, rise the towers of the holy cities, Bethlehem and Jerusalem, which is above. And now, as we pass into the apse, in the heart of the very Holy of Holies, we are reminded of the new era which had dawned for Ravenna, and of the temporal majesty of that imperial ruler whose sway she owned.

For here, on the perpendicular wall of the apse are the famous ceremonial representations of Justinian and his Empress Theodora advancing with their offerings in their hands to assist at the consecration of the church. Although we find no historical foundation for the legends which record their presence at the ceremony, these royal personages had helped largely to complete the church, and the consecration of this splendid shrine in the newly-conquered city so soon after the triumph of Justinian's arms, would naturally

be regarded at Constantinople as an event of considerable political importance. Accordingly great pains were expended on the portraits of the principal actors, which were evidently taken from life, and as almost the only contemporary examples of secular subjects, these mosaic pictures are of the highest possible value and interest.

In the centre of the group on the right Justinian stands, invested with all the majesty of the purple, the nimbus about his brow, wearing the diadem and jewelled tassels, his gold-embroidered mantle fastened by a huge fibula on his shoulder. The Emperor's features are eminently characteristic, and there is no attempt at flattery in the long thin nose and puffed and bloated cheeks, in the pointed eyebrows, the stray locks escaping from under the crown, or the peevish expression of the mouth. He bears a large golden bowl in his hands containing the treasure which he brings as his offering. Behind him are members and courtiers and soldiers of the body-guard, holding shields inscribed with the sacred monogram. On the opposite side two priests, bearing jewelled book and incense, are advancing to receive the Emperor, followed by the Archbishop Maximian, clad in white dalmatic and green mantle, and holding a small cross in his hands. The long oval shape of his bald head, the clear, keen look of his eye, are also strikingly individual, and give a favourable impression of this able and energetic man, who in the few years of his short episcopate accomplished so many great works.

On the left wall, accompanied by seven ladies of her Court, is the Empress Theodora standing at the entrance of the church, while her Chamberlain, drawing back a curtain, shows the font of holy water within. Like Justinian she bears a golden vase in her hand; like him she is distinguished by the nimbus and clad in imperial robes. From her jewelled tiara, composed of three circlets of gems, a veil and long strings of pearls hang down on her neck, and the border of her mantle is embroidered with the Adoration of the Magi. Her face betrays its base origin, and in the regular features and haughty brow, in the mingled voluptuousness and cunning of the lips we recognise the character of this clever and unscrupulous woman, who from a low comedian of the vilest kind became the Empress of the East.

CHRIST ENTHRONED ON THE WORLD. MOSAIC IN SAN VITALE AT RAVENNA.

The train of Court ladies who follow their mistress under a hanging with red, blue, and white stripes are also attired in the richest brocades and wear necklaces on their throats and rings on their hands. All alike have the same low foreheads, long, thin fingers, and narrow, pointed feet, set in stiff, motionless rows.

In spite of feeble drawing, want of skill in modelling and grouping, the richness of the costumes and profusion of jewellery, the solemnity of the faces, and the gleaming gold of the background, which seems to break through the transparent tints, give these imperial groups a splendid and imposing effect not unworthy of their place in the sanctuary.

One more mosaic remains to complete the series. At the eastern extremity of the church, enthroned in the centre of the apse after the usual manner of

Ravenna churches, Christ is seen seated on the orb of the world. His face is beardless, and His form full of life and majesty. Seldom has the Divine Person been rendered so gracious and attractive. The bloom of eternal youth is on His cheek, thick locks cluster round His brow, His eyes are large and radiant. In one hand He clasps the book with the seven seals, in the other He holds the crown which He awards to His faithful soldier. Violet and rose-tinted clouds float in the golden skies above the jewelled nimbus which encircles His head, from His feet the rivers of paradise descend to water the green meadows where starry lilies are springing up in the long grasses. On either side, with the herald's staff in their hands, stand white-robed, blue-winged archangels. Michael leads the warrior-saint Vitalis, clad in the uniform of a Byzantine general, into the presence of Christ, and lays his hands protectingly on the shoulder of the martyr, who bends forward with a lowly gesture, hiding his hands in the folds of his mantle as if unworthy to receive the crown which his Master offers him in His outstretched hand.

On the other side the second archangel introduces St. Ecclesius, the founder, and lays his hand on the model of the church which the bishop holds in token that the offering is graciously accepted. The earthly consecration here finds its heavenly counterpart. Down below we have seen Emperor and Empress, courtiers and archbishops and priests, going in solemn procession to join the church's consecration; up here is the true act of dedication, where, unseen by mortal eyes, far in the spiritual city, the patron saint receives his crown at the hand of his King, and the founder is welcomed and accepted into his Lord's presence.

The conception is finely executed, and all the figures are good and dignified. That of Christ belongs to the noblest representations of the kind, and one of the last where we still see the youthful ideal of antique times, ere long destined to give way to the haggard and ascetic Byzantine type. But what no words can express is the beauty of the ornamental work in the frame of golden cornucopias and flowering plants which encloses the subject and terminates in the monogram at the top of the vaulted semidome.

To sit and note the graceful meanderings of vine-tendril and arabesque, to watch the colours, at once so varied and so exquisitely blended in these garlands and blossoms which everywhere meet the eye as they wander over arch and vault, and mark their delicate changes and contrasts as the sunlight comes and goes through pillared windows, is in itself an endless delight. There, at least, classical spirit lingered yet; and if the artists of San Vitale had lost much of their predecessors' correctness of form and skill in composition, in their selection of ornament and feeling for colour they were still true and admirable artists.

Besides the priceless mosaics of sacrarium and apse, San Vitale contains more than one excellent marble relief. Between the pillars of verde-antique on either side of the high altar, underneath the mosaic-pictures of Eucharistic types, a noble fragment of pagan art meets us in the shape of a bas-relief of the Augustan age, representing genii sporting with tridents and shells round the throne of Neptune. This fine marble, one of the very few relics of a still older worship, belonged originally to a temple of Neptune, and to be found in Ravenna, is interesting both for its beautiful workmanship, and because it formed the subject of one of Raphael's drawings, and was engraved by Marco Antonio as the Amorini of San Vitale. The first sketch was probably taken on the spot by the great painter's friend, Marco Fabio Calvi, a native of Ravenna, who devoted his long life to the study of classical antiquity, and was in his old age summoned to Rome by Leo X. to assist Raphael in his researches.

Another antique bas-relief representing the apotheosis of Julius Caesar, which probably belonged to a triumphal arch of Augustus, is preserved in the vestibule of the sacristy. There, too, is the well-known tomb of the eighth Exarch, Isaac the Armenian, with its often-described reliefs of Daniel, Lazarus, and the three kings advancing with hasty strides towards the child on its mother's knee. Carved upon the marble lid of the sarcophagus is the still more memorable inscription, which tells how Isaac, the glory of Armenia, crushed a rebellion in Rome, and governed the West eighteen years, for his illustrious master; and how he was buried by his wife, the chaste Susanna, who mourned for him as a turtle-dove sighs for her mate. Of the eighteen exarchs who governed Italy during the two centuries of the Byzantine despotism, this Armenian Isaac is the only one whose grave is still to be found in Ravenna.

The year in which Ecclesius laid the foundation of San Vitale, witnessed the beginning of another great church of the basilica type, St. Maria Maggiore, famous for its resplendent mosaic of the Virgin, but which was unfortunately stripped of its decorations and completely altered after the disastrous earthquake of the seventeenth century, when the roof fell in. Both this church and S. Michele, in Affricisco, consecrated two years before San Vitale, were built under the direction of Julius Argentarius, whose assistant and father-in-law, Bacante, perhaps like himself treasurer of the Bishops of Ravenna, lies buried in the tower, which is almost all that remains of the last-named shrine. Alone among Ravenna churches S. Michele had an apse that was semicircular in shape within and without, while its mosaics were among the finest in the city. Since the destruction of the church, those which adorned the apse and the arch of triumph, representing Christ enthroned between the

archangels sounding their trumpets, and attended by others of the celestial host, have been sold to the Prussian Government, and were removed to Berlin in 1847. Besides these three great churches and the still nobler basilica of Classe, which was consecrated in 549, the chapel of the Archbishop's palace is said to have been completed in 547, the year of the consecration of San Vitale.

The exact date of this *Capella domestica*, a small oratory with a central dome, on the second storey of the palace, has been warmly disputed, but whether the fabric is of the fifth or sixth century, whether tradition which assigns its foundation to St. Peter Chrysologus is correct, or whether the Peter in question was some later bishop of the same name, there can be no doubt that its mosaics belong to the middle and end of the sixth century.

DANIEL AND THE LIONS.

The whole scheme of decoration is plainly borrowed from S. Vitale, while the execution is for the most part decidedly inferior to these, and Dr. Richter may be considered to have settled the question by discovering the monogram of Archbishop Maximian on the best and oldest portion of the mosaics. This consists of medallions of Christ and His Apostles, which with two other sets of seven martyrs and virgins, adorn the soffits of the four arches on which the small central cupola rests. The series closely resembles the circular busts on the archway between the dome and choir of San Vitale, but they have suffered less from restoration. The youthful Christ, whose head is given twice over, each time in the centre of the archway, is remarkably good and evidently imitated from the life-sized Christ in the apse of San Vitale, saving that the head here is longer and more oval in form. The women's heads are distinctly inferior, and their faces are drawn with the hard black outline which is a feature of late Byzantine art.

In the centre of the cupola is the monogram of Christ upborne by four angels, as in the vaulting of the sacrarium of San Vitale; but although the heads of the celestial beings are graceful the forms are stiff and awkward and the falling-off both in drawing and design is evident. Figures of the Evangelists and their symbols fill up the spaces between the ribs of the arches, and the roof of the long choir is decorated with rudely executed birds, flowers, and fruit, on a gold ground. In the choir itself is a later mosaic of the eleventh or twelfth century, representing a full-length of Christ in coat of mail, with the inscription '*Ego sum via, veritas et vita.*' Above the altar is a Madonna of about the same date, formerly in the Duomo, interesting on account of its individuality and original conception, which proves that even in the dark ages Ravenna artists retained a certain independence and were not wholly under the dominion of debased Byzantine art.

To return to Justinian's age, we find that among his other works, Maximian completed the *Tricolon*, or frescoed hall of the Archbishop's palace, at which all his predecessors since Neon had worked in turn. The name of this great prelate is also inscribed on the walls of the Baptistery, where he either completed or

restored part of the mosaics, and appears again on one of the most precious objects of early Christian art in Ravenna, the ivory chair, or throne known as the Cathedra of St. Maximian.

This chair, now preserved in the sacristy of the Duomo, was formerly entirely covered with ivory panels carved in relief; and although several are missing, and the whole has suffered from injudicious cleaning, enough remains to show us the rare perfection attained by Ravenna sculptors in this branch at a time when the other arts were rapidly sinking into decay.

In front, immediately under the seat, are statues of the Baptist, under a shell-shaped niche, and of the four Evangelists, each holding a roll, framed in by a frieze of delicately carved vine-tendrils, and Christian symbols, doves, peacocks, stags, lambs, and fishes, all admirable specimens of workmanship. On the upper frieze, immediately above the Baptist's canopy, we find the name of the donor written in Latin letters, *Maximianus EPS.* Ten scenes from the history of the patriarch Joseph still adorn the arms of the chair, but several of the large reliefs of the life of Christ, on the high semicircular back, have disappeared. The story of Joseph, from the moment when his father gives him the coat of many colours, to his final meeting with Jacob in Egypt, is told with dramatic effect. Especially striking is the scene where the bloody coat is brought to Jacob, who, in his anguish, flings his arms above his head, and the last pathetic meeting between the old father and his long-lost son, is beautifully and touchingly represented. The reliefs from the life of Christ begin with the Espousals of the Virgin, the Journey to Bethlehem, and the Child in his Mother's arms. Then follow those of the Baptism, the Marriage of Cana, Feeding of the Five Thousand, Healing of the Blind, and the Woman of Samaria at the Well. The four last subjects form part of the series of mosaics already described in the Church of St. Apollinare Nuovo, and the miracles also occur among the wood-carvings of the same period on the doors of Sta. Sabina in Rome. But in neither of these is the same beauty of form attained, and nowhere in contemporary mosaic or sculpture is the Marriage Feast of Cana rendered with more simple dignity and grace. The chair of Maximian is, indeed, a jewel of early art, the more remarkable that as a rule the sculptures still to be seen on sarcophagi and ambones at Ravenna are, unlike the mosaics, decidedly inferior to similar remains in Rome.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ART CHRONICLE.

AMONG the fifteen pictures which have been transferred from the National Gallery to the National Portrait Gallery is the popular full-length portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of *John Kemble as Hamlet*, standing with the skull of Yorick in his hand.

AN object of great archæological interest has recently been added to the South Kensington Museum, a golden circlet bent inward at the half-circle, and terminating at either end in strange griffin-like creatures, winged, eared, and horned. The armlet, if such it be, is hollow, of pure gold, and the body and wings of the griffin are indented with irregular sockets, apparently once filled with enamels or stones. One thousand pounds were paid to Captain Burton, the fortunate discoverer, or more likely purchaser, of this object, which was found on the banks of the Oxus, and has been labelled, *pro tem.*, Græco-Bactrian work of about the Alexandrian period. The character of the ornament would seem to indicate an Oriental origin, but experts have not yet definitely pronounced judgment.

THE experiment of fixing in place coloured cartoons of one segment of the proposed decoration in the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral was carried out last month. The designs will remain up for some time, to allow for necessary consideration. Under the summer light the brilliant colour and fine forms of the figures grouped by Mr. Poynter, R.A., in the simulated architectural scheme, were forcibly thrown out against the gold ground, and the whole design told well. The least effective portion is, perhaps, the central compartment, by Sir F. Leighton, which, as has been anticipated, however fine and expressive on near view, is hardly intelligible at the great height. The test of the decorative *ensemble* will be a month or two hence, when it must strive with the murky atmosphere of a London winter. The pilasters which divide up the drum of the dome are experimentally 'picked out' in gold arabesque upon a ground paler than the stone.

M. GAILLARD has received commission from the Ministry of Fine Arts in France, at the instance of M. de Ronchard, Director of the Musée du Louvre, to engrave the *Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, and the sum of 70,000 francs is voted for the work, to be paid in annual instalments of 7000. M. Gaillard proposes to examine in the various European museums all the preliminary studies, or other relevant matter by the master's hand, and with such collated material in *fac similes* and notes to work before the picture itself, supplying, so far as may be, what decay or barbarous reparation have destroyed or disfigured. An engraving produced on this plan, as has been pertinently observed, attempts more than a reproduction—it aims at restoration.

THE munificent anonymous donor of 10,100*l.* for the formation of the Scottish National Portrait Collection has now given 70,000*l.* for the erection of a suitable gallery, together with a Museum for the Society of Antiquaries, and Government has granted 5000*l.* for the purchase of a site.

THE Museum of Casts from the Antique recently formed at South Kensington was opened to the public at the beginning of August. The descriptive and critical catalogue, which has been admirably compiled by Mr. W. Copeland Perry, with a very pertinent Introduction on Hellenic Art, numbers nearly three hundred examples. But of these about fifty had not been received up to the opening day. The objects of the Museum are set forth as, in brief, to give to the artists the means of studying the best representatives of the various periods of Greek art; to the archæologist, the indispensable means of study and illustration of his science; to direct the student of Greek history to a characteristic and interesting phase of Greek life, and the connexion of art with the religious, political, and social life; to inform amateurs who propose to visit foreign museums what and where to seek for the best plastic art; and, finally, to raise the taste of the public by setting before them examples of the

highest excellence. If reasons are required for the formation of a collection of antique casts these may serve well. But in this case 'good wine needs no bush;' the educational purpose of a carefully selected collection of casts, arranged with due chronological order and properly elucidated by a handbook, cannot be denied. To be of practical use completeness and selection were indispensable, and it has been necessary to include, therefore, casts from originals which exist in our own museums and foreign examples with which almost every student must be familiar by photographs or casts. The chronological sequence and illustration of the subject could not dispense, for example, with the Parthenon sculpture in the British Museum, the frieze from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Lycian Harpy and Nereid tombs, and many more typical pieces, with the Venus of Melos, some of the Niobe group, the Venus de Medicis, the Dying Gladiator, and so on. Most interesting as novelties in England are some of the results of the German excavations at Olympia, extending over the last nine years, casts of some of the archaic work, and from sculptures on the Temple of Zeus, reduced copies of the pediments as restored by Professor Curtius of Berlin, casts from the famous bronze head of a Victor of the Alexandrian period, and from the beautiful group of Hermes and the Infant Bacchus of Praxiteles, which was found in 1877 in the Temple of Here, in the very place where Pausanias saw it. Of the German discoveries at Pergamon there are casts of three groups from the friezes on the great altar found in 1877, and now in Berlin; also the wondrous female head in Parian marble, by some called an Aphrodité. So far as possible the casts have been arranged in due chronological order, but the conditions of the locality have not permitted of thoroughly systematic plan on this basis, while the lighting leaves much to be desired.

An English translation of an art novel, 'The Amazon,' by the distinguished Netherland critic and *littérateur*, Carl Vosmaer, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The story has little plot, and brings upon the stage only four principal actors, who serve the author's purpose to illustrate certain phases of artistic conviction and to bring to utterance certain points of close criticism. Mr. Vosmaer, whose 'Life of Rembrandt' is the best known in England of his works, is the leader of the æsthetic movement in Holland. He upholds the cult of the beautiful and the worship of the ideal. The scene of this story is laid chiefly in Rome, amidst whose monuments and memorials the chief actors play out their drama; and though so slightly sketched are these figures that a touch or two less would have reduced them to phantoms, yet with such firm, fresh outline has the writer marked each individuality, that they have the actuality and force of portraits from the life. We feel that we personally have known the genial humanist, Van Walborch, with his Horatian precepts; the ardent American sculptor, Askol, who would fain combine the energetic passion of modern feeling with the heroic idealism of classic form; the earnest antiquarian painter, Aisma, who seeks to reproduce the past with the accuracy and vitality of an eye witness; and the heroine, Marciana, the large-brained poetess, who has been warped from womanly hopes by sorrowful disillusion, and seeks peace and strength from independent self-culture and resistance to the natural impulse of love and self-surrender—in this enacting the part of Amazon, and giving a centre-point and name to the story. Athwart the sayings and doings of this group of characters we catch snatches of the author's creed,—Beauty the cause and the end of art, Humanity the worthiest object of human interest, containing within itself the capacities for its own highest development and elevation. The tale is frankly Pagan; rounding of the human character into harmony with the order and repose of nature, the exaltation of the spirit by intelligent contemplation and assimilation of the beautiful. This is the highest religious sentiment expressed in this 'art novel.' Mr. E. T. Irving seems to have creditably fulfilled the task of translation, so far as can be judged without knowledge of the original Dutch; excellent epithet and perspicuity, and a certain amount of style, argue well for fidelity to the original. The extraordinarily defective punctuation, it is to be presumed, lies at the door neither of author nor translator. The book has gone through a German edition, at the especial desire of Professor Ebers, whose preface is translated here; while his friend and the friend of Mr. Vosmaer, L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., contributes a pretty frontispiece.

The blocks for the drawing-books prepared by William Dyce, R.A., for use in the Government Schools of Design, and lithographs by Herman from Morghen's 'Outlines of the Human Figure,' having become too worn to furnish efficient prints for copy, Mr. Poynter, R.A., has issued under the Council on Education a new series. Of the latest numbers seven have been sent us, dealing with the Human Figure. They include, on plastic form, the head of the Venus of Melos, the head of the youthful Bacchus in the Townley collection, and the head of Michel Angelo's David; and in pictorial design, four books of studies of the draped figure, taken from Raphael's cartoons. Smaller cuts of the complete statues or designs are given on the covers and in the text, which is descriptive and practical. The pupil is advised to commence by a tentative sketch of the main lines, afterwards to be erased, and the system of previous measurement is distinctly forbidden. The hints on drapery are very clear and good. Examples are, in all cases, taken direct from design or cast, never from photographs or engravings.

Mr. Charles Eastlake's 'Notes on Pictures in the Old Pinakothek, Munich,' form a third volume in the series on Continental galleries undertaken by him, and published by Messrs. Longman. The issue of the present handbook has been delayed until the authorities of the Munich Gallery had finished the self-imposed task of readjusting names and places; a process which, as Mr. Eastlake judiciously observes, seems liable to recur whenever a 'popular critic or learned professor chances to gain the ear of the public.' The changes made in the ascription of the Munich pictures, although in some cases justified by recent research or more careful criticism, are also notoriously dubious. From discussion of contested authenticity or pedigree the Editor of these Notes wisely refrains, and is contented to offer to the unscientific reader a few intelligent and pleasantly worded hints as to the merits and style of the pictures most worthy of notice for intrinsic merit or historic importance. The masters are treated in alphabetical order of names, with marginal indication of the room in which they are at present to be found, and, of course, with the number now attached. The only incompleteness in the arrangement is that, there being no sequent index of numbers, the student who uses the book in the gallery must be dependent on identification of a picture by the name affixed to the frame before he can find the right note, unless he enter upon a search throughout the book. No classification, however, is perfect. The woodcut illustrations, 107 in number, clearly, if roughly, sketched by Mr. W. C. Ward from the photographs taken by Herr F. Hanfstaengl, of Munich, serve as graphic memoranda of subject and composition, but, except in few instances, of nothing else: neither accurate expression nor chiaroscuro are attempted.

The Fine Art Society has published a portrait of Mr. Cousins, engraved by himself from a painting by Mr. E. Long. As a portrait it is less striking and forcible than that painted by Mr. F. Holl, but the engraving shows no falling off in Mr. Cousin's remarkable power. A sad interest attaches to this plate, as being the last which the veteran engraver intends to undertake.

STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD.

BY PAUL RAJON.

WE give this month another of M. Rajon's drawings from life. This time it is in dark red chalk, on a grey paper heightened with white. To reproduce this effect two plates have been engraved, one for the red ink and one for the grey. M. Dujardin's skill, and the supervision which M. Rajon has kindly given to the printing, have enabled us to give a veritable facsimile of the drawing.

DESIDERIO DA SETTIGNANO.

FLAXMAN, in his lecture on Modern Sculpture, informed his hearers that 'We may, without neglecting our great purpose (the principles of art), pass over the intermediate names between Donatello and Michelangelo, as having added little to the value of modern sculpture.' He was not altogether wrong, for the intermediate sculptors were not men of the highest poetical genius, who could express abstract ideas and tremendous thoughts in human form, or could conceive dreams of perfect physical beauty. If we deal, as is necessary in taking a comprehensive view of the history of art, with only the greatest minds, leaping as it were from summit to summit, we must pass from Donatello to Michelangelo, as from Giotto to Masaccio. But such high summaries are no longer the fashion; we love not only to climb the peaks but to explore the country which lies between them, and find in many a lowly valley and unfrequented nook sights not so grand, but yet so interesting, from their sweetness, or their simplicity, or their singularity, that they more than repay us for our curiosity. We learn also to see those aforesaid peaks from so many different points of view and diverse heights, that our knowledge of their beauty and sense of their altitude is greatly increased. But it may be hazarded that Flaxman spoke not more from conviction than from ignorance, and that he knew as little of Desiderio da Settignano as the connoisseurs of the day knew of Botticelli. His own proclivities towards the sculpturesque treatment of domestic sentiment would probably have disposed him to appreciate much of the work of the Italian sculptors of the fifteenth century, if he had had full opportunities for studying it. It is even probable that if he had known as much of Luca della Robbia and Vecchietta, of Rossellino and Ferrucci, of Mino and the Majani, as we know, he would have thought that the fact that they had added little to the value of modern sculpture was the fault of their followers rather than of themselves.

For these sculptors actually did what all sculptors with less success have been trying to do ever since, they made sculpture live again. And they did it, not by endeavouring to force the public to the contemplation of an ideal belonging to a different age, but by fulfilling the desires of their day, by reflecting its religious sentiment, by ministering to its love of pomp, by consulting its—in many ways—exquisite taste, and gratifying the natural demand for lifelike portrait. Art, for reasons that there is no space to detail, was leaving the old patriotic and ecclesiastical channels, and running into domestic and personal trenches. In and out of the Church, the popes and the bishops, the great merchant and warrior princes, desired artistic memorials of themselves, their deeds and their virtues in life and after it. Side by side with personal pride and luxury grew a wider humanity, a greater regard for the individual. Men looked upon themselves and the world again, and found them both fair. Even in their regard of divine personages the personal and human element gained ground. The rigid types of the Virgin and Child, traditional and partly symbolic, which long retained their ground after naturalism had asserted itself even in the representation of angels, gave way at last; and the old awful aspect of the Mother of God was changed to that of a beautiful and tender woman, spiritualised, no doubt, as far as the imagination of the artist would allow, but still based upon mundane experience and inspired by a living model. In other words, portrait became the basis of art; and this fact, which removed the works of the day from the artistic sympathies of the contemporaries of Flaxman, is to us the foundation of much of their charm. If not heroic or divine, they are unusually human and genuine in impulse, and bring us into more intimate connexion with our kind than the statues of the Parthenon or the frescoes of the Sistine. In examining them, we learn the very nature of the men who lived in those days, whether patrons, models, or artists.

But it is not only for their social-historic value, but also for their art, that these works are treasured by us now; for these sculptors of the fifteenth century were men of consummate skill in their craft: they broke in many places fresh ground, and have left us works inimitable in their way, which form of themselves one of the most distinct of what may be called the sub-schools of art. The sculptors were the leaders, and the painters were the followers, in

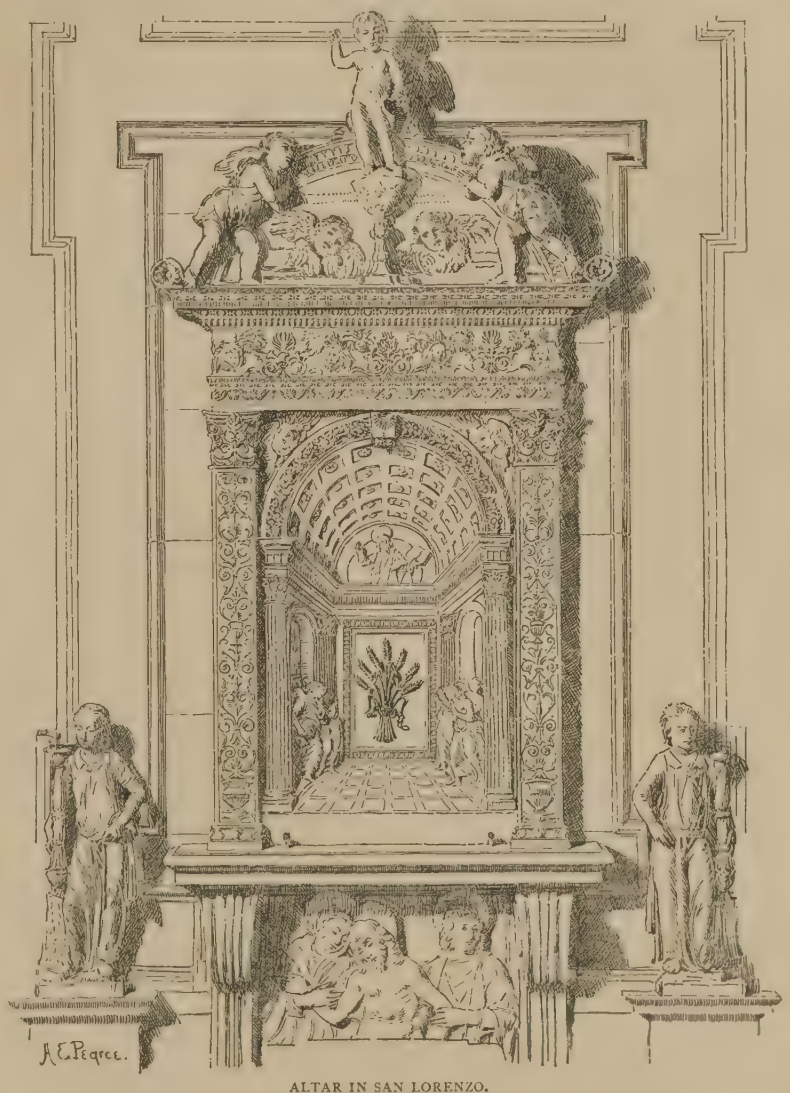
the Renaissance. The technical skill of the former was greater, their knowledge of the human figure, and power to represent it, were more perfect, and their supremacy was equally strong in style and composition. Whether or not there be anything in the contention that the art of sculpture is easier than that of painting, there are obvious reasons why the latter

WOODEN STATUE OF THE MAGDALEN.
BY DESIDERIO DA SETTIGNANO.

lagged behind. Sculpture had never been so nearly a lost art, and there was comparatively no lack of models. The painters had to begin all over again, but even for Nicolo Pisano there was technical training—and a sarcophagus to set him style and free his hand from the trammels of Greek mediaevalism. When, more than a century later, Orcagna used both brush and chisel, we find in his celebrated shrine in Or San Michele a work far surpassing any of his paintings; and between his birth and that of Desiderio another century had nearly passed, and three great men, Ghiberti, and Quercia, and Donatello, not to mention Luca della Robbia, had advanced sculpture to an excellence which was scarcely to be rivalled by painting till both culminated together in the days of Michelangelo.

A great deal had therefore gone to the making of these men of the latter half of the fifteenth century, and with such forerunners it would not have been wonderful if they had shown less individuality, especially when it is considered from how many sources their art and inspiration were derived. Both were, indeed, complex. The new-born love of nature and the new-born appreciation of ancient art, the frescoes of Giotto as well as the ruins of antiquity, the architecture of Brunellesco as well as the sculpture of Donatello, the decorative taste of the Romans and of their own generation, were all elements of their education. The charm of their work consists in the perfect manner in which all these elements were digested and fused, so that the outcome of it was harmonious and unpedantic, a fresh blossom of many grafts. In the tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, in Santa Croce, the masterwork of Desiderio, may be seen one of the best examples of this learned originality. The whole work is pervaded with that sense of order and proportion, of that taste in arrangement and selection of form, which was surely learnt from the Greeks. Filtered through however many artistic generations in ancient and modern times, and softened by the spirit of the century in which they lived, there they are still, dominant over the whole composition. The spirit of the work is of course changed from Pagan to Christian; instead of the strength of life and the beauty of the body, its theme is the peace of death and the emancipation of the soul. The learned friend of Cosmo de' Medici, the Secretary to Pope Eugenius IV. and afterwards to his native city, Florence, lies stretched upon a couch which stands upon a sarcophagus of great elegance covered with a profusion of delicate ornament. His face is lying on its side, raised on a pillow, and the eyes are closed as if in sleep. His hands, beautifully modelled, are folded over a book. All this and the step on which the sarcophagus is raised are inclosed in an architectural recess composed of square, fluted columns, with richly carved capitals and entablature, supporting a lunette, in which is a bas-relief of the Virgin and Child on a disc with angels at each side. This architectural framework rests upon a pedestal ornamented with sphinxes and festoons, and the whole is surmounted by a candelabrum on the crown of the arch, from which depend two ropes of foliage and fruit, which, passing over the shoulders of two beautiful, slender, youthful figures standing on the edges of the cornice, hang like long tassels halfway down each side of the monument. At the corners of the pedestal stand two youths with shields. Though, with the exception of the effigy and the bas-reliefs, there is scarcely a feature or detail of this elaborate work which is not classical in origin, it

is a pure inspiration of Italy in the fifteenth century. The naked boys and draped youths are of a more slender and familiar type than is often found in ancient sculpture; and the ornament, though from its extreme delicacy of workmanship, unobtrusive, is used with a profusion hitherto almost unknown. All the Greek elements have passed through the alembic of the Italian mind, and come forth softened and sweetened with, of course, some necessary loss of severity and simplicity. It would take too long to trace all the stages of the artistic development of this monument; but that immediately precedent is shown in the tomb of Leonardi Bruni in the same church. In this work of Bernardo Rossellino we find the same elements less perfectly fused. The stage after is shown in Antonio Rossellino's tomb of the Cardinal Jacopo, of Portugal, in San Miniato, where the modern spirit is predominant. In this monument the architectural features which give so grand a character to Marsuppini's tomb, are entirely subordinate to the sculpture. The framework is a curtain simulated in marble, and the columns and entablature shrink to the dimensions of a chimney-piece. The sentimental spirit is seen encroaching in the figures also. The semi-classical youths upon the cornice are turned into angels; and the little boys, instead of guarding the recess, are perched weeping upon the sarcophagus itself. All hands, so to speak, are pressed into the personal service of the deceased and his soul.



ALTAR IN SAN LORENZO.

Many excuses may be found for dwelling so long upon this work of Desiderio, even in an article in which no pictorial record of it will be found. It is not only his capital work, but has been often engraved; it illustrates better than any other the full genius of the artist, and the best reason for attributing to Desiderio the beautiful bas-relief in the South Kensington, which we engrave, is its similarity to that which Desiderio carved in the lunette of this tomb. The exquisite workmanship of this little panel, and the character of it, as well as the type and expression of the Virgin, testify, as far as such evidence can, to the truth of its ascription to this artist. More spiritual than Rossellino's, less stiff and also less distinguished than Mino's, and with a live joyful tenderness which is characteristic of Desiderio, this Madonna, if not by his hand satisfies our ideal of what his best work should be. It is such work, and it is imbued with such spirit, as could only proceed from a gentle pupil of Donatello, skilled in his peculiar art of flat and low relief, and with an affinity to that tenderer and more sentimental side of Donatello which is shown in the latter's exquisite profile of St. Cecilia, and in at least one Madonna and Child. Donatello had so many sides, was such a great and comprehensive genius, that he dominates all his immediate followers. Not for them to imitate was the dramatic energy of his 'Baptist's head brought to Herod,' on the font of Siena, nor the heroic demeanour of his St. George, at Florence, but Desiderio had the artistic wit to perceive the secret of much of the stateliness and distinction of his work, and that was, to put it most simply, the value of straight lines. The

pretty sharpnesses, the brittle angularities which in the drapery, the features, and the figure of this Madonna contrast with gentle curves, give rare piquancy and fibre to this tender work. Nor did Donatello himself ever show more mastery in that art of flattened relief, which, if he was not the inventor of it, he carried further than any other artist. And here it may be remarked that the Tuscan sculptors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries showed themselves to be also painters at heart, and were ever striving in their bas-reliefs to overleap the orthodox limits of their craft. They advanced it and that of painting at the same time. Few painters have shown more genius for picturesque design than Ghiberti in his celebrated second gates; and it was long after him before any artist of the brush succeeded in conveying so true an illusion of perspective. To perspective of architecture and landscape Donatello strove to add perspective of the figure or foreshortening. He also attempted to represent substances, both in front and behind the thicknesses of his slabs, by flattening the forms and reducing the hinder reliefs to mere films. This class of his work has been described as painting in marble, and as resembling finely accentuated outlines with a pen. In this panel of Desiderio's we see a beautiful example of the very lowest relief in the heads of the cherubs, surrounded by a very mist of wings, and this filmy work is boldly contrasted with detached sculpture. The hands, which are clear from the background, are reduced from their natural bulk as they recede, producing the effect of apparent reduction by distance or foreshortening. Perhaps no more successful attempt at this difficult and dangerous work exists than these hands. In a charming *Virgin and Child* in the South Kensington Museum, of larger dimensions (No. 7591) also attributed to Desiderio, this method is boldly applied to the head of the Madonna.

INFANT CHRIST IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PRATO.

Very little is known of Desiderio. According to the latest authorities he was born in 1428 and died in 1464. He was thus fifty years younger than Ghiberti and forty-five younger than Donatello, who survived him. Luca della Robbia was twenty-eight, Vecchietta sixteen, and Bernardo Rossellino nineteen years his senior. Of his own generation were Antonio Rossellino, Mino da Fiesole, Andrea della Robbia, Verrocchio, Civitali, and Benedetto da Majano, the last four being from seven to ten years his juniors. He was born at the little village of Settignano, near Florence, and was the son of a stonecutter, named Bartolomeo di Francesco. He had a brother called Gori. He was made a member of the guild of 'Maestri di Pietra,' at Florence, in 1453, and he left a wife and two children. He was buried in the church of San Piero Maggiore, at Florence. These facts and his works are all the records that remain of him. Among the testimonies to the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries may be mentioned, in addition to the account by Vasari, the praise of Giovanni Santi (the father of Raphael) in his 'Cronaca rimata'—'Il bravo Desider si dolce e bello,' he sings—and the verses on his tomb, as translated by Mr. Perkins, declare that, 'Nature indignant at being outdone by him cut short his days, but her vengeance proved vain, for he had given immortality to his living marbles, and they to him.'

These marbles are only too few. Besides purely decorative work, those which by common consent are ascribed to him, are—

1. The tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, in Santa Croce.
2. An exquisitely finished bust of Marietta Palla Strozzi, now in the Berlin Museum.
3. The little Christ in San Lorenzo.
4. A wooden statue of the Magdalen in Santa Trinita, which was finished by Benedetto da Majano. In this, as may be seen from our engraving, Desiderio approached the ascetic and realistic severity shown by Donatello in his statues of the Magdalen and St. Jerome.

To these Mr. J. C. Robinson adds, in his 'Catalogue of Italian Sculpture in the South Kensington' (1862), a shield of arms over the door of a palace on the Lung' Arno and the sepulchral slab of the father of Carlo Marsuppini near the tomb of his son. Dr. Bode, in 'Kunst und Künstler' (1878), accepts the whole of the altar in San Lorenzo, including the affected Pietà, as Desiderio's work. Of this altar we give an illustration. The beautiful, slender youths are certainly brothers of those that stand on the cornice of Marsuppini's tomb. The little Christ we engrave is probably a copy of that in San Lorenzo. It is in the cathedral at Prato. Dr. Bode points out that according to the 'Memoriale' of Alberti (1510) Desiderio and Donatello executed together the frieze in the Pazzi Chapel, composed of numerous rows of angels' heads, and he would ascribe to Desiderio a youth's head, in the possession of M. Timbal at Paris, and the bust of St. John and the statue of a youth, in the Bargello, which are usually given to Donatello.

Thanks to the energy and taste of Mr. J. C. Robinson, at a time when the works of the Italian sculptors of the fifteenth century were little regarded, our National Collection at South Kensington is rich in sculpture inspired by the sweet genius of Desiderio. In the acquisitions from the Gigli-Campana Collection are to be found works in which the scope and variety of this artist's powers may be well studied. They include—

1. (No. 5896.)—A beautiful chimney-piece in pietra serena, which recalls the tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, not only in the beautiful execution of the numerous figures in high and full relief and other decorations, but in the importance and fine taste of its architectural design.
2. (No. 7720*a*.)—A very elaborate and exquisitely finished marble tabernacle, in the centre of the altar brought from the church of the Convent of Sta. Chiara at Florence.
3. (No. 7591.)—A Virgin and Child already referred to.
4. (No. 7579.)—A terra-cotta statuette of an amorino.
5. (No. 7365.)—An exquisite bas-relief of a Virgin and Child in terra-cotta.

Other works, more or less in Desiderio's style, are Nos. 7653, 5795, and 7582. For a fuller account of these, and of the numbers more specially mentioned, the reader must be referred to the Catalogue.

The Virgin and Child we engrave is a later acquisition, and will, it is to be hoped, be soon included in that revised and completed edition of Mr. Robinson's work which is so much to be desired. Its size is 16 in. by 13.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

JEAN GOUJON.

THE Louvre probably received its first touches from Goujon very soon after his labours for the fountain. The Caryatides, who now give their name to the hall in which they stand, are first in point of date as well as rank, and the contract for their execution still exists in the royal accounts. It is dated 5th September, 1550, and names 737 'livres turnois' as the total cost, 46 'livres' being given for the model in plaster for each, and 80 'écus sol' for each completed figure.

The purpose of the gallery or tribune which they support is by no means ascertained with certainty. Three or four suppositions have been offered, none meeting with universal acceptance, and the difficulty is increased by the ignorance which exists as to the original character of the hall itself, which once bore the name Salle des Gardes.* The tribune has been variously described as simply a decoration, according to some words of Du Cerceau as the King's throne when holding a court of justice, as a gallery whence spectacles could be seen, and, lastly, as a gallery for musicians present, as in our own college halls, at a feast. The last explanation certainly seems to suit the character of the Caryatides themselves better than any other; a banquet is fitter for their presence than the noise of arms or of law. The gallery is immediately within the great doors

* Here the marriage of Henri IV. with Margaret of Valois was celebrated, and his body placed after his assassination. It was once an ante-chamber of Catherine de Médicis, and afterwards, in 1593, the council chamber of the Ligue. Here, too, Molière acted in his own plays.

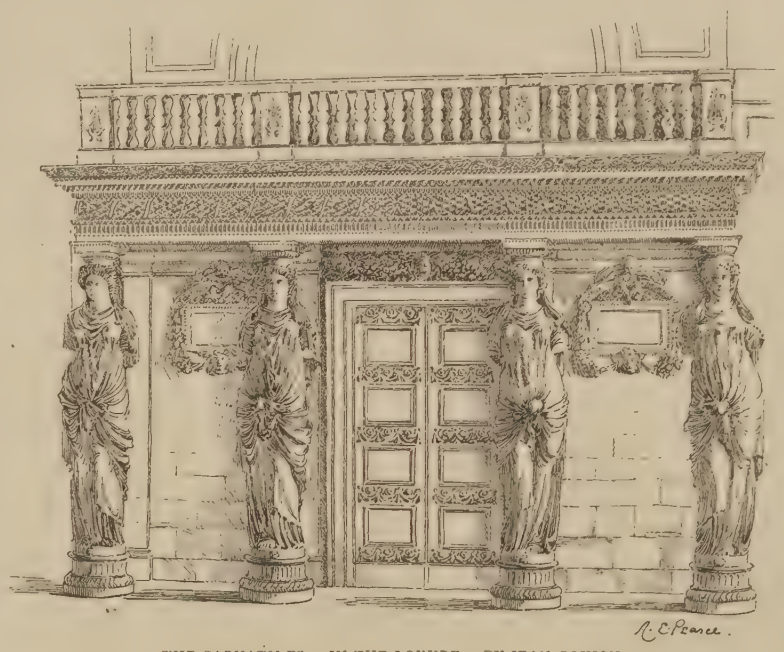
which open into the hall, representing the vicissitudes of human life, and executed in bronze, by Andrea Riccio, of Padua. The decorations upon the wall between the Caryatides consist of winged boys, who, amid garlands, and with a background of drapery, puff their cheeks upon the trumpet.

The whole is unmistakably the work of Goujon, but the Caryatides are marked by a repose for which we look in vain elsewhere among his productions. They witness to a moment of mastery which is not sustained, but just for the time they compel us to think more of the ease of the effort than of its success. The antique treatment of this description of work, always somewhat mechanical, never reveals so harmonious a purpose pervading all its parts, and the Court which lived beneath their smiles can hardly be reproached with a want of refined perception.

A word must be added as to their design. Their draperies are gathered in a central knot, which divides the body into two slightly unequal parts, after the fashion of Agostino Busti's figures on the tomb of Gaston de Foix, and, it is said, of some works of Benevenuto Cellini, and the Lucretia of Raphael. Such an arrangement, says Mrs. Mark Pattison, is not unusual, but is apt to produce disproportion of form. Here its disadvantages are obviated by the extreme delicacy of the upper as contrasted with the fuller folds that fall about the lower limbs, while it forms a valuable point in the relation of the figures to the structure they support. The figures gain by dispensing with arms, while their animation is supplied by the more legitimate means of elaborate drapery. But it is impossible to translate into words what the artist has rendered in the language of the eye, and it must suffice to say that all other aims subserve the main end of structural symmetry.

The figures in the same hall, which have been supposed to stand for Zephyrus or Bacchus, and Ceres or Flora, are much inferior, though the feminine form possesses a certain languid grace. But another prominent feature in the decoration of the Louvre is probably due to Goujon's activity between his return from Ecouen and departure for Anet, that is to say, the period of three or four years when his powers were at their highest.

The Escalier de Henri II., as it is called, leads to what are now the picture-galleries over the Salles des Cariatides, on the west side of the court. Here, on the ceiling, Goujon displayed all his faculty of invention in masks, stagsheads encircled with garlands, fawns, satyrs, and hounds. All bear the mark of his fine touch, though the grotesque ornament, very French in its precision of execution, is a little repugnant to modern feeling. The dogs, who are running in full cry, are particularly full of life, and show that Goujon had extended his observation and study much since he attempted the symbolical beasts who attend the Evangelists in the chapel at Ecouen. The Diana who occupies the centre panel of the ceiling over the upper flight of steps, and is seen descending from the skies, her draperies swelling with the swiftness of her passage, has a pleasant naturalness of expression that is caught on the faces of one or two of the Furies around her, and might well be the creation of yesterday.



THE CARYATIDES. IN THE LOUVRE. BY JEAN GOUJON.

But it is the 'giant boys' who dance within the garland which they hold, and the Cupid, whose bow is ready with a thousand points, that have chiefly attracted attention. The same hand which gave life to the children of the Fontaine des Nymphes has lost nothing of its tenderness. When working on so large a scale Goujon does not fall into the fault, which it seems hard for those who are constantly reproducing the childish form to avoid, of a certain offensive animalism. He does not forget the characteristic softness of childhood in expression as well as form. The subjects chosen for treatment on the staircase remind us at once of a certain personage who, at Henry's accession, rose to power and fame—Diana de Poitiers, Madame de Brézé. The Louvre, which was intended for the pomp and ceremony of a Court, bears everywhere in its decoration the marks of her ascendancy.

Goujon passed from his early labours at the

Louvre to the home which the King was raising out of the revenues wrung from his people to be the home of his mistress and his own retreat from the cares of State. Certain taxes he made over to Diana, who thereupon undertook the construction of her own will. Anet was primarily a summer palace; its gardens, fountains, and covered galleries, its gold and marbles, all proclaim the presence of sunshine. But of its splendid decoration the merest fragments remain. Goujon is believed to have executed much that is lost, and very probably what would have been most interesting has thus disappeared. A single instance will suffice to make this clearer. Mrs. Mark Pattison* speaks of a drawing in the collection of the Grand Duke Albert at Vienna, representing the upper portion of a main entrance or portico, seen in perspective from below. The figures, which are the chief decorations seen, are delicately modelled in black and white chalk, apparently of colossal size. They recall by their attitude the Slaves of Michael Angelo, which we know to have stood under the portico on the west side of the great court at Ecouen. The drawing in chalk Mrs. Pattison believes to be of the last century. At the foot of the paper is written 'Jean Goujon, exécuté au château d'Anet.'

The portico, now at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, is the best comment upon this last work, and gives a strong impression of the magnificent character of the whole structure. It rises sixty-six feet in height, tier after tier of highly wrought and varied colonnades, on which no effort at decoration has been spared. The most noticeable detail is the statues, which fill the space between the pilasters far above the eye, and are recognised as the work of Goujon by M. Réveil. Those on the third tier include a Nymph with her pitcher, Minerva, Mars, and Jupiter, and in the arch two Renommées. Their execution is too fine for their distance, and is quite lost on the spectator below. They show more individuality than Goujon's earlier work, of a pleasant but mundane type. On a black marble we may read two curious lines, that deserve quotation for their sentiment, when we remember the position of their author,—

> 'Braezaeo haec statuit pergrata Diana marito
> Ut diuturna sui sint monumenta viri.'

Elsewhere two Renommées in bronze are assigned to him, one a bold but fine figure, and both with much less drapery than in the corresponding figures in stone. Goujon seems to have worked in this material not unfrequently; the age, as is well known, attached great value to such works, and Goujon may have had before his eyes the magnificent collection of bronze reproductions from the best Italian antiques, made by the care of Primaticcio for Francis I. for the palace of Fontainebleau, and now one of the chief glories at the Louvre. The same allegorical figures were treated by him repeatedly in stone both in the chapel and without, and in them we admire most the great science and finish displayed in the draperies. They possess otherwise little interest.

Goujon began his career by working for the Church; though devoted entirely in his later years to the service of secular splendour, it fell to his lot now and then to labour in those oratories, that received as much and no more attention than the other chambers in the palaces of that luxurious age. Among the *débris* of old decorations in the chapel at Anet the Cherubim attributed to Goujon still occupy their place in the arches for which they were designed. Eight are given in M. Réveil's edition of his work, all bearing the instruments and relics of the Passion. But the artist fails to show any devotional feeling, and, as constantly happens in labour so imposed, the constraint of one who feels that he is not at home in his subject results in affectation.* Goujon's feeling was not likely to have survived the mode of life he had led for years, and if he had Huguenot sympathies such labour may have been actually repugnant to him. It is enough to remark that these figures have a curious but striking general resemblance to stucco reliefs of winged genii which are found at Pompeii. The state of religious feeling among those who were not vehemently Catholic or Protestant was not at all unlike — the manifestations of the two are very similar — that prevailing in the days of the Roman empire.

The last and most famous production of Goujon's chisel at Anet was of a very different kind. In the dawn of the French Renaissance Fouquet had painted the Virgin *sous les traits* of Agne Sorel, for a glimpse into whose character we may look in the pages of Landor's 'Conversations.' Goujon was now engaged to give life to a Diana after the features of her who bore to Henri II. the same relation as that of her predecessor to Charles VII., but was a very different woman. The times had changed indeed, and few things in art or literature bring us so near to the spirit of the later age as the *Diane Chasseresse* now in the Musée de la Renaissance at the Louvre.

Cicognara, no partial judge of French sculpture, and considered a bitter enemy to its pretensions in the sixteenth century, speaks of the marble as 'gentile e severo,' and such criticism says much for the excellence of its execution. But the conception of Diana seems to us poor in all higher qualities; the por-

* 'Renaissance of Art in France,' a book to which this paper is under great obligations.

* That it is not merely the defect of a later manner is proved by the serene cheerfulness of the boys who hold the shield in the *Armoiries* of the Hôtel Carnavalet.

traiture that destroys ideality in the head is a great artistic blemish, however interesting in other ways; and we turn away thankful that, if such were the conditions of Goujon's higher effort, we are spared the sight of more, much as we may regret that his high talents fell on so unpropitious days. We cannot doubt that the intrinsic value of the group has been enhanced by the fact that this is the only specimen we have of work by Goujon in the round. Considered in this light its merit is great when seen in front; if we look from another side we have at once evidence of unskilled arrangement, which is productive of very unhappy effect. The air of artificiality is heightened by the gilt of the stag's horns and the bow which Diana holds, but perhaps this is a fair subject for artistic discussion even now; it is not so with the bracelet and headdress, which convey the same impression. At the same time nothing can lessen our admiration for the noble attitude of Diana herself, or the fine and characteristic treatment of stag and dogs. And we should always remember that her pedestal at the Louvre is a miserable makeshift for the place she once occupied on the summit of the fountain in the court at Anet.

DIANE CHASSERESSE. BY JEAN GOUJON.

Critics have compared this marble with Cellini's Nymph of Fontainebleau, which Goujon had before his eyes probably at Anet, and is now close by at the Louvre. But there was little in common between the sculptor of the *Perseus* and Goujon's tentative skill; nor does he approach Cellini in the sense of ideal beauty, though he surpassed him in character, decision, and the bold novelty of his work. The voluptuousness of the one is calm and frank, of the other disguised and ill at ease.

For another work once at Anet, which afterwards passed into the collection of Dusommerard, the Nymph may have offered Goujon some suggestions. The composition is more similar, and the expression has the same look of easy sensuality, though with great dignity and charm, and indeed the attribution to him is doubtful. It is called *Diane caressant son Cerf*, and the dogs introduced are executed in a very attractive style.

An antique discovered in the sixteenth century at Grozon, in the Jura, is also said to present a striking likeness to this Diana. Few know how rich the south of France is in the remains of antiquity, but the fact has peculiar interest in relation to our subject. It shows that Goujon did not labour isolated from the fertile activity of his age, that neither the antique—that is to say, in a more or less pure form, the Greek—nor the Italian style were unknown to him. What surprises us most is that he should retain in manner so much that is his own.

We do not know when Goujon returned from Anet to resume his work, this time upon the exterior of the Louvre. The figures of the *œils de bœuf*, have been by some referred to the year 1548, that is, immediately after his arrival from Ecouen. This seems hardly probable, but two at least, those of Peace and War (*La Guerre Désarmée*), are allowed a later date. The truce of 1556 seems inappropriate when compared with the peace of 1559, which closed for a time the rivalries between the houses of Austria and France, as well as the intermittent English war. Henry was about to turn his attention to the burning of heretics and the luxury of royal show that was to end in his untimely death. The Louvre was not inhabited during his lifetime, though he was busy pushing forward the decoration of that part which Lescot left completed on his own death in 1576, that southern half of the west side of the great court which remains the gem of the palace.

The allegorical figures show no diminution of Goujon's power, but the same inequality which we have noticed in earlier work. The relief of a profile is happier than that of a full head. But the decorative lines of limb and drapery are conceived with

the highest skill, and the air of quiet action (as for instance the frequently uplifted head) gives considerable variety.

An interesting story attaches to one of these figures, the Renommée over the most southern *œil de bœuf*. Claude Binet, a contemporary of Goujon, tells a story of Lescot, who, when dining with the King, was asked by him what he intended by this figure. Lescot quickly answered, the power of Ronsard's verses, referring, perhaps, to a line of his in one of the odes,—

'La déesse qui trompette les renoms,'

adding that they would carry Ronsard's name and that of France throughout the world. But the sculptor's name did not appear; the work was treated as a mere order of Lescot's, the well-born Abbé de Clagny. The sculptor, more properly speaking, was a 'maître maçon.'

From Lescot Goujon received, in 1555, 560 livres, and the payments continue till 1560–61, after which they cease. It is impossible to feel sure to what work these payments refer. The frieze of boys garlands and birds which, as the Louvre stands, is one of its most striking decorations, was formerly thought to be his in the original portions, but other names, hitherto unknown, have been found in the Comptes which refer to its execution. For work done in the same year, 1560, Goujon's name also occurs, and Mrs. M. Pattison believes it to have been the sixteen figures of the Attic. The minor decorations beneath the windows seem certainly like his. But French critics differ as to those of the Attic, which are struck out with great force, and form a very effective feature of the whole. Though they may show the same peculiarities of manner, in drawing, draperies, and general arrangement, there is a grandeur about two of them, a peculiar likeness to the Slaves, which have already engaged our attention, that certainly speaks of Michael Angelo.

The name of Maître Ponce (the Ponzio whom Vasari mentions with praise) is a happy suggestion of M. de Clarac. Paul Ponce Trebati was Italian by birth, but France claims the honour of his labours, just as Italy lays claim to be the artistic home of Poussin. He did not lose what of native manner he possessed, but he received impressions from the various styles of those who were working around him. If the bas-reliefs of the Attic at the Louvre were his, then we see how he caught from Goujon the science of his architectural treatment, and just so, within the Musée de la Renaissance, we may distinguish in the monumental statue of Charles de Magny, Captain of the King's Guard, in the head and the attitude, and the treatment of dress, the spirit and precision of the French, mingled with the softness of the Italian chisel. How powerfully it recalls the art of Cousin* in the tomb of Admiral Chabot! While Paul Ponce thus borrowed from the artists of his adopted country, Goujon seems to have remained unaffected by the style of his contemporary, at least in his certain works.

It would interest us to know whether his retirement from further labour at the Louvre was connected with the evident desire, which revealed itself in 1561, to purge its artistic roll of all suspected Huguenots.

On the one hand, we know him to have executed two Caryatides for a mantelpiece in the château of Admiral Coligny at Chatillon-sur-Loing, of which a drawing still exists. But we have to take into account the fact that the Admiral was the nephew of his old patron, the Constable de Montmorency. On the other hand, Germain Brice tells us that to him belongs a sculpture of the Blessed Sacrament upon a cross erected behind the church of S. Opportune (close to Rue S. Denis), from the proceeds of the property of Gatine Marchand, who was burnt with his brother, July 30, 1571, for having communicated after the Calvinist manner. This of course may have been undertaken to vindicate his orthodoxy.

A good many works have been attributed to him that with convenience at least may be referred to his later years, if they are his at all. The Hôtel Carnavalet, which underwent later great alterations, still retains, besides some lions and other decorations, four bas-reliefs of the Seasons, in the upper storey of the interior court, which have been said greatly to resemble in characteristics those of the Attic of the Louvre. One, that of Winter, is particularly fine and forcible; the motive seems almost too strong and the folds of drapery too heavy for Goujon's hand. The same likeness to the figures at the Louvre is found in the case of one of the river-gods at the Porte S. Antoine. Other works of this latter sort are mentioned by historiographers of Paris, and a bust of Henri II., now in the Louvre, and attached to a mantelpiece of Pilon's, is given by the authorities there to Goujon. Of the same sort apparently, but on a larger scale, was a memorial tablet raised to an *Intendant des Finances*, in the church of S. Magloire, attributed also to him.

The list may close with the lightest trifles of all; the little panels of Nymphs, in number four, slight bas-reliefs in stone, which are now in the Louvre, and are said, more than anything else, on account of their easy reproduction, to have generally sustained his fame. Their pictorial style is very delightful, with the charm, and without the affectation, that so often

* The tomb is here attributed without question to Cousin, whose better known relations to Renaissance art are of course beyond the scope of this paper.

defaces the same thing in the French art of to-day. And this is very probably due to the restraint imposed by the limits of bas-relief. If they are indeed Goujon's, they certainly make us wish he had given us more of this work in miniature. We do not know whence they came, but it has been conjectured that they were a decorative detail in the works undertaken at the Porte S. Antoine,* just as the sort of paddles on which the Nymphs lean in the Fontaine des Innocents are figured with dolphins. Another work of the same kind in marble represents Nymphs awakened by Fauns and Cupids, and is also in the Louvre. Lastly, M. Dusommerard included in his collection, as a work of Goujon, a small marble *Venus couchée*, which still remains at the Hôtel Cluny, and of which he gives an engraving in his 'Arts du Moyen Age,' &c. He had heard that it represented a mistress of one of the Guises, but it does not look like a portrait, nor has it the distinctive features of Goujon's work. It seems to have too great a breadth, too simple a grace, to come from his hand. It is said to have formerly adorned a fountain at the Hôtel de la Reine, which bore it in the middle of its basin, surrounded by four *consoles*.

But as the ground was cleared for the erection of the Hôtel only in 1571, the *Venus*, if Goujon's, must belong quite to the close of his life. The tradition goes that he perished on the second or third day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. But the different accounts do not agree as to the place; some say that he was at the Louvre, others at the Hôtel of the Comte de Poitou; others, again, that he was engaged upon the Fontaine des Innocents (retouching or completing some unfinished part). As he was working upon his scaffolding, to which he had returned, thinking danger was past, a ball from a harquebus struck him. So he died, a victim to the passions of Religious and Civil War, like the arts which he honoured. In neither case is intentional violence alleged, but there was no more room for the workman than scope for his work.

There is no occasion, and there is hardly matter enough in his works, to enable us to pass opinion upon his powers, but they are sufficient at least to rescue his name from oblivion, and to give him a place in the interest of strangers as well as of his own countrymen.

S. Udny.

* There is grave doubt, owing to the late date at which these were begun, whether Goujon could ever have worked there.

AMIENS.

ETCHED BY H. TOUSSAINT.

MANY of our readers, in travelling between Calais and Paris, will have availed themselves of the ticket arrangement which allows us to break the journey at Amiens. There is not a town in the north of France so well worth seeing, with the single exception of Rouen.

The great wonder of Amiens is its Cathedral, of which we shall have more to say presently; but if the Cathedral were to vanish from sight like the Palace of Aladdin, the town would still be full of interest to all lovers of the picturesque. The river Somme is divided into a number of different branches; there are, if I remember rightly, eleven of them, and I remember rowing about them and thinking that the place was watery enough to be rather Venetian, a remark neither brilliant nor original, as Louis XI. had made it before me. A better comparison might be with some watery Dutch town, but there is no building in Holland comparable to the august edifice that reigns over everything in M. Toussaint's etching, and is visible like a mountain from all the country round.

The view in the etching is taken from the *Rue de la Queue de Vache*, or from a point on the river just near it, and the bridge on the right is the Pont du Don. It is not a very picturesque bridge now, but there used to be a wooden bridge in its place which would have pleased an etcher better. The old wooden bridge was still in existence about twenty-five years ago, and lovers of old things regret its disappearance, but the change is an improvement from the utilitarian point of view. The reader will perceive another bridge of one small arch across the narrow branch of the river in the middle of the etching. That little bridge is one of the numerous means of communication that are rendered necessary by the subdivision of the river into so many branches. If you follow this particular branch, it leads you to the right, and you come to the church of St. Germain, —which is out of the picture,—a most interesting church, both for its architecture and its situation. The man in the boat with a dog at the prow may be of some use to us if we suppose that he turns round and goes out of the picture to our left. In a distance that may be between one and two hundred yards, he would come to the basin which is called the 'Port d'Amont,' and is sometimes in its own way one of the most picturesque places in France,—the varying degrees of its picturesqueness depending on the boats that happen to be there, on their accidental grouping, and on the effect of light. I have seen it when all three of these conditions were as favourable as

possible, and the scene looked like a fine Dutch picture in a golden afternoon.

The *Canal de la Somme* starts from a point above the bridge, and goes behind the back of a spectator who looks at the scene in the etching, but at some distance, there being intervening streets. This canal rejoins the river below Amiens and adds to the generally Dutch appearance of the place.

If the reader will take the trouble to refer once more to M. Toussaint's etching, he will see a house immediately above the little bridge in the middle, and above that (between it and the Cathedral) a much larger house, or range of various buildings, going from under the transept in the direction of the western towers. There is a large clump of trees to the left, under the choir of the Cathedral. The building is the Bishop's palace, and the trees are in his garden; but this is only the back of the palace which fronts towards the Cathedral, having a gate rather in the direction of the west end, where there is a statue of Pierre l'Hermite.

M. Toussaint has just hinted at the existence of long chimneys at Amiens, having introduced one or two in the distance on the left with extreme discretion. This is to tell us that Amiens is a seat of manufactures. As a rule artists seem to prefer cathedrals to cotton-mills, and spires to long chimneys, notwithstanding the cloudy grandeur of shadowy coal smoke.

Amiens was in the middle ages, and also in the great seventeenth-century period of military engineering, a strongly fortified city, but now there is very little left of the fortifications except the citadel, which is itself no longer up to the mark of modern requirements.

The geographical situation of Amiens may be easily remembered in this way. It lies precisely due north of Paris, in the meridian of the Paris observatory, and when M. Toussaint sketched his view he was looking almost due south. The well-known beautiful doorway of the Cathedral that is called *La Porte de la Vierge Dorée* opens towards Paris. Bourges, in the centre of France, and Carcassonne in the south, are in the same longitude, and so is Dunkirk in the extreme north. Another bit of geographical knowledge about Amiens may be acceptable to English readers. A line of latitude drawn through Amiens and Dieppe would just touch, or just clear, the Lizard Head in Cornwall, from which it follows that all places in France above the latitude of Amiens lie in English latitudes, and all places in France that are south of Amiens are in latitudes having no places corresponding to them in Great Britain. For an Englishman who remembers this there may still be a sort of home feeling till he gets to Amiens, as he is still in home latitudes; and as that town is not very far from the sea, it is almost in the English climate; but once he leaves the Amiens station on his way to Paris he is well away from his native island, and Paris itself corresponds in situation to a spot in the sea about seventy-five miles south of the Lizard Head.

But to return to Amiens. The poor parts of the town, as often happens, are the most picturesque, and they have the advantage of water. The houses the reader sees in the etching, and most of those along the port and the broader part of the river, are inhabited by a comfortable and healthy population, but there are miserable parts of the town pretty enough in pictures and etchings, yet wretched places to live in. In the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters' Mr. Ruskin gave an extract from his private diary describing these places with all the freshness of a quite recent impression:—

'I had a happy walk here this afternoon down among the branching currents of the Somme; it divides into five or six, shallow, green, and not over wholesome, some quite narrow and foul, running beneath clusters of fearful houses, reeling masses of rotten timber, and a few mere stumps of pollard willow sticking out of the banks of soft mud, only retained in shape of bank by being shored up with timbers, and boats like paper boats, nearly as thin, at least, for the costermongers to paddle about in among the weeds, the water soaking through the lath bottoms and floating the dead leaves from the vegetable baskets with which they were loaded. Miserable little back-yards, opening to the water, with steep stone steps down to it, and little platforms for the ducks, and separate duck staircases, composed of a sloping board, with cross bits of wood, leading to the ducks' doors, and sometimes a flower-pot or two on them, or even a flower, one group of wallflowers and geraniums, curiously vivid, being seen against the darkness of a dyer's back-yard, who had been dyeing black all day, and all was black in his yard but the flowers, and they fiery and pure; the water by no means so, but still working its way steadily over the weeds until it narrowed into a current strong enough to turn two or three mill-wheels, one working against the side of an old flamboyant Gothic church, whose richly traceried buttresses sloped into the filthy stream, all exquisitely picturesque, and no less miserable.'

The church here referred to is evidently that of St. Germain, which I have already mentioned. The Cathedral is too great a subject to be treated briefly, and would require an architectural article to itself; but a few words may be said about the restoration of it, and about its external appearance as the dominant edifice in the city.

Mr. Fergusson's opinion as to the exterior is far from being altogether favourable, but it is interesting and well worth quoting as an example of free and intelligent criticism of a famous building much more profitable to the reader than the conventional repetition of habitual praise.

'The external effect of Amiens may be taken rather as an example of the defects of the general design of French cathedrals than as an illustration of their beauties. The

western façade presents the same general features as those of Paris and Rheims, but the towers are so small in proportion to the immense building behind as to look mean and insignificant, while all the parts are so badly-put together as to destroy in a great measure the effect they were designed to produce. The northern tower is 223 ft. high, the southern 205; both, therefore, are higher than those at York, but instead of being appropriate and beautiful adjuncts to the building they are attached to, they only serve in this instance to exaggerate the gigantic incubus of a roof, 208 ft. in height, which overpowers the building it is intended to adorn.

'The same is the case with the central spire, which, though higher than that at Salisbury, being 422 ft. high from the pavement, is reduced from the same cause to comparative insignificance, and is utterly unequal to the purpose of relieving the heaviness of outline for which this cathedral is remarkable. The filling up of the spaces between the buttresses of the nave with chapels prevents the transepts from having their full value, and gives an unpleasing fulness and flatness to the entire design.'

This criticism is an excellent example of the utility of measurements in architecture, for without them no human being would or could believe that the western towers were higher than those of York, or the spire than the spire of Salisbury. This comparison is so interesting that it is worth while to give the exact measurements. The higher of the two towers at Amiens (that nearest the spectator in the etching) is twenty-seven feet higher than those at York, and the inferior one nine feet. As to the central spire, it is just eighteen feet higher than the wonderful spire at Salisbury, and yet it produces hardly any effect. Mr. Fergusson, however, has been somewhat unjust to Amiens in one respect. He does not take into account the great effect of the roof as seen from the surrounding country. I know nothing like it. I have walked in the country about Amiens a few miles, and it seemed to me that the farther I went, the more astonishing the Cathedral became. But it is strictly true that the towers and spire are all dwarfed to utter insignificance by the prodigious roof, and that the builders who made such a great effort for interior height ought to have carried their audacity far enough to erect towers in proportion. They would have been such towers as do not exist anywhere on the whole surface of the earth. It is too late now. The time is gone by for great architectural extravagances. Modern Europe spends its money in railways and colossal armaments. Towers suitable for Amiens would cost the price of an iron-clad, and the Republican Government is not likely to spend that upon a church.

As to the restorations, a thorough repair was necessary. Gothic architecture is not durable; it is always falling to pieces and needing extensive repair. A friend of mine who lived at Amiens in his youth tells me that it was customary, about thirty years ago, to put up umbrellas in one of the aisles when it rained, as they were not less needed there than out-of-doors. With all those great Gothic buildings, the choice lies between ruin and restoration. It might have been possible to restore *less*, but not to restore at all would have been to accept the loss of the building for future centuries. The most dangerous part of restoration is not in architecture, strictly speaking, but in sculpture; and it so happens, fortunately, that at Amiens most of the mediaeval sculpture has been preserved, and it is of exceptionally fine quality in its way. The first time that one sees the great portals of Amiens, after knowing only the poor entrances to the English cathedrals, the impression received is one of such overwhelming majesty that it can never afterwards be forgotten.

The interior is most imposing from its colossal height, and it is remarkably rich in sculpture about the choir, both in wood and stone; yet the effect is somewhat cold, and this coldness is increased by the too strong contrast with the elaborately decorated chapels in the apse. I cannot resist the conclusion that it is always a mistake to decorate any part of an interior in that splendid and elaborate manner when the whole of it cannot be treated in the same way. The *Sainte Chapelle* is splendid throughout, and the effect is magnificent; but at Amiens a few chapels are gorgeously painted and gilded, and have splendid stained-glass windows: and the most obvious result of this great waste of money is to make the great body of the church chiller, and colder, and more comfortless than ever.

P. G. Hamerton.

MEMORIALS OF A LOMBARD COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY THE COUNTESS MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

IN this age, when the Past recedes from us at an ever-quickening pace—when steam and electricity have changed, or are changing, not only the outward conditions of our lives, but also the current of our ideas, and the standard of our ideals—the charm of the Old increases as we leave it irrevocably behind. It has been said truly, in spite of the seeming paradox, that the Old is our one novelty. The present age is receptive rather than creative, the wax which takes the impression rather

than the die that gives it: it is so with all periods of transition. Therefore does it become the more refreshing to turn now and then to times when men, with all their faults, had yet in them essentially the stuff of *makers*, and who made, whether their houses or their history, on a scale of large magnificence. This, it seems to me, is the explanation of the new interest felt in old buildings, old chronicles, old records even of domestic and private life, which are not in themselves of supreme importance, but which all go to fill in the picture. At the Turin Exhibition, opened in April 1884, one of the most remarkable objects is a representation of a mediaeval castle, with fitments and appurtenances complete. The illusion is admirably kept up: only one item is wanting—a little of that dust which some one wittily called 'the bloom on Time.' But, after all, the real thing is perhaps more attractive than the most splendid of reproductions.

THE PALAZZO MARTINENGO.

The Palazzo Martinengo at Barbarano, a suburb of Salò, was described in 1750 by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and before giving my own brief account of it, it may be well that I should quote some parts of the letter addressed by her to her daughter, the Countess of Bute:—

'I have been persuaded,' she writes, 'to go to a palace near Salò, situate on the vast Lakè of Garda, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw: the King of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent, but that is nothing in regard to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of a mountain near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, and citron and pomegranate-trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into; and several gardens from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues, and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day by the shade of the orange-trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime-trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give you any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. . . . .

'I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish-ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear, you see the fish that inhabit it; and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise, either from our English travellers or in any of the printed accounts of Italy: it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubin. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty-five miles distant from any post-town, and also to the custom of the English

of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers.'

As a corrective to so much enthusiasm may be added the following words from Lord Ronald Gower's 'Reminiscences' (London, 1883, page 241, vol. i.). The writer, it should be explained, came to Salò with the intention of visiting Garibaldi during the war of 1866 :—

'Chancing to light on a French guide-book of the place and its environs, I was tempted by an account of the neighbouring Palazzo Martinengo to go and inspect that scene of departed splendour. Of this "Palazzo" Lady M. W. Montagu writes ecstatically to her friend, Lady Bute; and although the place is now a ruin, and therefore it is difficult to judge what it was like in Lady Mary's day, the house being turned into a barrack by the Garibaldians and in a most tumble-down condition, the situation of the palace is eminently beautiful, surrounded by orange-tree orchards, with the hills behind and the lovely lake in front.'

FOUNTAIN, WITH FIGURE OF NEPTUNE.

The tradition in Lady M. W. Montagu's day was that the house had been built by a Medici upon ground belonging to the Martinengo family, and that it thus had passed in the natural course of things into the possession of the latter. The first part of the tradition seems to be certainly incorrect. According to Grataroli ('Storia della Riviera di Salò,' Brescia, 1599), the Palazzo was built soon after the district of Salò declared allegiance to the Republic of Venice (1429), by the Marquis Sforza Pallavicini, Generalissimo of the Venetian forces. Certain traces of foundations which still exist prove that, large though it is, it was originally designed to cover nearly twice its actual extension. Twenty years ago Signor Perancini examined this subject in his *brochure* entitled 'Memorie storiche di Barbarano e del Palazzo Martinengo,' which was written at the request of Sir James Hudson, who made a lengthened stay in the palace. Signor Perancini came to the conclusion that the further wing was actually erected, but that it was destroyed afterwards by fire.

As to the land having belonged to the Martinenghi there is no record, though their ancient connexion with the Riviera (the littoral between Dezenzano and Gargnano) would render such a fact not improbable. When Henry II. of the Holy Roman Empire traversed this coast in 1022, he was accompanied by Lanfranco Martinengo, who, dying in 1023, left considerable lands round about Salò to a church in Bergamo. Later, in the fifteenth century, Gian-Francesco Martinengo, Conte di Barco, built the Rôcca d'Anfo—a fortress in a strong position on the Lake of Idro, between Salò and Lodrone—as a gift to the state of Venice, whose Doge was his father-in-law. Other members of the family held property at various times in the neighbourhood. What is certain is, that the Palazzo at Barbarano passed, in the seventeenth century, from the occupancy of the Pallavicini to that of its present masters, and that up till now no deed has come to light which would account satisfactorily for the transfer.

In the year 1585 the Palazzo became associated with the actors in a crime—or rather a series of crimes—characteristic of that comprehensive breakage of the Decalogue of which the annals of the Italian middle ages offer but too many examples. In that year, Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, and Vittoria Accorambona, took refuge within its walls to escape the wrath of Pope Sixtus V.

The history of this couple may be read in Count Bettoni's 'Storia della Riviera di Salò,' or in the pages of the Florentine historians of that date. Before leaving Florence for Rome in 1576, Paolo Giordano confided his wife, Isabella, daughter of Cosimo de' Medici, to the keeping of his relative, Troilio Orsini. When he came back, he suspected, or pretended to suspect, that Isabella had been unfaithful to him during his absence, and in conjunction with her brother, Francesco, he devised her death. To which end she was invited to his villa at Cerreto, where he supped with her, and then, making a feint of embracing her, he threw a rope round her neck and strangled her. This was the first act.

Paolo returned to Rome and fell madly in love with Vittoria Accorambona, a woman of extraor-

dinary beauty, the wife of Francesco Peretti, nephew of Cardinal di Montalto. The lady had another lover, the old Cardinal Farnese, whose court was favoured by two of her brothers, while the other two were in the interest of Paolo Giordano. It occurred to Paolo that one impediment would be out of the way with the death of Vittoria's husband, so one night he murdered him in an ambush. He then would have liked to immediately marry the widow, but he was baulked by his brother-in-law, Cardinal de' Medici, who, however, soon after died. Upon that the marriage took place; but trouble was not at an end, as Cardinal di Montalto, having meanwhile assumed the papal tiara and the name of Sixtus V., was meditating how to avenge his kinsman, the beautiful Vittoria's first husband. It was at this juncture that Paolo and Vittoria fled to Venetian territory, and took up their abode in the palace at Barbarano.

If it was true, as Lady M. W. Montagu says, that the Medici had been in the habit of visiting Salò, Paolo may have first heard of the palazzo from the unlucky Isabella. Anyhow, hither he came with his ill-gotten bride, whom he sought to amuse by splendid pastimes, in pursuit of which all the summer went by; but Paolo could not throw off the heavy melancholy that oppressed him, nor the disease to which he ultimately succumbed.* He died in the autumn, leaving all his fortune to his wife, to the detriment of a son borne him by Isabella de' Medici. The Orsini now stepped in to punish Vittoria for having, as they considered, despoiled their nephew—the boy just mentioned. Ludovico, brother of Paolo, who was in the service of Venice, charged himself with the affair. The palace was surrounded so that, as was thought, no one could go in or out, but Vittoria managed to escape to Padua. There, Ludovico had her murdered by his men, he himself being subsequently arrested by order of the Republic, and strangled in prison.

Paolo Giordano had been buried in the little chapel of the Capucine convent adjoining the estate, but, threatened with anathema by the Pope, the monks, somewhat reluctantly, turned the remains out-of-doors.

Having thus 'supped full with horrors,' we may pass on to the next stage in the vicissitudes of the palazz .

In the middle of the seventeenth century we find it in the possession of Conte Camillo Martinengo Cesaresco, whose personality so deeply impressed itself on the popular mind that the people still call the house, 'El Palazz del Cont Camil.' Conte Camillo had a troop of bravos in his service, who were the terror of the country round, and whose exploits are yet talked about on dark nights. It is even reported that 'Count Camil' profanely strove to arrest the passage of the souls in Purgatory, who in those days were wont to march in solemn procession past the palace. But, many and bold as were his braves, the souls always outnumbered them and passed triumphant on their ghostly way.

This reminds me of how Rossi mentions, as the most ordinary thing in the world, that in 1512 Conte Gian Maria Martinengo, who headed a conspiracy with a view to overthrowing French dominion at Brescia, was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by a 'folletto,' or familiar spirit ('Elogi Historici di Bresciani illustri.' 1520.). No great number of the ghosts that must have been plentiful in those believing days are to be heard of now, even in the oldest of Italian houses. The race has almost died out. At Salò, not one of the souls affronted by Conte Camillo remains to complain of the outrage. There is, however, a ghost at the Castle of Roccafranca, another ancient inheritance of the Cesaresco branch of the family. When the moon shines, *some one* is seen looking out of a certain window in a certain tower. The origin of this kind of ghost is very easy to account for. Every old castle has its secret staircases, its uninhabited rooms, and in the troublous times which have returned again and again to Lombardy, political or other fugitives were hidden in lofts and garrets supposed to be untenanted save by mice. The fugitive could not resist now and then looking out of window, and was seen by simple people, who immediately gave him a supernatural explanation. The story was remembered and magnified, till everybody of an imaginative turn of mind became convinced that he had himself seen the 'Tower-spectre.'

The appended names, which are often heard in Italy, are apt to cause confusion among foreigners. In the Italian middle ages it was the practice, when families were large and powerful, to give their different branches some distinguishing affix. Thus the Martinenghi were called severally, delle Palle, Leopardo, Villagana, Villachiara, Colleone, Cesaresco—the last being derived from Cesare Martinengo, surnamed 'il Magnifico,' a great warrior in the sixteenth century, 'whose life,' says Sansovino,* 'was a perpetual splendour, and who was the father of fourteen illustrious sons.'

Conte Camillo, to go back to him, seems to have spent much of his time at Salò. It was not the custom then, nor is it now, for Italian nobles to pass many consecutive months in their country-

* In his play of 'The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona,' Webster makes Paolo die a violent death, but there is no historical evidence of this.

* 'Origine e fatti delle famiglie illustre d'Italia,' di M. Francesco Sansovino. (Foc. 463: 'Signori Martinenghi.')

houses; the indispensable 'Villeggiatura' was the matter of a few autumn weeks, while the vintage was going on, and then there was an universal rush back to town. But to Conte Camillo the country appears to have had charms, though that these were strictly idyllic cannot be guaranteed. Anyhow, it was probably he who brought to the palazzo the chief part of the family pictures and emblems, of which traces still exist. There are bits of old oak furniture bearing the historic eagle, whose origin may be told in the words of Sansovino:—

'From this one (Tebaldo Martinengo) descended all the other Martinenghi, to whom he gave the Red Eagle for insignia; because, bearing once in an engagement the general standard of the Emperor, he obtained the victory, and went into his presence with the Imperial Eagle dyed in the blood of his enemies. Wherefore had he from him, besides diverse other gifts and favours, for his arms and for those of his descendants, the Red Eagle on field d'or.'

Amongst the 'diverse other gifts' Tebaldo received were fifteen castles, granted him by the Emperor Otho on October 6th, 953, the deed of gift having the signatures of two cardinals and three bishops.

The pictures are tattered remnants now. One is a large canvas showing a strikingly handsome man on horseback, whom a vague tradition asserts to be Marc Antonio Martinengo, whose splendid tomb is preserved in the Museo dell' Era Cristiana at Brescia. A clearer identification took place last year, when, hidden away in a garret, was found an old battered copy of Moretto's fine portrait of Count Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco, of which the original is in the National Gallery.* Sciarra's melancholy eyes look out, plainly enough, from the picture, but it has borne sad usage. He was an interesting person. Grandson of Cesare the Magnificent, he was brought up at the Court of France, and while yet very young was entrusted with important commands, being 'gifted with marvellous genius, unconquerable by fatigue or sleep, a scorner of danger, and much desirous of empire and military glory.'† When he was in the heyday of his career, the news reached him that his father, Conte Giorgio, had been assassinated by Conte Aluigi Avogadro. Conte Giorgio had been called by the French 'the superb Italian,' and that his way of life fully bore out the name is shown in various anecdotes related by Rossi, one of which, as highly characteristic of those times, may be repeated here. The Duchess of Mantua was about to pass through Brescia, and Conte Giorgio offered her hospitality; but not wishing to put him to inconvenience, she declined, saying that she would go to the inn of the *Gambaro*. Not, however, to be baffled, the Count instantly sent to the inn, and borrowed its crab-sign, which he hung outside the door of his palace, whither, accordingly, the Duchess was unwittingly conducted. On hearing of his father's death, Sciarra hastened across the Alps to Brescia with five noble companions, and assailed the assassin in a public place; but, unfortunately, he succeeded in killing not the right Avogadro, but only one of his relatives. To the still unsatisfied longing for vengeance is attributed a device he wore ever afterwards on his cap, ΤΟΥ ΛΙΑΝ ΠΟΘΩ ('By the desire of the extreme'). This inscription is legible in Moretto's picture. Obliged to fly from Italy in consequence of the above affair, Sciarra returned to France, and accompanied as a volunteer the expedition to Malta, during which he made the acquaintance of Brantôme, who speaks of him as 'ce brave feu M. le Comte Martinengo, de ceste bonne et brave race des Martinengues.' Brantôme goes on to dilate at length on his merits, and ends by saying, 'C'estoit le plus doux et gratieux gentil homme, qu'il estoit possible de voir, amy où il le promettoit'—'A sure friend where he promised to be.' The Republic of Venice in 1571 summoned him to take command of the army in Albania, where he remained for two years.* Then he was called back to France by the king, who held him in great affection, and died in the prime of life, shot in the breast under the fortress of La Charité. He was honoured by funeral rites, 'quanto più si possa dire magnifiche e reali.'

A second unexpected 'find' was made some years ago by Giuseppe Don, the steward. Over the oilpress in the west tower there is a lumber-room in which old iron is kept; in a corner of this unpromising locale Giuseppe happened by chance upon a sack of letters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The letters are now in the hands of the distinguished Brescian archaeologist, Cavaliere da Ponte, who has promised to look them over, with a view to ascertaining what may be their contents. Thus, every now and then, does a waif from the Past see the light. Another bundle of letters addressed to the Martinenghi came lately, by a chance, into the possession of one of their descendants—curious documents on yellow parchments, with the autographs of Popes, Emperors, and Doges. Yet a third 'find' may be recorded here, since it belongs to this moment, as I write, and will serve, moreover, as an introduction to the epoch of which I must now say something. An unusual lowness of the lake had rendered necessary the cleaning out of the port and boat-house, and there,

* An etching by Richeton from this picture appeared in the PORTFOLIO for October, 1875. It will be found opposite page 145 in the volume for that year.—ED.

† Sansovino.

* Further particulars as to Sciarra's Venetian commands may be found in Paolo Paruta's 'Historia Vinetiana' (Venice, 1565).

buried deep in the mud, a cannon-ball has just been found.

Gustì Don, the old steward, who lived to a great age, recollected perfectly the coming of the French and the events that followed. The steward (*fattore*) on an Italian estate is almost as important a personage as the master. He is only, perhaps, a *massaio* chosen for his intelligence—an upper peasant, in fact—but everything passes through his hands, and his decision carries the day. The system is one which is liable of great abuse, and the impoverishment alike of landlords and peasants is often due to the maladministration or cupidity of the steward; but at the same time it has produced many examples of generations of faithful and devoted servants, to whom the family that employed them is as dear as their own flesh and blood. There is evidence of the Dons having served the Conti Martinenghi for a hundred years, and it is probable that the period of their connexion extends in reality much further back.

LANDING PLACE ON THE LAKE OF GARDA.

Old Gustì used to relate, in his racy semi-Venetian dialect, the interview of the Count his master with the French General. 'Che fastu, ricco Epulone?' inquired the latter. 'Quello che fasso, lo fasso col mio,' was the answer. The Count returned the visit, carrying with him (said Gustì) a bag of Spanish doubloons—then the current coin, to be replaced in a few years by the *marengo*, which is the name still given in Lombardy to the twenty-franc piece. But the doubloons, though accepted, were powerless to preserve the palazzo from its fate. Before the storm broke Conte Cosimo went away to Venice, where soon after he died.

A belief, deeply rooted in the minds of the people, is that in those days, on the verge of the Revolution, a large amount of treasure was buried in the ground, at *one hundred paces from a window of the house*. But from which window?

It was on the 26th of May, 1796, that a French *corps d'armée*, under Generals Sauret, Rusca, and Guyeux, occupied Salò. On the same day an Austrian flotilla appeared near the higher shore of the Riviera, opposite Gargnano, but after some evolutions it retired. Things went on quietly till the end of June, when Wurmser, the Austrian Commander-in-chief, sent a body of men, 30,000 strong, down the Valle Sabbia, part of whom proceeded northwards, with the intention of laying siege to Brescia, while the other part debouched on Salò. The French were defeated in several engagements: Rusca was taken prisoner; Sauret retreated on Desenzano; Guyeux, who had not time to follow Sauret, hastily rallied his handful of men, variously estimated at from 400 to 1700, and fell back upon the Palazzo Martinengo. On his way hither he took the precaution of pillaging the flour-mills at Barbarano, thus providing himself with the means of holding out for some time. Once within the palace walls he lost not an instant in fortifying the house as best he could, and placing his two cannons in the best position. On July 19th, the very day he took refuge in the palazzo, he was assailed by the enemy, but they seem to have recognised at once that his dislodgment by force would not be an easy matter. Both from its situation, between the lake's edge and the rapidly rising mountain, and from the extreme solidity of its construction, the palazzo was well fitted to stand a siege.

Thiers, in his 'Histoire de la Révolution française,' gives a remarkable account of this episode:—

> 'Le corps' (that is to say, the Austrian force) 'qui avait tourné le lac de Garda, arriva sur Salò, d'où il repoussa le Général Sauret. Le Général Guyeux y resta seul avec quelques cents hommes, et s'enferma dans un vieux bâtiment, d'où il refusa de sortir, quoiqu'il n'eût ni pain, ni eau, et à peine quelques munitions.'

So is history written. The idea of being without water at the Palazzo Martinengo, when the vast lake washes its stones, is sufficiently absurd. Bread, also, thanks to Guyeux' foresight, was not at first wanting to the besieged company; but after about ten days the provisions began to run very short, and their state was rendered the more desperate by the return of the Austrian fleet of twelve gunboats, which stationed itself in front of the palazzo, and opened a heavy fire on it. The walls are covered now with the marks of the bombardment, and, had they not been twenty-six inches thick, the whole building would certainly have come down.

Guyeux' case was desperate unless succour arrived; and the question was, how to communicate

his distress to Napoleon, who was stationed at Castelnuovo, near Peschiera. Besieged by land and by water, and without a boat, even could they have used one, the French seemed as securely isolated as if they had been shut up in a mouse-trap. Their wants, however, were made known, and, according to tradition (for of historic record there is none), it was in this way: Under cover of the night of the 30th of July, a French soldier leapt from the palace into the lake, and swam across the bay to some lonely spot, where he landed, and whence he pushed on rapidly to Castelnuovo. The same tradition asserts that on the 31st a trumpet, sounded in a boat that had been seen approaching from Peschiera, gave the signal to Guyeux to be of good heart, and to hold out a few hours longer. At any rate, upon that day Sauret was despatched to Salò with strong reinforcements, and, after some fighting, he drove the Austrians from the town, and hastened to deliver Guyeux and his gallant companions.

In the year 1796 the Venetian civil authority over the Riviera had been nominally respected, but in the next spring, when the independence of Venice was already doomed in the mind of Napoleon, the Provisional Government of Brescia sent a delegate to arrest the Venetian Governor, and to offer the Salodiani all the sweets of liberty, equality, and fraternity, with the usual alternative. The new rulers issued proclamations in the name of the sovereign people of Salò, but the sovereign people failed to subscribe to them. It was the great glory of Venice that, by a wise respect of local privileges, she attached to herself by an almost passionate loyalty the populations under her flag. When the Salodiani saw the column bearing the Lion of Saint Mark levelled to the ground—when they saw the archives of their city brought out into the public place and burnt—they thought the change boded no good. That evening (it was an evening in March, 1797) children were heard crying through the streets, 'Viva San Marco!' Then all was seemingly quiet.

But the quiet lasted but for a little. The cry of 'Viva San Marco!' was echoed up the mountains and along the lake-shore, and one day all these people rebelled against the revolution, and crushed it.

The revolutionary delegate fled from Salò to Brescia, where the Provisional Government vowed vengeance. It was even proposed to raze the town to the ground, erecting a column in its stead, with the inscription, 'Here was Salò.'

On March 30th about 1200 men and seven cannons were sent from Brescia to bring the malcontents to reason. But their strength had been underrated. The Salodiani, reinforced by mountaineers from the Valle Sabbia, completely routed the Brescians, taking 500 prisoners and killing the rest.

Presently, however, a French force reoccupied Salò, under pretence of remaining neutral in all civil dissensions. But the mask was soon thrown off; Salò, on refusing to accept humiliating conditions, was bombarded by French gunboats, and obliged to surrender. What followed beggars all description. The whole place was given over to universal pillage, houses and churches were sacked, a great store of booty was embarked for Desenzano. Salò, says an eye-witness, resembled one vast cemetery. Then came the revolutionary tribunal, with its train of summary executions. After that bloody May the town was incorporated in the new-made Cis-Alpine Republic, and there was a period of calm.

FOUNTAIN, WITH FIGURE OF DIANA.

The wilful damage done in the Palazzo Martinengo is no doubt to be attributed to the sack of 1797. A military occupation and a bombardment are not likely to improve a private dwelling-house; but one may hope that Guyeux' brave men did no more mischief than they could help. At the time of the sack, on the other hand, we know that fire and the sword were carried everywhere with the deliberate purpose of destruction. It was then, in all likelihood, that the lion, now sitting by the stable-door, lost his head, and that the Diana of the lower fountain (called, for some occult reason, by the country-folk, 'La bella Giudetta'), was mauled and broken. Then, that the pictures were torn out of their frames and the portraits had their noses slit. Then, that the chapel which existed in the west wing was shorn of its ornaments; though, strangely enough, a curious Byzantine-looking figure of the Virgin with a black head and a yellow marble gown, known familiarly as 'La Madonna Mora,' has been preserved intact. There escaped only one or two of the tables of rare marble spoken of by Grattaroli: 'Certi bei deschi di pietre terse e splendide.' The other table, mentioned

by him, made of an enormous cypress-trunk which could not be encircled by twelve arms, went probably to light a bonfire. On the upper floor even the oak ceilings were pulled down and burnt, but on the first floor the great height of the rooms saved them, and they remain, the one magnificent vestige of the Past.

The old receipts and business papers of the palazzo tell laconically the tale of Lombard changes in the first quarter of the century. The superscripture of the Cis-Alpine Republic disappears in that of the kingdom of Upper Italy, and this in its turn gives place for a long, long spell, to the 'Impero d'Austria.' In 1848 began a new series of military occupations, and it is somewhat surprising that in that year the palace was not blown clear up into the air, since 300 barrels of gunpowder were deposited in its cellar. In 1859 the house was again occupied, and in 1866, six hundred Garibaldians were stationed in it, who scrawled their names and rough portraits of their chief on any available blank wall, and whom Lord Ronald Gower saw 'fishing to their hearts' content' in the fountain on the Spianata.

The place is not now a ruin, having been put in order in 1881 by the late Conte Giuseppe Martinengo Cesaresco, in anticipation of an event of which it is not needful to speak here. But it is right not to pass over in entire silence this last master of the palazzo, who made more honourable a name written on every page of his country's history for nine hundred years. Among the heroic episodes of the Italian wars of independence, not one eclipsed the defence of 'Valiant Brescia' in 1847; and none, surely, of those who helped to raise Italy from the dust, deserve a purer memory than he who was the heart and soul, the sword and conscience, of that defence.

'Upon the renewal by the Piedmontese of the hostilities which had been suspended by the armistice of the preceding year' (writes the Editor of Murray's 'Handbook to North Italy'), 'a general rising of the people of Brescia took place, and putting at their head one of their fellow-citizens, Count Martinengo, they held the town for several days against the Austrian garrison in the castle above, and a considerable force detached from Verona for the reduction of the town. The cannon of the besiegers, aided by the artillery of the fortress pouring shot and shell from the heights, at length compelled them to submit.'

It was a seed-sowing that brought forth fruit in due season. Often, as I look across the lake to Peschiera, the lines—most noble lines they are—which Arthur Hugh Clough wrote upon its bridge come back to my mind:—

'Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said, "Since so it is, goodbye,
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit),
"And if our children must obey,
They must; but thinking on this day,
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (oh, not in vain you said!),
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day,
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honour, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stands, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.'

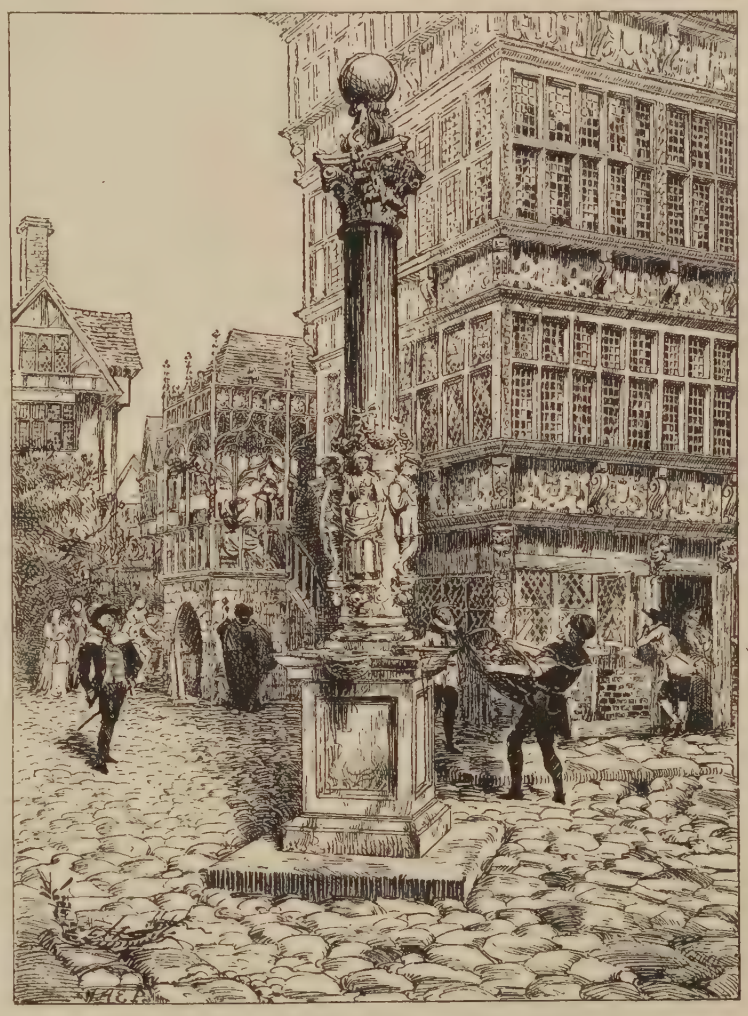
ART CHRONICLE.

THE Blenheim *Raphael*, known as the *Ansidei Madonna*, has been purchased for the National Gallery at the enormous sum of 70,000*l*. Great satisfaction has been expressed at this conclusion of the negotiations between the Government and the Duke of Marlborough's trustees. It would have been a misfortune indeed if such a picture had been allowed to leave this country. We gave a great sum for the *Garvagh Raphael*, which was indeed relatively far dearer than this finer and more important panel. The composition of nearly life-size figures groups the enthroned Madonna with the Child on her knee, St. John Baptist and St. Nicholas of Bari on either side. The colour has the richness of Raphael while still under the influence of Perugino; the style is of the early Florentine period, though, according to Vasari, the picture was begun in 1505, the date of that early fresco at Perugia which foreshadowed the upper part of the learned *Disputa* in the Vatican *Stanze*. It was finished and signed in 1507, and placed in the chapel of the Ansidei family dedicated to San Niccolo di Bari, in the Servite church of San Fiorenzo at Perugia. In 1764 it was replaced by a copy and bought by Lord Robert Spencer, who gave it to his brother, the then Duke of Marlborough. Lord Lansdowne has the central portion of the tripartite predella. The picture is in some senses unique, and in excellent preservation.

For the National Collection is also secured, at the price 17,500*l*., the Blenheim Vandyke portrait of Charles I. on horseback; and probably most people will feel the money well spent, although at Windsor is an equally fine equestrian portrait of the Martyr King, and a replica at Hampton Court. The Rubens portraits of himself and his wife have been bought for a private collection abroad.

THE plans of the architect, Mr. Pearson, for the restoration of Westminster Hall, having raised considerable discussion and dissension, the vote for the whole scheme was postponed, and only sufficient was granted to defray the expense of protecting from injury that side of the hall exposed by the demolition of Sir John Soane's law courts. This flank in Mr. Pearson's design is covered by a two-storeyed cloister, planned on the assumption of that built in the time of Richard II., and existing up to the commencement of the present century.

THE managing body of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool has this autumn tried the experiment of allotting separate galleries to the two chief London water-colour societies, to the Oil Institute, the Dudley Gallery Art Society, the directors of the Grosvenor Gallery, the Painter Etchers, the Liverpool Academy, and the Hibernian Academy. Artists outside any of these bodies have consequently to put up with such space as is left. Still, on the whole, the arrangement is a gain. Sir J. B. Walker has offered the Corporation of Liverpool 12,000*l*. to defray the expenses of the new additions to the Gallery.



CONDUIT IN THE OLD LONDON STREET, AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

THE successful competitors for the New Admiralty and War Offices are Messrs. Leeming and Leeming. The style of the accepted plan, for want of stricter name, must be called Palladian. The two official departments are separated by a large central court, with entrance from Whitehall. There are three corner-towers and a campanile some 170 feet above the average height of the building, to be placed at the centre of the Whitehall frontage, instead of at the south-west corner as in the first design, where it was considered to dwarf the Horse Guards.

IT is to be hoped that the example set by Rugby School, and advocated by the head master at the recent International Conference on Education at South Kensington, of establishing an art museum in the great public schools, will be followed up. A museum, even moderately provided with classic casts, photographs, or drawings of classic sites and buildings, and of objects and places illustrative of mediaeval and modern history, would do more to realise and impress the lessons of the class-room and the lecture-hall, than hours of talk or reading. The loan collection organized at Rugby was liberally provided, and is an excellent feature in the scheme. Of course all schools could not expect to raise the sum expended at Rugby on the museum and collections, some fourteen thousand pounds; but much might be done with a more modest sum.

WE give a sketch of the old Conduit, which formerly stood at the junction of Bishopsgate Street, Gracechurch Street, Leadenhall Street, and Cornhill, and which has been reproduced in stone, at the Health Exhibition, from drawings by Mr. G. H. Birch. The figures of Prentices and Maids are carved by Mr. Owen Thomas and his son, and the expense of the work has been borne by Messrs. Daniel Judson and Son.

THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

BY MAXIME LALANNE.

THE topography of this subject may be explained in a few words. The reader has only to imagine himself in the Boulevard Montmartre, rather high up on a balcony, and looking along the Boulevards Poissonnière and Bonne Nouvelle to the arch of St. Denis. It is a region very familiar to all English people who know Paris, and it has not been essentially affected by the great changes which have made so many other parts of the capital unrecognisable by those who knew it thirty or forty years ago. These old boulevards have served as a model for many new ones, not only in Paris, but in all the Continental cities that imitate Paris.

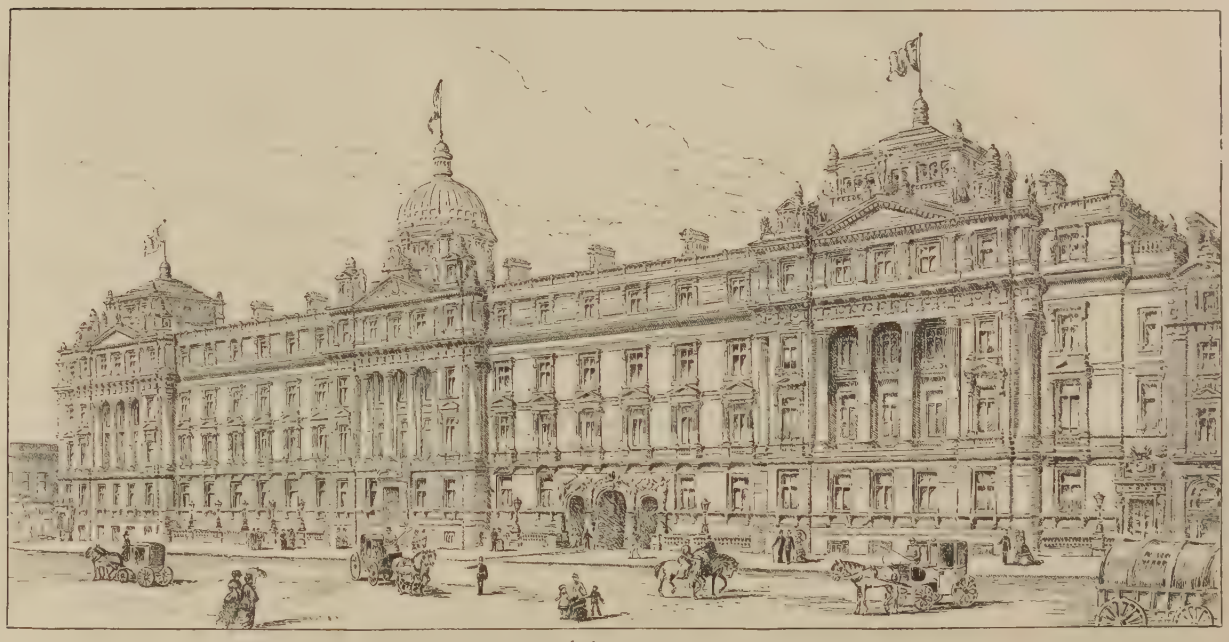
The origin of the boulevard was simply a public walk, planted with trees, and just outside the town, like the exterior promenades of Sens and other provincial towns at the present day. They were begun at Paris in 1670, but the progress of the capital enclosed the walks and made streets of them, which happened again exactly in the same way with the *boulevards extérieurs* that were outside the larger and more recent circle of wall. The fact that the first boulevards (so called as being just outside the walls of defence, or bulwarks) were planted with trees, and that the trees were preserved (in part, at least) when they became streets, led afterwards to the habit of constructing new, wide streets, with the intention of planting trees in them, and these were called boulevards also, though, as in the case of the present Boulevard Haussmann, they had nothing to do with military defences, and were not even on the line of them. In modern French the word 'boulevard' has lost its military signification by being transferred to any broad street planted with trees, and it has acquired a pleasant signification instead as meaning a place where there are a great many cafés and fine shops, and where a great crowd of people, wonderfully well dressed, may be seen walking on very broad causeways of asphaltum, or lounging and drinking 'little glasses' in front of the gaudy cafés. There seems to be, for French people, a singular charm in this kind of existence; and it is even said that a regular *habitué* of the boulevards comes to think ultimately that they constitute the whole world that is worth notice, the rest being merely provincial. M. Lalanne cannot be of this opinion, as he has drawn so many other places of interest, but for many years he lived on the Boulevard Montmartre, and so is very familiar with its aspect, which he has rendered for us most faithfully.

OUR NEXT GREAT BUILDING.

FOR a practical people it is strange how we English cling to institutions which look well but won't work. Times and again public competition has been proved to be a very shiftless way of getting fine buildings or statues, but in spite of repeated disappointment our faith in it remains unshaken. During the last quarter of a century there have been five important contests of the kind, and in no single instance has the direct result been good. The only fine thing in the great block of offices over which the 'battle of the styles' was fought, is Sir Digby Wyatt's court to the India Office, the only part that had nothing to do with the competition: the still unfinished Wellington monument in St. Paul's was put up in spite of judges and prizes; so were the Royal Courts of Justice; while Mr. E. M. Barry's prize design for the National Gallery was so absurd that no Government could venture to carry it out. We hope the latter fate will attend some parts, at least, of the accepted design for the next great work, the combined Admiralty and War Office at Spring Gardens.

This last competition has been carried out under terms so arranged that many economic hitches which have hitherto disturbed the even course of our public works are likely to be avoided, but unhappily these precautions have been so devised as to give not a little offence. And in fact they give some colour to the belief that the present head of the Office of Works is no more alive than his predecessors to the consideration that, after all, it is upon the architect that the responsibility rests for any building in which he is concerned, that his reputation is affected by success or failure and not that of the minister under whom it was carried out. While the Law Courts stand they will be identified with Mr. Street's memory, which will have to bear the blame of shortcomings forced upon him as well as of those due to that narrowness which was the defect of his own genius. And so with all great works. Nobody knows or cares by what department, or under what minister, St. Paul's, or Whitehall, or the Houses of Parliament, were erected: all their beauties and all their defects are ascribed to the architect; they are looked upon as no less entirely his work than a picture is looked upon as the work of its painter. This being so, it is impossible to treat such an artist as a mere purveyor of plans and elevations; he must be given as much power over the progress of his building as the nature of things will allow. To relieve

him of all trouble in regard to the contractor's payments and so on sounds very well; but it remains to be seen whether it can be carried out in practice without lessening his responsibility for the right execution of such details, for instance, as are none the less important because they are out of sight. But upon questions like this and that involved in the offer of a lump sum to the architect instead of a percentage, we cannot dwell; but must be content with pointing out that the total absence of well-known names from the competition seems to show that it has not been received with favour by the heads of the profession. Of the nine premiated architects, or firms of architects, only one, Mr. Verity, is known by any conspicuous work, and the erection of the seriously propose to carry out. These are the work respectively of Messrs. Aston Webb and Ingress Bell, of Messrs. Verity and Hunt, of Messrs. Leeming and Leeming, and of Messrs. Stark and Lindsay. The last-named pair sent in a design rather too obviously based on Sir Charles Barry and Bridgewater House, but rich and effective on the whole. It was, however, just one of those rather overwhelming things that no 'committee of taste' would choose. Of the remaining three the design of Messrs. Webb and Bell was the best as a work of art. In general conception, in beauty of detail, and in originality of planning—especially in the matter of a cruciform courtyard—it was of very high merit indeed. But it had one great defect,—a defect which



MESSRS. VERITY AND HUNT'S DESIGN. WHITEHALL FRONT.

'Criterion' can hardly be considered a solid foundation of experience for such an undertaking as that now proposed.

And now let us see what the result of this double-barrelled contest has been to us. The hundred sets of sketches, more or less, sent in for the preliminary trial were returned to their authors in ostentatious secresy, so that we can neither tell whom they were by nor what their merit may have been.* The nine sets of the second competition were exhibited for a month in a house in Spring Gardens *after the awards were made.* In most of these are points to be admired, but only three—or, at most, four—are of a kind that any Government could may have been fatal to it in the judges' eyes—it was an exotic; it was entirely French from base-line to roof-tree, and, if carried out, would have been quite out of harmony with its immediate surroundings at Westminster, and out of place in London at all. There is an English form of Renaissance—Inigo Jones created it, while Wren, Chambers, and others, have shown that it is at least as well adapted for our purposes as any foreign development—and if Messrs. Webb and Bell's proposal was rejected for its foreign face the action of the judges is not to be wondered at or regretted. With the scheme of Messrs. Verity and Hunt it is a different matter. The style they adopt is thoroughly English. It is that phase of Renaissance of which Somerset House is the best standing example; and, indeed, the façade they propose for Whitehall would make a fine pendent to Sir William Chambers's river-front. In general proportion it could hardly be better, while the design of the three pavilions is both rich and dignified. The domes, perhaps, would

* Two of the designs unsuccessful in the sketch stage of the Competition have been published by the *Builder;* one of these, the work of Mr. Robson, the architect to the London School Board, is so far superior in artistic merit to most of those selected, that it would be interesting to know why it so completely failed to please the judges.

have to be raised a little to produce a good effect in so narrow a street; the windows are short in their proportions, and a little too far apart, while a bolder use of rustication might also be an improvement; but, on the whole, if Mr. Shaw Lefevre enriched London with such a façade he would deserve our thanks. The inner quadrangle is, at least, as good as the Whitehall front, but it is hardly so English. If the courtyard of the Louvre had never existed neither would this. Apart from such a consideration —to which, indeed, some would attach no weight— it deserves nothing but praise. Unhappily, a different verdict must be passed upon the western façade —the one to face the Mall. This is, speaking comparatively, so poor and mean that it is hard to understand how its authors could be content to send it in. The end pavilions are not altogether happy in design; their Doric porticoes are too robust for the parts about them, while the centre of the whole is occupied by a three-storeyed bow window which would be too mean for a Pall Mall club. Of course we cannot tell how the judges arrived at their verdict; but it is likely enough that the poverty of this important façade went far to deprive its authors of the first place.

MESSRS. LEEMING'S DESIGN. PARK FRONT.

We now come to the accepted design, the work of a provincial firm of architects, Messrs. Leeming and Leeming, of Halifax. It is said to owe its good fortune to the excellence of the planning, a thing of which no outsider can be a competent judge. A glance at the plan of the main storey, however, is enough to show that an effective, and even monumental, arrangement of the principal rooms has been contrived, and that more space seems to have been got out of the site than by any other competitor. But this has only been done by the sacrifice of the main court as an artistic feature, for the proposed quadrangle, with its 80 feet of width to 220 of length will be more like a street than a *cour d'honneur*. Perhaps the best thing to do with it would be to roof it with glass and treat it as an interior. An idea of its size can be gathered by comparing it with Mr. Street's hall in the Law Courts. The latter is 231 feet long and 48 feet wide.

But the difficulties which meet us when we try to form a judgment as to the plan have no parallel in the case of the architecture. The successful drawings deserved their good fortune in one respect—they were by far the most careful and truth-telling of the whole collection; and from the perspective, a part of which we reproduce, even a layman can gather a good idea of what the work will be like if carried out. Now, after comparing this with the elevations, and the whole set with those of other competitors, no conclusion is possible but that the Messrs. Leeming's design is the worst of them all in its treatment of architectural detail. The massing of the parts is agreeable enough, except on the Whitehall façade,

although its effect depends to a dangerous degree on those pinnacles and towers which never get themselves built in this poverty-stricken country. But when we come to detail, commonplace is king. The worst thing, perhaps, is the range of round-headed windows with plain spandrils, perhaps the ugliest conceivable form of opening. But they are only the worst note in a design whose ruling feature is vulgarity,—a design whose details seem to be studied from those disgraceful hotels in Northumberland Avenue, for which we have to thank the curious sense of duty prevailing at the Metropolitan Board of Works.

If such a design as this was carried out as it stands it would be a strange comment upon our asserted progress in matters of taste. From the Houses of Parliament to the Foreign Office, from the Foreign Office to the Messrs. Leeming's Admiralty, the progress is undeniable, but it is a progress to the rear. It may be said that Sir Charles Barry's first design for the Houses of Parliament was vastly inferior to the work as we now see it, and that in the same way the prize-winners on this occasion may improve theirs in the course of execution. Unluckily their faults are faults of taste. Towers with two massive storeys separated by one in which every detail is small and slight; an ill-proportioned order perched upon high buttress-like pedestals, and serving no structural purpose but to support a broken entablature, which, in turn, bears nothing but a row of statues, seem to betray minds not easily impressed by art. Added to other meannesses of design, such faults make us sceptical as to powers in reserve. The one hopeful artistic feature is the happy massing of the parts, and that stops short of the Whitehall façade, which when built will be the most conspicuous of all.

The general result of the competition is then as follows:—For a sum of 5400*l.* the Office of Works finds itself in possession of nine schemes for a new Admiralty and War Office. Of these only three are really practicable, and one of those is put out of court by its non-national character. Of the remaining two one is excellent in outward design, except in a single easily remedied particular, while the other combines first-rate planning with extremely vulgar architecture. The conditions hold out no promise that the selected design shall be carried out; but one of the worst points about a competition is that questions of fairness to individuals come in to prevent the country deriving the full benefit of an architect's ingenuity. For instance, if Messrs. Leeming and Leeming were intrusted with the work they could not greatly modify their elevations, certainly they could not take hints from the designs of other competitors without raising an outcry from the latter. And so with the plan of Messrs. Verity and Hunt. The idea of employing two architects, one for plan and one for elevation, was tried at the Law Courts, but given up, so we may suppose it involves some insurmountable difficulty. And yet it is absurd that the country should submit to see a great chance thrown away for any but the most stubborn reasons, and all those who take any care for our growing repute as an artistic nation may fairly demand that some way shall be found of clothing the accepted plans in a better case than that designed by Messrs. Leeming and Leeming.

It has been proved often enough—not that it wanted proof—that an architect may plan very well, and yet be quite unable to turn out a really fine elevation. The late Mr. E. M. Barry was a case in point. Now is there any reason why, if we must have competitions, they should not be divided into three stages instead of two, the first stage being entirely confined to plans? The Office of Works might issue a block plan of the site, with the usual schedule of particulars, and invite architects to send in plans and sections only in the first instance. Instead of prizes in the ordinary sense, they might offer to buy the best four or five schemes outright and at such liberal prices as would make it worth the while of our best men to compete. The plans and sections thus bought might then be multiplied by photography, and issued to the competitors in a second contest, annotated in such a way as to give the fullest possible idea of what was wanted. After a competition carried out on such lines we should have to be very unlucky indeed before we found ourselves compelled to spend our money on a lot of wretched ornament because it happened to have convenient rooms behind it. Granting that such an idea is feasible, the present system would have to be changed in two further particulars before results would become quite satisfactory; in the first place, art should be better represented on the juries, and in the second, the awards should not be made until after the designs had been some time before the public, or, to be more accurate, before the architectural profession. Even to those whose eyes are trained it is difficult to decide rightly upon rival schemes when seen for the first time. Very few, even among good judges, will arrange four or five designs in their true order of merit after one examination, but still fewer will fail to do so after a week or two's familiarity.

The conclusion to which all this brings us is, that in the case of great public undertakings means should be contrived for separating the purely utilitarian from the artistic part of the work; for both reason and experience tell us that one man is not often successful in both; secondly, that the juries (for such a scheme would require two) should each be selected entirely for its special fitness to come to a right conclusion on the particular question before it,

that being, in one case, mainly a question of use, in the other mainly, if not entirely, a question of art; thirdly, that enough time should elapse, and enough publicity be afforded, to give the appointed judges the help of the whole body of competent opinion in coming to their decision. The present authorities at the Office of Works show signs of a readiness to profit by experience; the conditions of the late competition, although they have not been received with unmixed gratitude by architects, betray at least a wish to avoid the mistakes which have led to so many squabbles in the past. If they would go a little further, if they would recognise that the man who can best marshal the countless rooms and corridors of a great public office is not seldom a very bad artist, and that the best judges of his work are pretty sure to be *no* judges of architecture, they might in time elaborate a scheme under which even public competition would give us a house with a decent outside.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

OXFORD.

FROM A DRAWING BY F. A. W. T. ARMSTRONG.

MR. ARMSTRONG is known to the public by his drawings in the neighbourhood of Exmoor, which were engraved for the illustrated edition of Mr. Blackmore's novel, *Lorna Doone*. He has made numerous landscape studies in sepia, with strong effects of atmosphere and light and shade, from which we have selected, for reproduction, this view of Oxford with its domes and spires.

CIVIC ARCHITECTURE IN BELGIUM.

I.

THE thirteenth century, the culminating period of Gothic architecture in France, was marked by the growth of two great political powers, those, namely, of the crown and of the towns. Till then power had lain almost entirely in the hands of the feudal aristocracy. The king had been little more than a baron, the people little more than slaves. King and people linked their forces together in opposition to the common foe, and the secular clergy supported them to the utmost. Everywhere, revolted *communes* wrenched from their feudal lords chartas of self-government, and they turned to the king to get them confirmed. It was the age of the re-birth of municipalities.

It would seem that this should likewise have been a great age of civic architecture; and yet, if we were to wander over Europe looking for town-halls of the thirteenth century, we should return disappointed. Cathedrals we find of grandest dimensions and glorious beauty; monasteries, too, of marvellous extent; but of civic architecture hardly a trace. The fact, as Violet-le-Duc has pointed out, is easily accounted for. Almost always the bishop joined heartily with the people, gave them his sanction, and borrowed their force; hoping thereby to increase his power at the expense of that of the baronage. As a sign of this junction of forces, as a mark of the ecclesiastical nature of the civic revolutions, the building that was first raised was the cathedral, the highest expression of the newly-felt individuality of a town, the crystallisation of its pride, the enduring monument of its splendour and power. The cathedral was the building that absorbed all civil as well as religious enthusiasm,—a natural result in a day when religion was so closely married to every act of life. The people, as a whole, stinted themselves that it might be fair, and they did so with the more freedom because they knew that its doors would be open to them, not alone for religious purposes, but equally for public meetings and for the daily converse of life. The real town-hall of a thirteenth-century city was its cathedral.

With the fourteenth century European civilisation underwent a change. The Church gradually passed out of harmony with the people. The bishops lost touch of popular emotions and became as much sundered from the multitude as the feudal aristocracy had been before them. The life of the folk lost its purely religious character, increased in complexity, became more differentiated owing to the rise of industry, and so by the fifteenth century entirely different conditions obtained. The greatest of the great industrial cities of mediaeval times in the north of Europe were clustered together in Flanders, Brabant, and the neighbouring provinces. This district sometimes appertained to one monarchy and sometimes to another, but it always preserved its own individuality and aims. Its people were intensely industrious. They bought raw wool from England, wove it into cloth, and sold that to all the other countries of Europe. Their cloth trade, carried on with ceaseless energy, brought them increasing stores of wealth, and their country became the most densely populated, the most wealthy, and the most independent north of the Alps.

It is to these industrial cities that we must go if we would find the monuments of civic greatness. The great mediaeval towns of France hold the memorials of chivalry and faith. The old manufacturing towns of Belgium present in enduring form the memories of industry and work.

The buildings necessary to an industrial town were of four kinds—belfries, market-halls, guild-halls, and town-halls. Of these the belfry was the most essential. A main provision in every charter was the right to have and ring a bell.* The first act of a newly-founded commune was to build a tower wherein to hang its bell. The bell was the city's voice. When it rang, the people came together. It sounded aloud their joy; it called them forth to battle; it summoned them in case of fire, and gave them warning against attack. Sometimes a church-tower was made to serve the purpose of a belfry, but usually an independent tower was erected, in the earliest cases probably of wood. The belfry tower was also used as a depôt for the town archives, sometimes also as a prison, and often as a meeting-place for the municipal council. Later on it was usually joined to the town-hall, or to some other important building, as we shall hereafter see.

The oldest existing belfry, and the first built of stone, is at Tournai. It was erected at some time in the thirteenth century. In 1391 it was injured by fire, and additional buttresses were added to its lower part at the four corners, very much interfering with its towering effect. More interesting is the famous belfry of Ghent, the finest existing monument of the kind. Its history has been fully revealed by careful study of the town archives, and, better still, the original design for it has been preserved amongst them.* The design belongs clearly to the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, though a note on the back of it states that the actual foundations were laid in 1183. The construction was carried on with greatest vigour in 1315, and not suspended till about 1336, when the upper storey still remained incomplete. About 1376 it was finished with an ugly construction of wood, surmounted by the famous golden dragon weather-cock, traditionally asserted to have been brought by Baldwin from the top of the church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, in 1204, and given to Bruges, whence the men of Ghent took it as a trophy.† The view from the top of the tower was famous in old days. When Alba suggested to Charles V. to destroy the town whose citizens caused him so much trouble, the Emperor took his general to the top of this same tower, and, showing him the town mapped out below, asked, 'Combien faudrait il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un Gant de cette grandeur?' Dürer, too, in the course of his Netherlands journey in the year 1520, was taken up it by his admiring hosts, as he tells us in his diary: 'Thence I saw all over the great, wonderful town, yet in which even I had lately been taken for something great.'

A few years ago the wooden structure at the top was removed and a new one set up in its place, more or less in accordance with the original design. The mass of the tower has suffered much in its architectural details. Windows have been walled up, mouldings

THE BELFRY AT TOURNAI.

* In the charta given to Tournai in 1187 are the words:—'Praeterea eisdem hominibus tornacensibus concessimus ut campanam habeant in civitate in loco idoneo ad pulsandum ad voluntatem eorum pro negotiis villae.'

* See M. Van Lokeren in 'Messager des Sciences Hist. de Belg.', 1839, p. 239.

† See 'Messager,' 1860, pp. 495–514.

worn away, sculptured niches removed; but the grey old tower still stands solemnly there, strong as in the day of its youth, when the great bell first rang forth over a city proud of its industry and waxing might—the bell on which were embossed the words:—

'My name is Roland.
When I ring there is fire;
When I clang merrily, there is victory in Flanderland.'

With other belfries we may deal more briefly. The history of that at Brussels is one of continual buildings up and fallings down. It fell finally in 1714, and has never stood up on end since. The belfries of Ypres and Bruges are parts of buildings. The belfry of Lierre flanks the Town Hall on the left.* It was built between 1369 and 1411. That of Nieuport was built in imitation of it in 1480, and the tower at Alost was raised in 1487 in the same style. The belfry of Furnes, which is in brick, bears the date 1629. It is the last of the Gothic towers of Belgium.

THE BELFRY AT GHENT.

For furthering the ends of an industrial community, the chief necessity was a place where merchants and manufacturers could meet together to buy and sell. At Paris, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the market was held in the open air. Louis le Gros established a new market for drapers and money-changers, and in 1183 Philippe-Auguste built two markets surrounded by a wall and penthouse, and closed with strong gates, so that in rainy weather merchandise might be saved from injury, whilst at night it could be protected against thieves and robbers. Usually, during the Middle Ages, says Violet-le-Duc, a market-place was nothing but an area, belonging to the feudal lord or to the town, where the sale of merchandise was permitted. Sometimes it was in a square, sometimes under a church porch or the porticoes of houses, sometimes around a belfry or before a town-hall. The little town of Saint-Antonin (Tarn-et-Garonne) possesses a very complete set of municipal buildings on a small scale, dating from the middle of the twelfth century, and quite exceptional in France. The basement served for a market, the upper storeys for a town-hall, whilst a belfry rose over one end of the façade.

Business was carried on on a much more extensive scale in the Flemish district than in France. Cattle and agricultural produce might be sold in the open air, but cloth and other manufactured wares required more careful treatment. Thus buildings containing warehouses and sale-rooms appear early, and on a large scale, in the manufacturing districts. In the twelfth century they were, no doubt, built of wood, but the expansion of trade soon involved the removal of such and the erection of larger structures. The earliest and finest of these buildings that remains is the famous Cloth Hall of Ypres, now used as the Hôtel de Ville.* The foundation-stone was laid by Baldwin, of Constantinople, Count of Flanders, on March 1,

* See Redig, 'Not. sur la tour, etc., de Lierre,' in 'Ann. de l'Acad. d'Archéo. de Belg.,' t. vi., p. 231.

* See M. Lambin, 'Mémoire sur la Halle aux Draps d'Ypres.'

1200. As was but natural, the central belfry was the first part raised; then followed the right wing, and then the left, completed respectively in 1230 and 1285. The material used was brick faced with stone. The plan of the whole is a vast oblong, the façade being 440 feet in length. Notwithstanding its simplicity of design and unbroken expanse, this façade, crowned with a massive belfry and set off at each end by a graceful pinnacle, is one of the most striking works of thirteenth-century art. The ground-floor was originally open, and formed a vast hall supported on many ranges of pillars; the openings have unfortunately been closed, and this, no doubt, takes away much from the intended effect. The first and second storeys are lighted by rows of twinpointed windows; each pair, and a trefoil or quatrefoil opening above, are included under a pointed arch with a simply decorated moulding.

The Market Hall at Bruges* was likewise a noteworthy building, Bruges being, with London and Novogorod, one of the three wealthiest towns in the north of Europe. It is a large quadrangular building, over the middle of the north side of which a lofty belfry, majestic even in its present injured condition, rises high above all the town. Originally the belfry was independent of the two side buildings, but in the latter part of the fourteenth century they were connected together by wings, and 150 years later the whole quadrangle was completed. The first belfry was built of wood in the eleventh century, and was burnt down at the end of the thirteenth. All the hard-won chartas of the town perished in the flames, to the joy of the feudal lord and the consternation of the citizens. It was not till 1291 that the townsfolk obtained permission to rebuild their tower. They set to work on a scale of great magnificence, of which the edifice in its present state gives but a feeble idea. The lowest storey is a massive square supporting a second similar storey of smaller dimensions. Originally the third storey was likewise square, with turrets at the angles, and surmounted by a high roof, above which swung the Golden Dragon, now on the top of the belfry at Ghent. During the last years of the fourteenth century the third storey was re-constructed in the existing octagonal form, flanked by flying buttresses. In the year 1493 the upper part was struck by lightning and set on fire. The spire was re-constructed in 1502, but again struck by lightning and burnt a century and a half later, since which time it has not been rebuilt. Over the great doorway is a statue of the Virgin, and above that a balconied window, from which the decrees were read aloud to the people. The important documents of the town were preserved in a vaulted hall on the second floor. It was ordained in 1521 that two watchmen should, in turn, keep a nightly look-out for fires from the top of the tower, whence the whole town is visible as in a map. The custom is still maintained. The great quadrilateral building, to which the belfry is attached, was used as a market for various wares (the Cloth Hall was elsewhere). The first floor of the wings forms a great gallery, and in this the professors of Theology, Greek, and Latin, used to lecture publicly.

The market buildings of the neighbouring town of Damme, which was once a wealthy and important seaport, were founded in 1242 and rebuilt in 1464–68. The building still exists in a battered condition, and is not without many traces of bygone splendour.*

Great as had been the cloth trade of the Flemish towns in the thirteenth century, it expanded in the fourteenth to an unheard-of extent. Every town of any importance was impelled to provide itself with a cloth hall, and those of Louvain, Mechlin, Diest, and Brussels, still remain. The Cloth Hall of Louvain, called *Laken Hall*, was founded on an ambitious plan in 1317, but only the ground-floor of it was finished.† That was roofed in with a rather remarkable covering of wood. The edifice thus consisted of a single hall (200 × 50 feet), the roof being supported on rows of columns bearing round arches. In this hall every draper had his stall, for which he paid a certain rent to the town, besides a tax to the feudal lord upon every piece of cloth sold. The opening of the hall took place every working-day about noon, and was announced by the ringing of a bell in one of the angle turrets. The civil dissensions of 1360 and the following years, ruined the trade of Louvain, and so the Cloth Hall fell into disuse. In 1432 the building was handed over to the newly-founded University, by which another storey was in due time added, suitable to the new requirements.

The Cloth Hall at Mechlin was founded in 1340, but, as so often happened with these halls, only the ground-floor and the belfry were finished. In the sixteenth century it was taken in hand again by Charles V., who intended to make it the seat of his Grand Council, but the work was not carried through. Again, in the seventeenth century, a new attempt was made, but without final result. The building remains an interesting piece of patchwork, and a monument of over-sanguine expectations.

The Hall at Diest is an oblong building like that at Louvain, but simpler and smaller. It is not of much account.‡

* Weale, 'Bruges et ses Environs,' fourth edition, p. 41.

* See Weale, op. cit., p. 234.

† See E. van Even, 'Louvain Monumental,' Louvain, 1860, p. 160, where an old drawing of the hall, before the second storey was added, is reproduced.

‡ See E. van Even, 'Geschiedenis der stad Diest.'

In these towns there were also bread, meat, corn, and other markets, usually housed in plain buildings, though sometimes in structures possessing architectural attractions. The Meat Market at Ypres, for instance, which faces the Cloth Hall, is, in its ground and first storeys, a fine piece of thirteenth-century architecture, its windows being just like those of its nobler neighbour.

The organization of mediaeval industry was of a highly socialistic character. The workman was not a free agent, able to undertake whatever kind of work he thought fit, and to carry it out in whatever manner and by whatever processes he pleased. On the contrary, before he was permitted to work at all, he had to be a duly recognised member of an industrial body or guild. This involved that he should be a freeman of the town, and that he should have a competent knowledge of his craft. Once admitted to membership, he had to work under the eye of his fellows. The guild appointed inspectors, whose duty it was to pronounce whether a piece of work was fitly done. They fixed the rate of remuneration the workman was to receive, they appointed the quality of the materials to be used, they saw that tools were of the authorised character and temper, and, finally, they stood between the workman and the employer, and saw that each was justly treated by the other. Such were the craft-guilds of mediaeval times.

THE MARKET HALL AT BRUGES.

Older than these were the merchant-guilds, which may be described as associations of employers of labour. When founded in the remote past, these merchant-guilds had likewise been associations of working men; but association had lent them power, and they learnt by degrees to keep to themselves the advantages that their forefathers had provided for them. As they grew rich they became more exclusive. They closed their doors to the poorer labourer, and thus, owing to their influence in the government of the town, they kept the employment of labour in their own hands. The craft-guild sprang up in opposition to the merchant-guild and in spite of it. The internal history of the towns in the thirteenth century is a history of street fights, arising often from the attempts of the older guilds to put down these new associations of working men. Eventually, however, the craft-guilds won for themselves permanent recognition, and they and the senior companies learnt to live together in peace. The old guilds for the most part retained their wealth and increased it; the younger bodies likewise, by mutual sacrifice, became possessed of considerable property and power.

But the guild was something more than an association of workmen for the purpose of advancing their trade. It penetrated into the whole fabric of the workman's life. The guild supported a chapel for the devotions of its members, it watched over the education of their children, it assisted them in sickness, it took charge of their widows if left destitute. It was, further, an association for mutual enjoyment. Its members often came together in social gatherings; they dined together at frequent intervals; they exercised hospitality in common. Thus the first necessity of a guild was a house in which its members could meet together, either in

formal session to discuss matters of importance to the trade, or informally, after the day's work was done, to enjoy the delights of social intercourse.

In all probability the earlier guild-halls were ordinary private houses of the plain and poor construction common in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. It was not till the fifteenth century that these associations became wealthy and powerful enough to build pompous houses for their own accommodation. Of the guild-halls that remain in Belgium none are earlier than the sixteenth, and the majority belong to the seventeenth, century; and so, of course, they are not examples of Gothic architecture. The only existing Gothic guild-hall in Belgium is the *Maison des Bateliers* at Ghent. The boatmen formed an important body in a country of canals and in a time when, as we know, no less than a hundred and fifty vessels used to enter the town of Bruges in a single day. It was but likely, therefore, that they should be wealthy, and the natural way for them to show their wealth was by building for themselves a fine guild-hall. This they did in the year 1531, and by good fortune it has been preserved to us in company with several other old houses, together forming one of the most picturesque views of domestic architecture in Europe. The *Maison des Bateliers* is built of brick, with a stone façade looking on to a rather wide canal-basin. It is in the Flemish flamboyant style of architecture. Over the entrance-door is a bas-relief of a ship of the kind that Holbein drew and Dürer wondered at. Above are two storeys of mullioned windows, separated by a row of panels adorned with the arms of Charles V. The façade terminates in a gable, whose fantastic adornment is derived from the ordinary staircase-like gable universal in the sixteenth century. The house is, in fact, a decorated structure, the skeleton of which may be seen in naked simplicity in the case of the building next door.

MAISON DES BATELIERS, AT GHENT.

When Bruges was, in mid-fifteenth century, at the height of her power there were no less than fifty-two trade corporations established within her walls. Many of these no doubt possessed fine guild-halls, but all, except four of slight importance, have disappeared—those, namely, of the Shoemakers, the Carpenters, the Fishmongers, and the *Porte-faix.* Around the market-place at Brussels there remain numerous guild-halls, chiefly of seventeenth-century construction. None of them are individually of architectural interest, but they form together a picturesque group.

W. M. Conway.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION: ITS AIMS AND HISTORY.

THE once admirable and effective organization 'for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom,' which, after a long and somewhat ignominious decline, came to an end in 1867, was brought into existence in 1805. It owed its usefulness to the generous sympathies of accomplished 'Lovers of the Fine Arts, Nobility and Gentry of England devoted to the Promotion and Encouragement' of the said arts, who desired to 'serve the Public' [with a large P], 'who have felt the benefit of such devotion by the humanising influence it must have had upon society at large.' Thus, in the confused, bigwigged style of Thomas Smith, the historian of the society, the reader will see that which is, perhaps, the last survival of the once customary language of those who considered it was as much the duty of the 'nobility and gentry' to patronise the fine arts and their professors as it had of yore been their delight to do so.

The means employed by the 'nobility and gentry' in question were of the following nature. A certain number of these distinguished personages met in the early days of 1805, and having secured royal countenance for their proceedings, appointed a Committee, or active body, among whom were the Earl of Dartmouth (Chairman), the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Aylesford, Viscount Lowther, Lord Northwick, Sir A. Hume, Sir G. Beaumont, and Messrs. J. J. Angerstein, T. Bernard. Holwell Carr, J. Christie, S. Lysons, C. Duncombe (afterwards Lord Faversham), H. and T. Hope, S. Whitbread, and Caleb Whitefoord. The first step taken was the purchase, for 4500*l.*, of the lease for sixty-two years of the Shakespeare Gallery, Pall Mall, built in 1789 on the site of Dodsley's publishing house, to contain those once famous Shakespeare pictures, which collectively are now only remembered in the prints called 'Boydell's Shakespeare.' The contents of the gallery having been disposed of by lottery, the chief prize fell to W. Tassie, the modeller (whose collections were sold in April 1882), with whom the above-named Committee made an uncommonly good bargain, although the annual rent of the premises was 125*l.* Other gentlemen joined the Committee, including Lord Mulgrave (Haydon's, Jackson's, and Wilkie's zealous patron), R. Payne Knight (the remarkable dilettante who fearlessly denied the high quality of the Elgin Marbles, and would have had the nation refuse to buy them—a man of great taste and ample accomplishments, full of his own opinions, and utterly spoilt by adulation), the Earl of Bridgewater, the Earl of Essex (who, long afterwards, married Miss Stephens the songstress; she, as Dowager Countess of Essex, died the other day), Lord Dundas and Mr. G. Hibbert, whose collections of paintings were disposed by Messrs. Christie.

These authorities immediately made arrangements for the exhibition and sale of works by 'British artists only,' in the Gallery, which was opened for the first time on the 17th of February, 1806, the circumstance being duly impressed on the public by the appearance of two sentries on guard outside the door, and their sentry-boxes to match, one on each side of the group. An intention seems to have originally existed to have a selection of ancient pictures on loan, 'for the use of artists, and for the inspection of the Governors of the Institution.' It was not till 1813 the public exhibition of deceased masters' works was made. Except that display of ancient paintings belonging to Sir Joshua Reynolds which the P. R. A., some twenty years before, had permitted his factotum, Ralph Kirkley, to make, this gathering was the first of its kind in England. The Gallery, about 115 feet long by 24 feet wide, consisted of three rooms, which were accessible by a staircase rising into the centre of the middle chamber, and very well lighted from the top. One of the illustrations accompanying this essay shows, in a rough way, and with very incorrect and ungraceful proportions, the nature of this arrangement, which was a convenient one. The exhibiting space was 4000 square feet. Here were held (1806-67) the summer or ancient exhibitions, and (1813-67) the winter or modern ones. The building has been entirely destroyed, and has given place to a structure devoted to the requirements of an athletic club.

In this gallery, after the closing of the first winter exhibition, 1806, a number of borrowed old masters' pictures were arranged for the use of artists. We may guess the character of the selected works by means of the list of 1807, which included a *Magdalen*, by Guido; the *Rape of the Sabine Women*, by Rubens; and the *Theodosius*, by Van Dyck, both now in the National Gallery; Teniers's *Interior of a Mill*, from Panshanger; and Lady Lucas's famous Salvator, called a *Landscape*. Shortly afterwards, the choice of pictures at Kensington and Hampton Court Palaces was voluntarily offered by the Crown, and copious use was made of the same. Among the students who, in 1809, obtained leave to profit by the arrangements of the Directors, were David Wilkie and his bosom friend, B. R. Haydon,* then in the full flush of hope

* Haydon was then studying in Lord Stafford's gallery from old masters' pictures, with Wilkie and Jackson, going into 'society' with the Beaumonts, and much fluttered when, having a commission for *Dentatus* (the picture with regard to which his first catastrophe occurred; it is now at Mulgrave Castle), he sat at

and pride. J. Constable, L. Hoppner, J. Lewis, J. Hazlitt, and A. W. Devis.

Such was the temporary arrangement. By-and-by we shall learn what was effected in bringing works of deceased artists together for the benefit of the public at large, and forming what were styled the Summer Exhibitions. In this manner, what may be called the second intention of the Directors was fulfilled. Other intentions of theirs took effect in the awarding of premiums and other donations, in buying pictures, and in charitable contributions to distressed artists and others. In this way about 30,000*l.* was spent. Finally, in 1868, when it was found impossible to obtain a renewal of the lease of the premises in Pall Mall, then void by the efflux of time, or to purchase the building as it stood, the Directors endeavoured, as they officially declared, to obtain a site where a new structure might be erected and the Institution survive. Nothing of the sort was available within the means at the command of the society, the amount of which I shall presently state. The Directors do not seem to have seen their way to gathering new funds to supplement the surplus in their hands, and therefore the establishment was—unavoidably, it was averred—broken up. When this happened the society, according to the final 'Statement of General Accounts, to April 30, 1868,' was in possession of 15,000*l.* Consols, 400*l.* in Exchequer Bills, and a few smaller sums; altogether amounting to nearly 16,000*l.* It is this money which, having been lying at interest in the names of trustees since 1868, was inquired about in the 'Athenæum' journal in 1878, when its nature was fully illustrated. To the same residue of cash public attention has been lately recalled, with many questions as to what the trustees mean to do with it. *Plus* the interest, it is now understood to be about 20,000*l.*, or somewhat more. Half-a-score of artistic bodies have cast eager eyes on this long-forgotten nest-egg, and schemes for the promotion of art and the benefit of artists by its help have been liberally brought forward. Beyond acknowledgment of the existence of the cash in an intact condition, the trustees have not, it is understood, vouchsafed to state their intentions on the subject. The Directors who signed the last Report (1868), which is now before me, did so as follows: 'Westminster, Zetland, Overstone, W. R. Farquhar, R. S. Holford, W. B. Beaumont, C. Towneley, M. W. Ridley, P. M. Grey Egerton, Thomas Baring.' The matter remains in the hands of the survivors of this body of the 'nobility and gentry of England.' Such is the climax of the British Institution. It had outlived its functions mainly by neglect and lack of earnestness.

This Institution, which, after two generations had passed away, came to grief thus sadly, did noble service to England without the least demand on the public purse, unostentatiously and in a gentlemanlike fashion. It helped artists in a genuine manner, showed their pictures for nothing, promoted sales of works of art, and even engraved some of them. It bought several examples of enormous pretensions, and gave them to the country. Its members were foremost in urging the establishment of the National Gallery and the development of the British Museum. Its exhibitions (1806–1867) of modern works contained about 27,700 specimens, the greater number of which were, of course, unmitigated rubbish, while not a few were first-rate. Its gatherings of the productions of ancient masters and deceased Englishmen included not fewer than 9000 examples, few of which were exhibited more than once, and fewer still more than twice. Of the modern pictures it was reckoned that about 170,000*l.* worth were sold in the Gallery. I have no means for verifying this statement; but, doubtless, it is not greatly exaggerated. It brought together large bodies of the works of Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Zoffani, and recently deceased British artists. Nothing of the kind had been done before. The collection of 1820 consisted of more than one hundred and eighty portraits of distinguished persons by the greatest masters. In 1825 an exhibition of the works of living British artists, selected by themselves, was made with immense success. No exhibition of portraits, *per se*, had been previously made among us.

The exhibitions of ancient pictures were of the greatest value; probably the largest portions of that stupendous treasure of art which exists in England passed through the hands of the Directors, and could not but have exercised 'a humanising influence' on the public taste, while the artists at large owed a prodigious debt to those who generously lent and exhibited the paintings. In 1819 the Institution initiated evening exhibitions, when the Gallery was lighted with gas, a thing unheard of before. In addition, fine examples were selected from the loans, and at the close of the exhibitions retained for a time

---

dinner before Lady Beaumont, the graceful dame whose portrait in youth by Sir Joshua we saw lately at the Grosvenor Exhibition. 'At dessert,' Haydon told us, 'Lady Beaumont, leaning forward, said, "When do you begin Lord Mulgrave's picture, Mr. Haydon?"' Immediately all eyes were fixed on Mr. Haydon, who was going to paint a picture for Lord Mulgrave! 'I was the new man of the night! "Who is he?" was asked.' Haydon was then actually at work on his first exhibited picture, a *Riposo*, which went to the Academy in due time, and made some sort of an impression. Wilkie had just finished *The Blind Fiddler*, with very considerable results. He frequented Lord Stafford's, Mr. Hope's, and Mr. Angerstein's collections with Andrew Wilson, the Scotch artist, and had quartered himself in Sol's Row, Hampstead Road, for the sake of peace and quietness, and for the purity of the air! This place is squalid and noisy enough now. His diary, under July 11th, 1808, records his application for admission to the British Institution. On the 18th October following the phlegmatic Wilkie wrote, 'Went to the British Institution, where I saw many students.'

to serve as models for students who copied them.* (See the illustrations of this article.)

It is time to consider how the Directors set about their self-imposed task of accommodating and gathering pictures for the Winter Exhibition of the first year, 1806. The arrangements with Tassie having been concluded, the Institution took possession of the quondam Shakespeare Gallery on Lady Day, 1805, with an arrangement to pay 125*l.* a-year rent till the lease of sixty-five years expired; 750*l.* was expended in adapting the premises to their new service. This work was complete by December, 1805, and the 18th January, 1806, was appointed for the receipt of works of art by painters and sculptors desirous of availing themselves of the generous offices of the new society. That the 18th of January was the birthday of Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, seemed to affirm the old saying that 'the better day, the better the deed.' † Due notice was given to the painters and sculptors in question. As to the sculptors, it was from the first evident that little would be done for their art in the new gallery, which, at the best, could not possibly hold more than a small number of examples, none of which could be of a large size. Accordingly a few works of sculpture appeared annually in the rooms; these included some noteworthy instances, such as Foley's *Ino and Bacchus* (1849); Nollekens' *Cupid sharpening his Dart*, and *Venus taking off her Sandal* (the very statue whose execution, by means of a certain 'hussey' of a model, evoked the wrathful and unreasonable jealousy of Mrs. Nollekens); Bacon's *Adam awakening Eve;* and statues and busts by T. Banks, Sir F. Chantrey, E. H. Baily, John Henning,* Matthew Wyatt, Woodington, Mrs. Thornycroft, T. Thornycroft, C. Legrew, F. Tatham, R. Westmacott, C. Rossi, R.A. (Haydon's unlucky host in Lisson Grove North, often mentioned in that woeful 'Biography' of the painter, which is one of the most edifying and pathetic books in all the literature of art), J. Bell, W. Calder Marshall, now an R.A., and one of the patriarchs of his profession, J. C. Lough (to whom Leigh Hunt addressed an outrageously flattering copy of verses, and about whom Mrs. Browning said something which friendship has excused), P. MacDowell, and J. C. Carew (a sculptor of fine promise cut off in his very earliest prime). The list of more or less distinguished sculptors who contributed to the British Institution galleries may well be concluded by the name of Behnes's illustrious pupil, Mr. Woolner, R.A., whose *Eleanor sucking the Poison from the Wound of Prince Edward*, his second exhibited sculpture (the first was at the Academy), appeared in Pall Mall in 1843. A far more important work of his, a small masterpiece of invention, and crisp, vigorous originality, was that on which the sculptor's reputation was founded. This was the fanciful *Puck*, a brawny urchin alighting on a mushroom, and, with a

* Among the examples thus employed were Raphael's Cartoons, which, two at a time, succeeded each other in Pall Mall annually from 1816 till 1818. *The Sacrifice at Lystra*, singly, closed the series in 1819. There is a satirical print representing Haydon, his pupils, C. and T. Landseer, and others, making copies of one of these Cartoons. Haydon boasted that, chiefly by his means, the Prince Regent had been induced to lend these examples for purposes of study. Haydon had never rested in the expression of his ardent delight in the Raphaels after he 'rode down to Hampton Court on Wilkie's horse,' and 'spent a delicious four hours with the Cartoons,' April 26, 1812. When they were brought to London the copies made by Haydon's pupils were, with a study of *Paul at Athens* by their master, hung up in the British Institution, so that 'the nobility were all highly delighted,' and the Academicians were, as Haydon averred, 'in a fury.' He told us that Behnes was the only student, not his pupil, who, in 1816, drew from the Cartoons. This was the first time those designs had been made useful in the study of practical art.

† How the funds were obtained for this honourable venture may appear from the summary given by the observant Thomas Smith, in his 'Recollections of the British Institution,' to which I am indebted for all sorts of official details on this subject. The first annual account to the 31st December, 1805, included the following items:—56 Hereditary Governors subscribed 100 guineas each, or 5722*l.* 10*s.*; 27 Life Governors, at 50 guineas each, produced 1312*l.* 10*s.*; 9 Subscribers at 10 guineas ('less 10*s.* unpaid,' a sum which, I fear, has never been paid yet, though the veracious and exact accountant took notice of it) produced 94*l.*; 2 Annual Subscribers at five guineas: 6 at three guineas, and 9 at one guinea. The sum total was 7167*l.* 17*s.* Such was the capital with which the Institution started on its long career. 5330*l.* was paid for the purchase and fitting up of the Gallery. 1837*l.* 17*s.* remained in hand to begin the new year with. Of course no money whatever had then been taken at the doors. Indeed, I am strongly of opinion that the 'nobility and gentry' in question did not at first entertain high hopes of realising any considerable profit by their investment. Nevertheless 4400*l.* was taken at the doors in 1811, and other years were very remunerative. That the whole business of the Society was prudently managed is evident by the considerable balance which remains to this day, eighty years after date, in the bankers' hands. Some of its exhibitions were immensely profitable. This appears by the fact that the ten nieces of Sir Thomas Lawrence received from the Directors 3000*l.*, being the proceeds of the exhibition of their uncle's works at the Institution in 1830. One conceives that the collection of pictures by Reynolds—of which there were two very important—Gainsborough, Hogarth, severally, must have brought in much money. The profits of the exhibition and engraving of West's *Healing the Sick* amounted to at least 10,000*l.*

* Who restored in miniature the whole of the frieze of the Parthenon, and thus produced a beautiful series of models which an ungrateful world has not thanked him for, although certain artists, among whom Mr. Alma Tadema is distinguished, enriched their houses with casts from them. I remember, when a boy-student of the Royal Academy, having occasion to call on John Henning, somewhere in the Pentonville region, and finding him in poor quarters, evidently not basking in the sun of patronage, but a still vigorous, hale, and handsome old man, with a long white beard, and a gruff, but very kindly, voice. He showed me his moulds of the reduced versions of the Panathenaic frieze; they were wrought as finely and elaborately as classic gems, and could not well have been more spirited and better proportioned than they were. They were cut, in intaglio of course, in slate. It would be worth knowing what has become of these moulds, the number and beauty of which, to say nothing of their subjects, may have, I trust, insured their preservation. *The Panathenaic Procession*, by John Henning, was at the British Institution in 1823. Casts from the moulds, or from re-castings of them, are still to be had at the *formatores'* shops. In 1866, when this worthy first appeared at the British Institution, he was, of course, 'John Henning, junr.'

touch of his foot, awakening a sleeping frog, which a snake was about to devour. This fine example was at the Institution in 1847.

The number of works submitted to the selecting committee of the first Winter Exhibition at the Institution was somewhat greater than the authorities anticipated, but it fell far short of the crowds which succeeding years thrust upon the notice of their successors, and caused them to lament their inability to accommodate the hundreds of proffered contributions. The exhibition of 1806, which consisted of 257 works, all told, was opened on the 17th of February, and closed on the 10th of July following. Up to May of that year the admission-money amounted to 337*l.*; the Catalogues producing 78*l.* 5*s.* This was not a very satisfactory reckoning, but on the whole the exhibition was a success—socially at least; while by the last-named date more than 2500*l.* worth of works had been sold, 'without any expense incurred by the artists.'

While I turn over the now very rare catalogue of the exhibition which is imperfectly summarised as above, it may be worth while to indicate a few of its noteworthy elements. Their importance is hardly in full proportion to the energy and good-will of the Directors, nor did the gathering, as a whole, fairly represent the character of many of those which followed it. Among the contributors was Joseph Barney, to whom belonged the sole distinction of having exhibited pictures (they were generally Scripture pieces of appalling dreariness and flabbiness of conception), in all the five leading exhibitions of works in oil, *i.e.*, the Society of Artists and the Free Society of Artists (these were the bodies out of whose squabbles in 1760 the Royal Academy emerged), the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. The personage whose extraordinary platitudes conferred on him a genuine, though painful distinction, was known to the world as an exhibitor from 1777 till 1829. This career was, so far as I know, of unparalleled extent.* He exhibited seventy-five pictures at the Academy, forty-nine at the British Institution; in all 142.†

From this bathos we ascend to notice *A Peasant Girl* by Mr. Thomas Lawrence, R.A., lent, no doubt, according to that magnanimous inspiration which has so often moved eminent Academicians to contribute pictures to galleries which aimed to supplement if not to oppose their own. Close to this hung a huge, dull, pretentious canvas, representing B. West's *Phaeton soliciting the Chariot of the Sun*, and its companion monster, *Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis*. With what extreme propriety the P.R.A. delineated the latter theme I need not stay to declare. West favoured the Institution this season with no fewer than fourteen pictures, which was the kinder of him because he sent none to the Academy of this year. A far finer thing had place close to the dreary pseudo classicalities of West, a work which is indeed monumental, being Copley's *Death of the Earl of Chatham*, the noble composition now in the National Gallery. Another pretentious picture, hung near the above-named West's, is the once much-admired *Battle of Agincourt* and three other pictures, by J. H. Mortimer, a painter who numbers among his almost forgotten distinctions that of being, except the late William Burges, the only A.R.A. whose name never appeared as such during his life in the Academy Catalogue. What induced the Directors of the Institution to exhibit the works of a man who had been dead since 1779 I do not know. With the above, in due order, were pictures by S. Rigaud, including *The Dream of the Red Cross Knight*, from Spenser; and H. Singleton (a graceful artist, whose own namby-pambyness has swallowed up his reputation, much as a bog engulfs good and bad). H. Howard, R.A., was represented by the all too graceful and gentle *Sabrina;* and R. Westall, another R.A. of immeasurable weakness, by nothing less imposing than *The Exposition of Moses*. Then came G. Dawe, an Academician to be, who went to Russia in later years and returned with a fortune. More and more Westalls attended the above, but their imbecility was tempered by some muscular, if rough and heavily handled Opies. The once well-known pseudo Stothards, by S. Smirke, R.A., entitled *Twenty-four Illustrations of the 'Arabian Nights,'* were placed not far off. Wonderful to relate is the fact that some of Smirke's cold and correct conceptions in oil have been by courageous dealers sold for Stothards to inexperienced patrons. A real Stothard was sent from that dingy den in Newman Street, where the gentle 'English Fra Angelico' lived and died. It must have cast a light and glow over the Gallery, and was called *Hector meeting Andromache with Astyanax*. Crayon drawings of great but unobtrusive merit, by J. Russell, R.A., were not wanting. His art has been revived of late in Paris by able masters in draughtsmanship. Fuseli sent his dismal *Mental Woes;* Beechey, a frigid *Venus and Cupid;* G. Stubbs had a good landscape, besides some pictures in enamel; Callcott, a *Heath with Peasants*.

* I am indebted to Mr. Algernon Graves's 'Dictionary of Artists,' 1884, for these and some other similar data.

† He was, however, by no means the most copious exhibitor London has known. That bad achievement belongs to Mr. John H. Wilson, Royal Scottish Academician, who, between 1807 and 1857, contrived to find room somewhere for 525 pictures, of which 149 were at the British Institution, and no fewer than 301 were at the Academy. In the last respect this wonderful performance was surpassed by the prolific artist's prolific son, Mr. J. J. Wilson, who must have possessed the magic Ring of Brass, seeing that he contrived to charm the R. A.s so effectually that they hung 377 of his productions!

Very noteworthy in this Gallery were Turner's *Narcissus and Echo*, and *Discord choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of the Hesperides.* Turner was an R.A. at this date, a man of great renown (although Mr. Ruskin was not yet born), and settled in dingy state in Harley Street. Among the other contributors were H. Bone, Sir F. Bourgeois, R. Corbould, T. Daniell, R.A., Edward Edwards, A.R.A., who died a few months later, and was the author of 'Anecdotes;' W. Havell, well known elsewhere; W. Owen, R.A., Paul Sandby, R.A., Olivia Serres, who claimed royal descent; James Ward, the renowned animal painter; and S. Shelly, of water-colour reputation.

works here in question). In 1809 'R. R. Reinagle,' who appears in this design, applied for permission to study in the school; H. Sass, Mrs. Green, and J. Lewis, who are also named here, did the same at this date. Linnell and his master, Mulready, were acquainted as early as 1806: we know Linnell was painting at the Institution in 1808; in 1809 he obtained the Directors' prize for a landscape. As admission to paint was for a year only, and all these persons may have been admitted before these dates, it would be hard to decide the precise time in question here.

In the smaller of our illustrations we find Henry Howard R.A., secretary; J. Green, a portrait-painter

H. HOWARD. ROWLANDSON. MISS F. REINAGLE. POCOCK. DIXON. CELLI. MISS C. REINAGLE. V. GREEN.
J. GREEN. WATTS. MISS JACKSON. D GUEST. MISS HAYS. BENJ. WEST. UNKNOWN. S. W. REYNOLDS. MASQUERIER.

ARTISTS IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. FROM A DRAWING BY A. E. CHALON, R.A.

I purpose to continue these notes, but now give a key to each of the satirical drawings by A. E. Chalon which accompany them. They refer to a later time than we have yet reached; and, although one of them is at the British Museum (where both are preserved) officially dated 1805, that date must be too early, because, as we have seen above, there was no British Institution till at least a year later. Among the pictures in the background of one example are Rembrandt's famous *Mill*, the so-called *Gevartius* by Van Dyck, and doubtless the *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba* by Claude; both of the latter two are in the National Gallery. The *Gevartius* was not exhibited *publicly* at the Institution till 1815. It may, however, have been borrowed at an earlier date (see the above note on pictures borrowed for the Painting School in 1807, which does not include the

of note, who died in 1834. 'Watts' was probably Walter Henry of that name, a miniature-painter who frequently exhibited at the Institution. So likewise did the Misses Fanny and Charlotte Reinagle, daughters of Philip Reinagle, R.A., and sisters of the before-mentioned R. R. Reinagle. (Thomas) Rowlandson was the renowned caricaturist, who died in 1827. A Miss H. A. E. Jackson, who exhibited at the Institution in 1810, became Mrs. John Browning, and continued to appear in the Galleries till 1854. Douglas Guest obtained the Academy gold medal in 1805, and was painting until 1839. 'Pocock' was probably Nicholas of this name, who became a founder-member of the Water Colour Society, and died in 1821, aged 80. I identify 'Dixon' as William of that name, who, like A. 'Celli,' and J. J. 'Masquerier,' frequently appeared in the public

galleries. The last was a man of some repute, who painted more than 400 portraits and other subjects. He died in 1855. S. W. Reynolds was, of course, the engraver of Sir Joshua's pictures, and a capital landscape-painter. 'Benj. West,' who is busy copying Rembrandt's *Mill*, which is now at Bowood, was the P.R.A. much admired by the Directors of the British Institution. 'Miss Hays' was probably the portrait-painter who exhibited from 1801 till 1809.

In our larger illustration the first figure to the left is Robert Dighton, the caricaturist, who stole the Rembrandts from the British Museum (1795–1806); he died in 1814. The lady behind him is unknown. Next comes H. Sass, the manager of a well-reputed drawing-school, where many of our painters learnt the rudiments of their art. Near him stands Mrs. Green, probably the wife of Val. Green, A.E., the first secretary to the Directors of the British Institution, who is seen in the other illustration. Next is the young Linnell with Mulready standing over him. Behind Mulready is a person unknown, and on the platform stand Gent, Irvin, and R. Reinagle. The last-named became an R.A., but getting into trouble with the Academy resigned his diploma. He died in 1862, aged eighty-seven. Of G. Dawe, who comes next, I have already spoken: he was an R.A. who went to Russia to paint portraits. Miss Dawe, standing beside him, was his sister. Behind them is the gigantic figure of A. E. Chalon himself, well known in many modes of painting and an R.A. of great ability. The other figures are Lewis; George Samuel, a landscape-painter, born about 1760, and killed in 1823 by the falling of a wall; and Thomas Medland, an engraver of reputation, who reproduced Stothard's designs to 'Robinson Crusoe' and other works. The figure in the corner of the foreground is Miss Pyne.

F. G. Stephens.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

IT may be a surprise to many that a town chiefly known for its associations with Shakspeare, and

STRATFORD CHURCH.

for one or two picturesque features, should have furnished to an artist materials for no less than forty-five sketches, and to a writer subjects for twenty-four chapters, brief indeed, but full of matter. The volume,* which has just appeared, written by Mr. Sidney Lee and illustrated by Mr. Edward Hull, though it tells us all that is known of the poet's connexion with Stratford, and contains views of every place in the town and neighbourhood in any way associated with his life there, has, apart from all such associations, genuine literary and artistic interest. What Mr. Hull has sketched was in almost every instance well worth sketching for its own sake. What Mr. Lee tells about this old country town is well worth reading for the picture which it gives of English life three centuries ago.

Mr. Lee puts this forward distinctly as the object he has had in view. 'There is,' he says, 'some danger, although the practice is an attractive one, in making Shakespeare's name the central feature of all Stratford history and topography. It has been done too often already. The writers of guide-books or monographs on the town and district have always endeavoured to fix the attention of the pilgrim or student exclusively on points of Shakespearean interest, and have valued only as much of their investigations as belongs to Shakespearean lore. The scraps of information that their labours have yielded are of their kind beyond price; but they fail to enable the reader to form from them a coherent conception of the town's general development or social growth. With all respect to the antiquaries of Stratford, it may be said that they have overlooked the facts in the various stages of the history of the borough

* 'Stratford-on-Avon, from the Earliest Times to the Death of William Shakespeare.' By Sidney L. Lee, B.A. With Forty-five Illustrations by Edward Hull. London, Seeley & Co. New York, Macmillan & Co.

which are of striking importance in the municipal history of the country. Nor is this the limit of their offence, if offence can justly be used in such a context. Although it would be only by an awkward distortion of the neglected facts that they could be turned to account in Shakespeare's biography, those of them that relate to the middle ages undoubtedly offer us traditions which influenced the life and thought of the poet as a Stratford townsman of greater receptivity than his neighbours; while those that concern the late years of the sixteenth century, or the early years of the seventeenth, can be made to create for us a picture of the society in which he

THE CHAPEL OF THE GUILD. INTERIOR.

actually moved. It is possible that an account of the town that shall treat it as a municipality not unworthy of study for its own sake, and shall place Shakespeare among its Elizabethan inhabitants as the son of the unlucky woolstapler of Henley Street or as the prosperous owner of New Place, will be richer in suggestiveness, besides being more in harmony with the perspective of history than a mere panegyric on the parochial relics as souvenirs of the poet's birthplace, home, or sepulchre.'

In pursuance of this plan Mr. Lee gives chapters on Agricultural Life, Trade, Markets and Fairs, the Growth of Local Self-Government, the Reformation in Stratford, the Stratford Industries and Population, the Construction and Furniture of the Houses, the Gardens, the Sanitary Condition of the Town, Plagues, Fires and Floods, Domestic and School Discipline, the Occupation of Stratford Lads, the Players at Stratford, Rural Sports, Indoor Amusements, Christenings and Marriages. A full account is given of the Church made famous by the poet's grave, and some very curious details of the Mediaeval Guild of the Holy Cross. The primary object of the Guild was to secure for its members the performance of certain religious rites, especially of funeral rites; but acts of charity were also enjoined upon the members, some being of a kind that would not meet with universal approbation in the present day. Here are some of the rules:—

'It is further ordained by the Brethren and Sisters, that each of them shall give twopence a-year, at a meeting which shall be held once a-year; namely, at the feast which shall be held in Easter week, in such manner that brotherly love shall be cherished among them, and evil-speaking be driven out; that peace shall always dwell among them, and true love be upheld. And every Sister of the Guild shall bring with her to this feast a great tankard; and all the tankards shall be filled with ale; and afterwards the ale shall be given to the poor. So likewise shall the Brethren do; and their tankards shall, in like manner, be filled with ale, and this also shall be given to the poor. But, before that ale shall be given to the poor, and before any Brother or Sister shall touch the feast in the hall where it is accustomed to be held, all the Brethren and Sisteren there gathered together shall put up their prayers, that God and the Blessed Virgin and the venerated Cross, in whose honour they have come together, will keep them from all ills and sins. And if any Sister does not bring her tankard, as is above said, she shall pay a halfpenny. Also, if any Brother or Sister shall, after the bell has sounded, quarrel, or stir up a quarrel, he shall pay a halfpenny.

'It is also ordained, that no one shall remain in this Guild unless he is a man of good behaviour.

'It is moreover ordained, that when one of the Brethren dies, the officers shall summon a third part of the Brethren, who shall watch near the body and pray for his soul through

the night. Whoever, having been summoned, neglects to do this shall pay a halfpenny.

'It is ordained by the Common Council of the whole Guild, that two of the Brethren shall be Aldermen; and six other Brethren shall be chosen who shall manage all the affairs of the Guild with the Aldermen; and whoever of them is absent on any day agreed among themselves for a meeting shall pay fourpence.

'If any Brother or Sister brings with him a guest without leave of the Steward he shall pay a halfpenny. Also, if any stranger, or servant, or youth, comes in without the knowledge of the officers, he shall pay a halfpenny. Also, if any Brother or Sister is bold enough to take the seat of another he shall pay a halfpenny.

'Also, if it happens that any Brother or Sister has been robbed or has fallen into poverty, then, so long as he bears himself well and rightly towards the Brethren and Sisters of the Guild, they shall find him in food and clothing, and what else he needs.'

OLD HOUSES IN ROTHER STREET.

We insert a few of the smaller illustrations of this volume. There are fourteen copperplates, views of the Church, exterior and interior, the Grammar School in which Shakespeare learnt his lessons, the cottages of Shakespeare's mother and wife, Mary Arden and Anne Hathaway, his birthplace in Henley Street, the Hall and Park of Charlecote, the Bridge, and the Red Horse Hotel. It is scarcely possible to look at Mr. Hull's sketches of the quaint old timber houses without a thought of those sanitary questions, the mere mention of which fills artists with alarm. Let us hope that in the present day it may not be too difficult a problem to preserve at once these picturesque buildings and the health of the town. But as to the sanitary condition of Stratford in Shakespeare's time, Mr. Lee speaks with no uncertainty. 'Very few of the ordinary laws of health were, in fact, observed by the householders; and the corporation made very feeble attempts to enforce such of them as, when neglected, created very obvious nuisances. Frequent penalties were imposed on those who failed to scour and clean the gutters and ditches before their residences. But the difficulty of disposing of household refuse was very commonly met by "laying it in the streets and lanes," or in these ditches and gutters. John Shakespeare appears to have been an habitual offender in this respect. His name first appears in any record of the municipality as owing a fine of twelvepence for having made a dirt-heap with his neighbours Adrian Quiney and Henry Reynolds in Henley Street, and six years later he "stood amerced" in fourpence for failing to keep his gutter clean. In 1563, and subsequent years, the exposure of domestic rubbish in the street rendered the offender liable to a forfeit of three shillings and fourpence, and "the tenant that renteth the ground" upon which the muckhill stood, to one of ten shillings. Six places in the town were appointed for the amassing of the filth in legalised "muckhills." One stood in Ship Street, another in Scholars Lane, a third in Henley Street, but the chief was in Chapel Lane. The town council issued an order, in 1611, "that no swine be permitted to be in the open street of this town unless they have a keeper with them, and then only while they are in driving within this borough, upon pain for every strayer of fourpence." But this produced little effect. Every time Shakespeare left his house in New Place (for the doorway was in Chapel Lane), he crossed the most noisome thoroughfare in the town; and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' suggestion that his death in 1616, like that of many of his townsmen, was due to the tainted atmosphere of his environment, seems only too probable.'

ART CHRONICLE.

ONE section of the sketch-design for decorating the dome of St. Paul's, upon which Mr. Poynter and Sir Frederick Leighton have been engaged for some years, is now completed, and has been up in the church long enough for a mature opinion to be formed upon it. On the other side of the dome a rival scheme, by Mr. Hugh Stannus, finds a place, while three of the great spandrils below have been filled with paintings of Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, by Mr. Reuben Townroe. The last-named figures are enlarged from studies left by the late Alfred Stevens, and now in the possession of Mr. Penrose, the Surveyor to the Cathedral. Some twenty years ago Stevens was commissioned to design a single prophet, to be experimentally carried out in mosaic, and his Isaiah has long faced Mr. Watts's St. Matthew across the dome. Of the three figures now added, the Daniel is quite worthy of its place, but the other two would have to be modified before they could be adopted; the drapery of Ezekiel, for instance, is very clumsy and shapeless as it is: as to the designs for the dome itself, that produced by the President of the Royal Academy and his colleague, Mr. Poynter, must be pronounced a very qualified success. It, of course, contains much fine work; seeing who are its authors, that goes without saying; but it is too broken up, too indefinite, in fact, too pictorial for its situation, while the few quasi-architectural members introduced, although chosen apparently for their stability on a flat, look very tottery on a dome. Mr. Stannus has understood the requirements of such a surface far better. His design, which only suggests the architectural basis of a scheme, leaving the pictures to be supplied by others, is both simple and satisfactory. Like that of Mr. Poynter, it is based upon the sketch left behind him by Stevens, but instead of adding elaboration to that great artist's work, Mr. Stannus has simplified it, and accented its harmony with the work of Wren, with the result that, so far as the dome is concerned, we should gladly see his scheme accepted. On the other hand, the proposal to surround the plain wall of the Whispering Gallery with a gorgeous scroll, broken here and there by medallions, is not happy; the scroll is not beautiful in itself, neither is it in scale with the other details of the scheme. Mr. Poynter suggests a facing of white or grey marble for this wall, but, perhaps, a better effect would be obtained by using one of a much lower tone. On the whole, the Committee for the 'completion of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece according to his own intentions,' as they phrase it, might do worse than accept the main lines of Mr. Stannus's design, and fill them in with Mr. Poynter's and Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures.

THE *Silenus* of Mr. Thomas Woolner's poem falls from the splendid strength of the demigod into lethargy and vinous babbling through grief at the loss of his nymph Syrinx, hunted to death by Pan while Silenus is away following Dionysos to spread the cult of the vine in India. When prophesying curses on the satyr, Silenus, it must be confessed, becomes prolix and perplexed; much utterance of his ignoble latter days has scant method or music. But the 'Call' to the followers of Dionysos in the second part swings with a vigorous rhythmic ring; here, as elsewhere in the poem, most power is shown by the sculptor-poet in descriptive touches. The pictures of Bacchanalian revel and dance are especially vivid, and might have been inspired by the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Titian, or Rubens' *Worship of Venus*.

THE distinguished Austrian painter, Hans Makart, has died, in October last, in the prime of life, at forty-four years. For colour and sensuous charm his work marks an epoch in contemporary German art. Hans Makart was born in 1840 at Salzburg, where his father held a post of custodian in the Imperial Lustschloss Mirabell, a palace sumptuously furnished in the style of the eighteenth century and beautifully placed amid gardens. Makart the father, an extravagant fellow, got into difficulties, and enlisted in Radetzky's Italian regiment in the campaign of '48, leaving the wife to provide for herself and child. Hans would learn nothing at school, and tumbled up in life somehow, a dreamy imp, who fed his innate love for beautiful things in every accessible way, drew everything after his own fashion, and learnt something of decorative art from a maternal uncle, Herr Büssemeyer. At sixteen he was sent to try for entrance into the Vienna Academy, but was returned as 'wholly without talent'—a professional judgment which had to be reversed by-and-by. The kindness of Schiffman, a landscapist of Munich and relation by marriage, gave the boy a home in Munich for two years, with opportunity to paint, copy in the galleries, and so forth. In 1861 he was admitted into the *atélier* of Professor Carl Piloty. His first exhibited work, a picture of Venetian costume and manners, commissioned for a *Speisesaal* in St. Petersburg, at once indicated his capacities and style, his supreme talent for what the Germans call *das malerische*. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* was painted after a visit to London and a sight of Reynolds' work; later came *Moderne Amoretten*, groups of children and fauns, which Herr Pecht well calls a 'decorative improvisation.' Then the artist produced, in form of a frieze, the *Plague in Florence*, a scene of voluptuous horror, bold in composition, broadly painted, glowing in colour—a '*Kriegeserklärung der coloristischen Idealismus*.' He married, visited Rome, and then settled in Vienna, where the Emperor gave him a studio. Romantic and decorative pictures, notably the friezes on the Palais Dumbas, illustrating the industries which brought wealth to the owner, were produced in rapid succession; in 1873 the *Caterina Cornare*, by some still judged his masterpiece, was exhibited at the International Exhibition. This beautiful composition represents the Queen enthroned, receiving the homage and the gifts of Venice from her loveliest women and children, her patricians, and warriors. The subject gave scope for colour, rich even to excess, and for the sumptuous accessories which Makart loved to depict only less well than the nude female form. This picture went a tour, during which it was seen in Pall Mall, at Messrs. Wallis' Gallery, and was eventually bought for the Berlin Museum. In the winter of 1875–76 the artist went with Professor Müller to Cairo, where he painted his *Antike Niljagd*, an amazing example of artistic bravura and imaginative actuality. Makart's most ambitious essay in historic art, the *Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp*, for which he made studies in Spain and Antwerp, was exhibited at Paris in 1877. This colossal picture, if somewhat restless and confused in composition, and not wholly satisfactory in colour, at all events displays richness of inventive design, and great power and freedom in dealing with many figures. The artist availed himself of the incidents mentioned in Albrecht Dürer's 'Diary in the Netherlands' to introduce the lovely nude forms of young girls among the splendidly costumed throng. Makart's more recent works are too numerous to specify. The *Hunt of Diana*, *Summer*, the *Gardens of the Medici*, fanciful single figures, portraiture in disguise, the life-scale effigies of artists with attendant figures for the new museum, may be named. An album of woodcuts issued in parts, and numberless photographs, have spread far and wide his popular productions. Makart's style tended increasingly to meretricious show, whether in treatment of the nude or in display of costume and gorgeous accessories; his even colour erred often on the side of vulgar surprise or cheap magnificence. He overdid his emulation of Venetian splendour, and his riotous imagination had no intellectual basis to sustain it. But his intuition for fascinating charm of line, his rapturous delight in beauty, his rapid certainty and breadth of handling and command of technical means, never failed. Since Rubens there has hardly been such a master of the brush. Herr Makart's funeral was organized as a pictorial procession, after the sort which he had been so skilled in arranging. His life had been like his art. Though a taciturn person he rejoiced in magnificent revelry and luxurious *entourage*, and his extravagance more than once brought into his affairs catastrophe, which a less prolific and popular painter would have found it

hard to repair. His last splendid studio, an imperial gift, and filled with precious objects, which was disastrously set on fire only this summer, made a memorable interior, with which the picturesque occupant, with his handsome Hungarian type of head, and dark glowing eye, was a figure wholly in keeping.

A Mr. Moore, of Exeter, who combines the profession of *coiffeur* with the practice of art, has been fortunate enough to pick up at a broker's, for the outlay of three sovereigns, three original water-colour drawings by Turner, all studies of Exeter Cathedral, and on the scale of thirty-four inches by twenty-four. The pictures have been duly endorsed genuine by the opinion of Mr. Ruskin. They were bought by the broker for fifteen shillings at a sale of things belonging to the late Dr. Harris, Secretary of the old Graphic Society in Exeter.

During the recent destructive fire at the Royal Danish Palace, Christiansborg, at Copenhagen, Thorwalsen's famous marble frieze, the *Triumph of Alexander*, which adorned the Riddersal, was calcined, but not beyond restoration. The group, *Hercules and Hebe*, by Jerichau, was removed by the plucky exertions of a body of artillerymen; but the *Adam and Eve* of the same sculptor got wedged in the staircase, and had to be abandoned.

The new Art Library premises at the South Kensington Museum, consisting of three rooms on the upper floor of the brick block looking on to the inner quadrangle, were at last thrown open the first week of October.

'Thoughts on Art,' by Giovanni Dupré (Blackwood & Sons), are sound and clear. The old question between the Real and Ideal in sculpture has seldom been better put, but the charm of the book is autobiographic. Signor Dupré reveals his honest nature and fiery artist temperament in every page of this transparent narrative. His love-marriage with the little laundress is an idyl, that ran its sweet length through life into the beyond; his struggles with poverty and chance are a lesson of self-respecting perseverance and faith in Art; his simplicity under success adds a rare ornament to grey hairs. Everybody may not remember that Signor Dupré gained one of the first prizes in the competition for the Wellington monument. His chief public work in Italy is the monument to Cavour at Turin. Best known and worthily are the single figures of *Cain* and *Abel*, in which is manifested the sculptor's original treatment of the model, removed at once from the sugared insipidity of pseudo-idealists and the slavish imitation of the accidental which besets the naturalistic school. Though not a scholar by education, Dupré's art was both intellectual and spiritual in aim, his technical ability of vigorous order. The autobiography has been well translated by E. M. Peruzzi, and reproduces fairly the *naïveté* and racy conciseness of Dupré's style.

Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., follows up his reproductions from the most poetic group of our painters of to-day, and gives his sympathetic power to a large etching of the late Frederick Walker's *Harbour of Refuge*.

Among recent schemes for promotion of popular art education is the 'Art for Schools Association,' which has shown examples of its working material in the Educational Department at the 'Healtheries.' This Society professes as its object 'to bring within the reach of pupils in Board and other schools such a measure of art culture as is compatible with their age and studies.' A chief means sought to this end is the loan or permanent deposit of really good works of art, paintings, engravings, reproductions, &c. As patrons and active members of the Association are included the names of Lord Aberdare, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. S. Colvin, Mr. William Morris, Hon. George Howard, and Prof. Ruskin as President. The plan started is on the lines of the Kyrle Society, which, with volunteer aid, has sought to bring beautiful art into school-rooms as well as into hospitals and homes for the poor. The Kyrle Society has had to struggle with inadequate income, amateur helpers, and an endeavour to cover too large a field of work. The new Society, limiting its activities within definite bounds and supported by a powerful array of names likely to open the purse-strings of the public, may attain larger results in a special direction, while in no way superseding the work of the Kyrle Society.

Herr Keim of Munich has introduced some improvements into the stereo-chromatic process of Schlotthauer. The preparation of the wall is the same, the mortar being rubbed smooth and then soaked with soluble silicate of potash. The painting ground is made up of four parts quartz sand, three and a half marble sand, half part fossil meal (silicic acid), one part quicklime, this makes a densely hard substance; any crystalline surface particles are destroyed by silicic fluor acid, which also opens the pores of the material to receive the colours. The pigments are specially prepared, and mixed with potash or ammonia before using, to prevent any alteration of the tone under application of the fixing soluble glass wash, which contains caustic potash and caustic ammonia, and is applied cold to the dried surface. Finally, an application of carbonate of ammonia completes the process, and prevents any white deposit from the freed alkalis. Paintings executed by this system are said to resist damp, cold, water—hot or cold, even the action of acids and alkalis.

Herr Hansen of Vienna, to whom the decoration of the new Parliament Houses has been entrusted, uses a method similar to the wax process. The ground being first prepared with stucco, upon that is laid a thin layer of marble dust of the colour required for background; the design is executed with ordinary fresco colours rubbed in with a little soap, and the surface is finally treated with a smooth piece of hot iron.

Lectures to art-students are apt to run in conventional grooves, to be dry recapitulations of well-worn theories, crammed compilations of historic facts, enlivened it may be by certain accepted but probably spurious anecdotes or quotations from the chit-chat of Vasari. Mr. Hodgson's 'Academy Lectures,' now published by Messrs. Trübner, and printed, as the author is careful to tell us, without revision as they were spoken, are an honourable exception to this depressing rule; they certainly are worth a more lasting record than the memory of the audience to which they were addressed. Although a painter, and therefore presumably inclined to descant on the technicalities of his craft, Mr. Hodgson gives little that is strictly technical in these lectures. His aim, as is indicated by the divisions under which he has planned out his twelve lectures, 'Art as influenced by the Times' and 'Artists of the Past,' has been rather to give an all-round survey of the development of art as a result and as a cause, under the complex conditions from which history is woven, and under the leadership of great creative minds. Probably very much that the lecturer said ran far over the heads of his auditors; yet it cannot but be healthful and helpful for students to be taught to apprehend, however dimly, that Art is a vital element in the whole social scheme, and the practice of it not a mere means to add a luxury to life, and to provide a lucrative profession to a limited number of persons born with the imitative and interpretive faculties. A lecturer on art has really rather a hard time of it now; he must steer between the broad, generalising, unemotional, and often mechanical mode of a past time, and the analytical criticism of to-day, with its fanciful side-lights and psychological bias. On the whole, Mr. Hodgson seems to strike a happy mean. He inculcates common sense, of which his own writings give good proof, reverence for the canons of art and study of historic schools; while yet he is sufficiently modern to meet half-way such writers as J. A. Symonds, Pater, and even Vernon Lee, in many of their theories.

The pretty pictures from faery land invented by the late 'Dicky Doyle' are re-introduced by Messrs. Longmans and Green in coloured and monochrome prints by Mr. E. Evans, while Mr. Andrew Lang exchanges the scholar's gown for Prospero's magic mantle, and fits the illustration with a new faery story called 'Princess Nobody,' on which young readers will doubtless pass critical judgment.

SHEEP.

ETCHED BY T. GEORGE COOPER.

SHEEP have always been popular animals with artists. In flocks or scattered groups they serve the landscape-painter to enliven many a bare hillside or dusty road; and he takes pleasure in contrasting the warm white of their fleeces with the cool green of the pastures. And the animal-painter is not less interested in them. Though the sheep is certainly a less picturesque animal than the goat, it is much more frequently painted; perhaps because of its association with quiet scenes and that peaceful sentiment which makes a picture pleasant to live with. The waving lines of the fleece have also an interest for the artist, as is apparent in the present plate. The etcher is a son of Mr. Sidney Cooper, the veteran Academician.

CIVIC ARCHITECTURE IN BELGIUM.

II.—*Town-halls.*

IN the early days of municipal freedom, when a *commune* had won its charta and was settling down to independent existence, there was no need of a large building to be the home of a governing body, which had little business to transact and few records to keep. The belfry tower served all the purposes required. Its basement was the local prison, its first floor the council-chamber, its second floor the record office; higher up the carillon rang forth at stated intervals; the great bell tolled the passing hour, summoned the workmen in the morning from their homes, set them free for the mid-day meal, called them back again in the afternoon, finally released them at night, and yet again with a parting peal invoked over them the blessings of heaven.

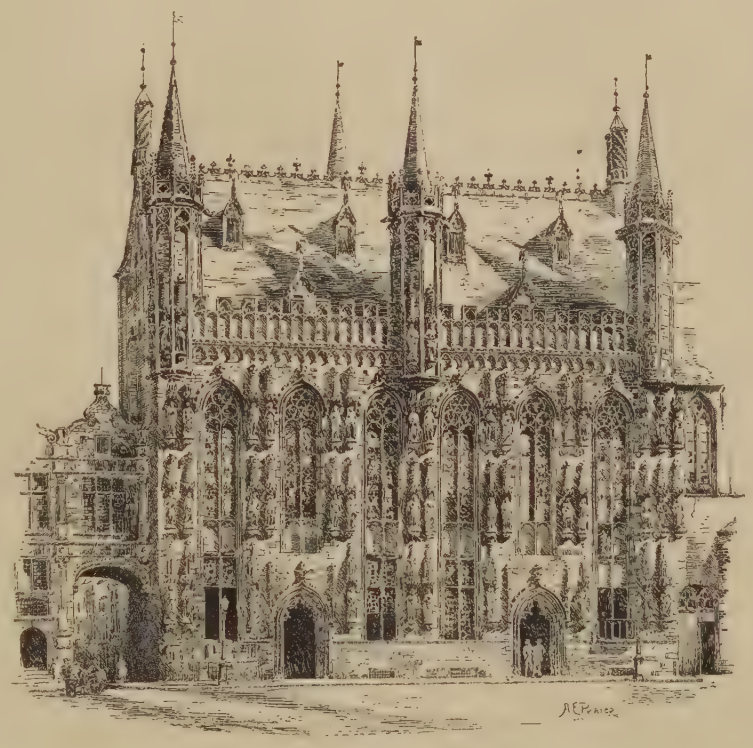
As time went on, however, municipal government became a more complicated matter. The increasing socialism of the age enlarged the labours of the governing body. Registers of property had to be kept, the levying of taxation grew to be an elaborate affair, the administration of justice in a wealthy industrial community could not be managed off-hand as of old. Thus, in a hundred ways, the functions of government became more complex and more differentiated one from another, and, as a sign of this increasing complexity, the municipal buildings had to be greatly extended. The whole change is summed up in the expansion of the belfry into the town-hall.

In the twelfth century there were no doubt a few town-halls of insignificant dimensions in different parts of Europe. That at Saint Antonin has been already referred to. It was not, however, till the thirteenth century that town-halls of any size began to be erected. In Germany the town-halls of Lübeck and Aachen date from the thirteenth century; those of Brunswick, Dantzig, Munster, and Regensburg, from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In fact, as towns increased in size, wealth, and importance, so town-halls grew in splendour and extent. The towns of Belgium reached the summit of their power and pride about the middle of the fifteenth century; it is to that period therefore that we must look for the largest and richest examples of public municipal buildings.

After the end of the thirteenth century the disposition of most town-halls was very much the same. A belfry rose above the middle of the façade, and was flanked on each side by a large hall, above which were several chambers for separate uses. In front of the ground-floor of the façade was a long, open portico supporting a gallery, whilst over the main entrance there was usually some kind of a balcony, whence decrees could be read, treaties published, and other announcements made to the people by word of mouth. Such, at any rate, was the usual arrangement of the Belgian edifices; and if a proof is required how thoroughly Belgium was the chosen home of full municipal government in the Middle Ages, it may be found in the significant fact that the Town-hall at Saint Quentin, on French soil, is built with the gable-end towards the street, a peculiarly Flemish arrangement.

A thirteenth-century building at Alost, now used as a meat market, was probably erected as a town-hall, and, if so, it is the earliest in Belgium. Little of the old structure and few of the sculptured ornaments remain, and the plan has been entirely remodelled. It is to Bruges that we must go for the first really characteristic edifice of the kind. In the third quarter of the ninth century Baldwin d'Isère, Count of Flanders, built, by the side of his castle at Bruges, a house for the reception of hostages. When the local administration was organized by Baldwin le Barbu, about the beginning of the eleventh century, a portion of this house was set apart to be the seat of the town officers, and seems so to have been used down to the fourteenth century. The foundation-stone of the present Town-hall was laid in 1376 by Count Louis de Male, and the works went forward,

except when interrupted by local disturbances, till, in 1387, the façade was finished all but the turrets, which were not brought to completion till thirty years later. The rear part of the building was ready for use in 1421. The small but very elegant façade, with its pointed and sculptured windows, its six-and-twenty coats-of-arms, its nine-and-forty niches, adorned with storied corbels bearing statues of the Virgin, the archangel Gabriel, seven prophets, and most of the counts and countesses of Flanders from Baldwin d'Isère down to Joseph II., must originally have produced a rich and striking effect. All the sculptured parts were painted and gilt. Six of the statues were coloured by no less an artist than the great Jan van Eyck. In the sixteenth century alterations and additions were made to the structure, but no great damage was done to it till the time of the French Revolution. Then the statues and coats-of-arms were flung down and burnt together in a huge fire in the middle of the Grande Place. Worse, however, was yet in store; but the tale shall be told in the words of Mr. Weale:—*



HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUGES.

'In 1854 began what is called the *Restauration* of this monument. In the first place the whole façade was flayed. From the top of the turrets to the level of the soil hardly any of the surface stones were left. Then a new skin was made. A stone was used of a kind inferior to the old. The character of all the mouldings and of all the sculptures was changed. A facsimile of a chimney built of cut (*retaillées*) bricks was made in white stone. Statues were set up too large for the niches they occupy, and in costumes which are anachronisms. In the windows were inserted traceries of a heavy design, unconnected with the construction, and even with the inner chamfer suppressed. To-day there remains nothing ancient about the façade, except some few bits, which, for that matter, are easily recognisable.'

Notwithstanding the wear and tear of time, and the malicious and unfortunate treatment to which the building has been subjected, it remains one of the most interesting and beautiful monuments of Belgian civic architecture.

The fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth centuries were the great age of town-hall building. The example set by Bruges was soon followed in the neighbouring cities. Brussels began to build in 1401–2,* on an ambitious scheme. The left or east wing of her new Hall was soon finished. In 1444, Charles the Bold, amid great rejoicings, laid the foundation-stone of the right wing. The tower followed in 1455. The building, not reckoning the modern additions at the back, is an oblong, measuring 250 by 50 feet. The *façade* consists of an arcade of seventeen arches in front of the ground-floor, supporting a platform and parapet; above rise two storeys, lighted by oblong mullioned windows, under richly sculptured facing arches. The lofty sloping roof, broken by four tiers of dormer windows, rises from behind an ornamented parapet. Over the main entrance is a tower, which, if its details are open to criticism, in its proportions is one of the most graceful. It was designed to be in the centre of the *façade*, but the right wing was not carried to the intended length, as an inspection of the end window on the first floor readily shows. There is considerable difference between the two wings in ornamental details; the windows of the first storey in the one are surmounted by niches for sculpture, whilst in the other the pediments are plain. All the niches have been filled in recent years with statues of the Dukes of Brabant and other people of note in the history of the province. The whole certainly produces an almost fatiguing effect upon the spectator, owing to the quantity of decoration spread abroad upon it; and it has been suggested,

* W. H. J. Weale, 'Bruges et ses environs,' Bruges, 1884, p. 28.

* See Henne and Wauters, 'Hist. de Brux.,' iii. p. 36, &c.

though the suggestion seems most improbable, that the architect intended the niches to be left void.

Half a century later, the folk of Louvain determined that they, too, would glorify themselves and their town by raising a similar edifice.* Already, in 1163, they had a building set apart for a Town-hall. In the fourteenth century they abandoned that for a large private house in a more convenient position, to which they afterwards made additions. The heterogeneous pile which resulted was felt to be unworthy of so important a city in the days of its renewed prosperity. The recently founded University was drawing crowds of students from every country of Europe; trade had revived under the strong and quieting government of Philip the Good; the arts were flourishing on every hand. Clearly the chosen representatives of the people ought to be housed in a manner worthy of their high position. Accordingly, in the year 1448, the old buildings were for the most part removed, and the foundations of the present Town-hall laid with great solemnity. The site was determined by questions of convenience. It fronts the principal square of the town, and is in close proximity to the municipal church of St. Pierre. Unfortunately the square is very small; the building, therefore, had to be of a peculiar character. It was designed to be seen, not from a distance, but suddenly, in its whole extent, as the corner into the market-place is turned. In recent times the streets have been altered, and now the Town-hall is visible all the way up the long road from the railway-station, the whole intended effect being thereby destroyed.

TOWN HALL AT BRUSSELS.

The design was the work of the young architect, sculptor, and mason, Mathieu de Layens (born *circa* 1420), who also erected several other buildings still existing. He was a very pious and hard-working man. Like all other architects of the day, he worked himself at the building as master mason; his duties also included the selection and purchase of stone. The work went forward slowly, as the town had no special funds assignable for the purpose, and was only able to afford what could be saved out of its current revenues. Every winter the works were stopped, the unfinished wall being protected by straw. The plain basement and ground-floor were finished in 1450, the first storey in 1452, the second in 1454. In 1459 all the fabric of the edifice was complete. The fitting up of the interior with carved furniture, stained glass, paintings for the walls, and other decorations, upon which large sums of money were spent, occupied four years more.

The building, which is higher than it is wide, stands upon a relatively small base, measuring only 100 by 50 feet. It has three façades. Octagonal towers, topped with spires, rise at the four corners and above the two gables. The original design included a lofty spire at one corner, but this was wisely abandoned after much of the stone had already been prepared. The whole produces upon the spectator a striking effect of height. As Victor Hugo says of it, 'C'est une édifice qui s'élance, qui jaillit, qui monte, *ascendit*, c'est là sa beauté; son jet vertical est splendide.' This effect is much emphasised by the arrangement of the rich flamboyant ornament, the façades being divided vertically by sculptured pilasters, which reach to the parapet and separate the windows. These pilasters

* See E. van Even, 'Louvain Monumental,' Louvain, 1860; and 'Les Artistes de l'Hôtel de Ville de Louvain,' Louvain, 1852.

are broken up into niches with carved brackets and daïses, into which sculptured figures have been recently introduced. The reliefs on the brackets represented, in very original fashion, scenes from the Scholastic History and the Old and New Testaments. The stone used for these carvings was *pierre d'Avennes*, which is soft to work and quick to perish. By the beginning of the present century, time had made sad havoc in the ornamental parts. Every now and then pieces of stone kept falling into the street, imperilling the lives of passers-by. The town either could not or would not spend money on restoration, so they sent up a mason with mallet and chisel to knock down or pare away all the sculptures that seemed ready to fall. Eventually, between 1828 and 1841, the whole was restored. The old sculptures were removed to a museum, where they may still be seen, and poor imitations were set up instead. The building was very early famous in Europe for its elaborate finish. When Margaret of Austria was fourteen years of age she was taken by her mother to Louvain to see it. Its proportions may be allowed to be fine and its general aspect picturesque; but when the harmony, mutual subordination, individual perfection, and expressional power of the ornamental members are considered, the lover of architecture will be forced to admit that there is much to blame. The authorities of the town set apart one room in their new edifice as a picture-gallery, where the intention seems to have been to form by degrees a collection of pictures by the famous painters of the town. Thierry Bouts (of whose work we have only one specimen in the National Gallery—a Madonna, ascribed to Hugo van der Goes) was ordered to paint certain panels, some of which remain in Brussels, whilst the rest have disappeared. The idea, though it failed of realisation, is worthy of note, showing as it does an exceptionally enlightened spirit in the promoters.

TOWN HALL OF LOUVAIN.

At Mons a small town-hall, with a pretty façade, was built in 1458.* It has been a good deal altered and injured by eighteenth-century additions and modern restoration. The Town-hall at Ghent was founded in 1481 on the site of an old *Maison échevinale* of the thirteenth century. The work was carried on, with frequent interruptions, till 1580, but never brought to completion. The original design exists. The building is a confused piece of architecture, overlaid with bad decoration.

The last great town-hall erected on Belgian soil was that at Audenarde.† It was designed by Henri Van Pede, of Brussels, the idea of the whole being taken from the town-halls of Brussels and Louvain. The building was commenced in 1525 and completed in 1529. In plan, it is an irregular trapezium, twenty-five metres wide in front, twenty-one deep in the left side, and twelve on the right. Like Brussels, it has an open arcade running along the front of the ground-floor of the main façade. This supports a platform surrounded by a parapet, which is broken, over the main entrance, into a small balcony or pulpit. Above this rises the great central tower, an idea borrowed from Brussels, but differently treated. It is partly buried in the building, partly standing out in front, and thus in appearance (though not in fact) supported on two of the pillars of the arcade. It is a well-understood canon in all good architecture that such deceptive appearances, however much they may manifest the cleverness of the architect, are essentially dis-

* See M. Chalon in 'Messagers des Sciences, Hist. de Belg.' 1843.

† See Van der Meersch in 'Messager,' t. vi., first series.

pleasing to the eye. The first floor of the tower is open to the platform, the second forms a bay connected with one of the upper rooms, the third contains the clock. This is surmounted by an open-work parapet, above which the tower is no longer square, but octagonal, and very highly ornamented. There are two storeys of this kind, and then comes an open cupola in the form of a crown. The ornamentation, in fact, increases in fineness and amount as it ascends, whereas the contrary should be the case. Above the ground-floor the main and left façades are similar, containing two storeys, lighted by high, mullioned windows, with tracery in their pointed arches. Like Louvain the whole is divided vertically by pilasters separating the windows and broken up into canopied niches for sculpture. These niches have never been filled. The second storey is crowned by an open-work parapet, from behind which rises the high roof with its dormer windows. This parapet formerly carried sculptured figures of Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. The gable-ends are adorned by a confused arrangement of windows and pinnacles. The ridge of the roof is finished with a row of fleurs-de-lys.

TOWN HALL OF GHENT.

Regarding the building as a whole, without respect to the faulty construction of the tower (which, for the rest, is hardly noticed unless seen in profile), the general effect of the lower part is decidedly good. There is not over-much ornament, and what there is is well distributed. The upper parts of the tower and the gable-ends are, however, far too heavy and elaborate, and do much to destroy the charm of an otherwise effective building. The influence of contemporary French flamboyant work is easily traceable, and the whole is not nearly so characteristic of pure Flemish feeling as the Town-halls of Bruges, Brussels, and Louvain. The interior is perfectly plain, and presents few features of interest.

The enterprise of the men of Audenarde stirred up the neighbouring citizens of Courtrai to emulation. In 1526 they began building a new Town-hall in imitation of that just described, but smaller and simpler. The work did not loiter in the doing, and the building was finished and opened first of the two. All its ornaments have melted away in time, and it now presents little attraction for the lover of fine architecture.

In the time of Charles V. the little town of Leau built for itself a small but charming Town-hall.* It is not larger than the dwelling-houses adjacent to it, but its façade, with two storeys of five windows each, is prettily designed and pleasantly proportioned, the work being somewhat in the style of the *Maison des Bateliers* at Ghent.

Thus ends the tale of the Gothic Town-halls of Belgium. Just over the French border, in the provinces which were for a long time practically self-governed, similar edifices were likewise erected in similar style. At Arras, for example, is a very beautiful Hôtel-de-Ville and belfry, the former erected about 1510, the latter in 1554. At Douay is a building of the same kind. The Town-hall at Lille, burnt to the ground in 1664, is only known to us through an old drawing which has fortunately been preserved. With these edifices however we are not now concerned.

In conclusion, the reader need scarcely be reminded that the period during which the Town-halls of Belgium were erected was not the greatest age of mediaeval architecture. That art was born on the

* See M. Piot, 'Notice Hist. sur la ville de L.,' in the 'Messager,' 1843.

birthday of chivalry, and fostered in the tutelage of war. Next in its full growth it lent aid to Church and folk, and became the shrine of faith and the towering promise of everlasting peace. Finally, it passed into the servitude of riches, and sank to be the flaunting garment of pride; and in this slavery it lost, by degrees, the purity that had been its strength and the simplicity of heart that has been its charm; and so at length, in a glamour of tinsel, and gilding, and paint, it passed away and another took its place.

TOWN HALL OF AUDENARDE.

The Town-halls of Belgium are examples of the art in its third stage. They were built when the *communes* were wealthy and strong, but when the wealth and the strength were in the hands of a few. They were built for the glory rather of the governing class than for the joy of the people as a whole. They were built cheaply, yet with much pretence, covered with niches for sculpture, usually left for the modern restorer to fill, plastered over with crockets, and pilasters, and mouldings, the first striking only for their numbers, the second for their elaboration, the third for their depth. Princes might lay their foundation-stones, magistrates might enter within their walls and call them wondrous fine, but the whole multitude of the people never went into ecstasies of delight over them, as they had done two hundred years before over their own cathedral—the building for which they had joyfully sacrificed their pleasures and their comforts that it might be glorious and fair.

W. M. Conway.

THE ROSSELLINI.

Of the many artistic families of the fifteenth century in Italy who seem to have combined the art of design with the craft of mechanic, who were architects and builders, stone-cutters and sculptors, that of the Gambarelli, or as they were called the Rossellini, holds a distinguished place. Little is known of its history except that Matteo Gambarelli had five sons, all artists, Domenico, Bernardo, Giovanni, Tommaso, and Antonio. The last named and youngest is the most celebrated as a sculptor; and of the others Bernardo, the second son, alone retains a fame which is attested by well-known and admirable work. It is possible that many a charming relief of a Rossellino character which is at present doubtfully attributed to Antonio may be by one of his less-remembered brethren; but practically Domenico, Giovanni, and Tommaso, derive such fame as is left to them from the fact of their kinship to Bernardo and Antonio. Of these two Bernardo was the elder by some fifteen years. Both were born in Florence, Bernardo in 1409, Antonio in 1425, and their lives were of much the same length, the former dying in 1464, and the latter in 1478.

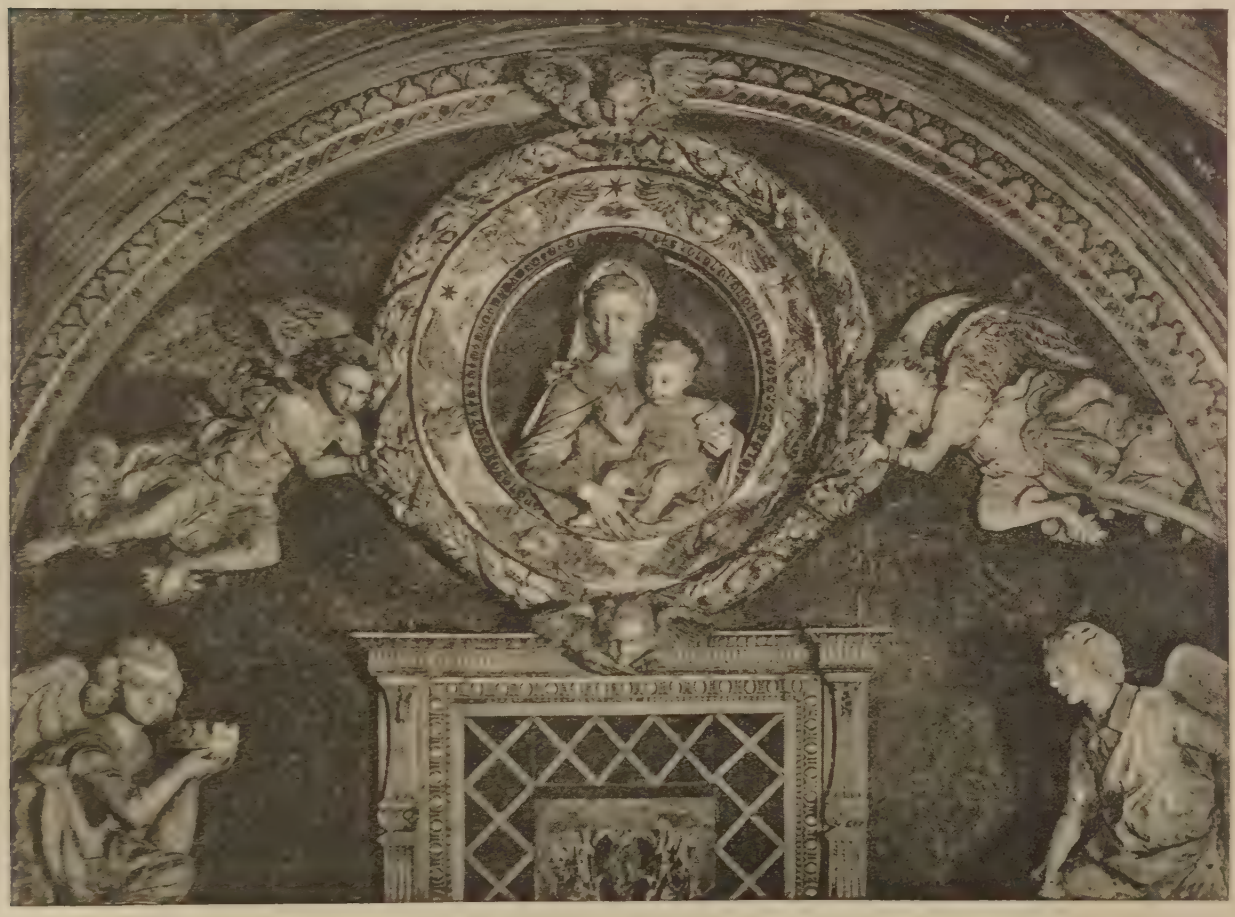
Antonio is said to have been the pupil of Donatello, and he had at least the advantage of living when that great artist was still vigorous, and of enjoying the example, if not the counsel, of such men as Ghiberti and Luca Della Robbia, the latter of whom survived him. It is with these two gentler artists that Antonio was most in harmony; he had much of the grace and pictorial skill of

Ghiberti, much of the naturalism and suavity of Luca: it is only in his portraits that we see any kinship with the sterner art of Donatello. It is not, however, with this earlier and greater band of sculptors that Antonio can be classed. His work reaches only the lower but sweeter level of Desiderio and Andrea della Robbia. Yet it had just so much of extra power and versatility as to form something like a link between the two generations; and, indeed, although the work of some of his coevals may give us a rarer and more refined pleasure, it can scarcely be denied that Antonio Rossellino had larger and more various gifts than any of them. He had not that exquisiteness of feeling which makes the name of Desiderio so dear to us; he had not the sweet, thin, strain of Mino; his taste was less pure, his manner more florid, but in imagination and dramatic power, in vigour and abundance, he was far the richer. Moreover, he had a power of composition of the pictorial kind, and a skill in the arrangement of many figures which they showed no sign of possessing. It would be scarcely safe to say that he could not have done what the others did if he had chosen to imitate them, but it is almost certain that they could not if they would have rivalled such works as his three reliefs on the cup-like pulpit of Prato. Two beautiful compositions (executed in 1473) represent scenes from the life of St. Stephen, and the other, of which we present an illustration, has for its theme the legend of the Virgin and St. Thomas. This favourite subject of the artists of the fifteenth century is often

THE VIRGIN LOWERING HER GIRDLE TO ST. THOMAS. RELIEF BY ANTONIO ROSSELLINO ON PULPIT IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PRATO.

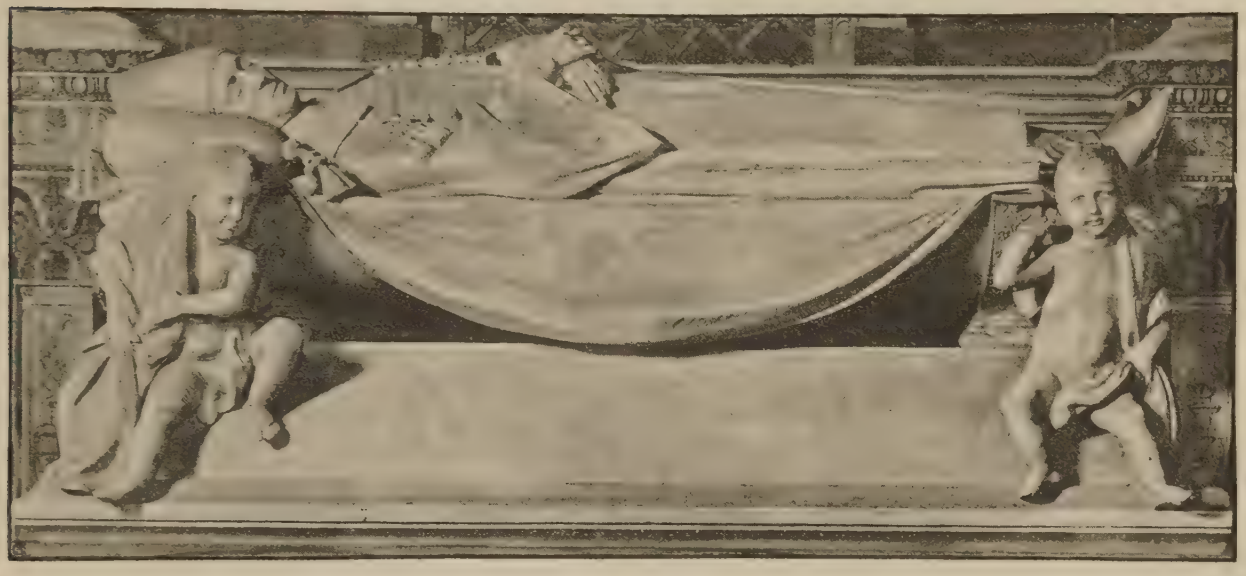
treated in this way. There is an admirable instance in one of the latest acquisitions of the National Gallery by the Siennese painter Matteo di Giovanni. In both cases the Virgin is throned in heaven's glory, surrounded by the angelic choir, and lets down her girdle to St. Thomas, who, doubting of her resurrection, stands at her empty tomb. Rossellino has with great skill translated into sculpture the picturesque scene. His ten figures are beautifully grouped and are arranged without crowding in a narrow space; the Virgin has sweetness and dignity, and the angels supporting the mandorla are rendering their willing service with much elegance of action and charm of expression. Their energy—not too great to be graceful—and the distinct but moderate fluttering of their draperies, accentuate the holy calm of the Virgin. At the same time we must not allow the undeniable charm of this work to carry us away. With all its beauty of design and execution it is pretty rather than passionate, and decorous rather than profound in sentiment. Its piety is *couleur de rose*, its form more sweet than noble—in a word it is not great. The pendulum of judgment swings backwards and forwards as we study its beauties and shortcomings; but after all allowances made for the latter, it cannot be denied a place amongst the masterpieces of its kind and time. Its position on the pulpit of the Cathedral of Florence must be allowed to be appropriate, for it is in this edifice that the very girdle of the Virgin is preserved. There is another pulpit on the outside with reliefs by Donatello, from which this precious relic is exhibited to the people. The 'Dome' contains also a chapel dedicated to the 'Sacra Cintola,' and a picture by Ghirlandajo in illustration of the legend.

As in the case of Desiderio it is, however, a tomb which has, more than any other work of his, extended his fame as a sculptor—the tomb of the young Cardinal Jacopo, of Portugal, in the church of San Miniato, which was executed in 1459. I have already in my previous article alluded to this as showing the growth of familiarity in sentiment and the subordination to sculpturesque decoration of the architectural features of funeral monuments. Our illustrations of the tomb give a fair impression of its general effect and the beauty and variety of its details. It will be seen that it is highly decorated, and that the figures are full of suavity and grace. The angels belong to the same family as those of the relief at Prato: gracious, well-nourished, vigorous, eager without violence, and moving with a charming rhythm.



UPPER PART OF TOMB OF CARDINAL JACOPO DI PORTOGALLO IN CHURCH OF SAN MINIATO. BY ANTONIO ROSSELLINO.

The exquisite skill and finish of the execution is also in part observable. In this respect Antonio Rossellino is scarcely to be excelled, and in his treatment of marble to express the texture and above all the plastic consistency of flesh he is without a rival amongst his contemporaries. His drapery is also in complete sympathy with the rounded contours of the wearers, flowing in soft and natural folds numerous enough but never complicated. As distinguished from his contemporaries his lines are more swelling, his style altogether more florid. He carried his tendency to a superb luxuriance farther than is consistent with that severity which belongs to the noblest art, but never to an excess which offends. There is much in this tomb to which the purist will object, if he does not shake his head at it altogether; but even he must allow that if the ideal of the artist was faulty he worked as a master works — with a fine invention and almost perfect skill controlled by a strong sense of harmony and a cultivated taste. I, myself, prefer Desiderio's little stark children that keep watch outside the recess where Marsuppini sleeps, to the weeping genii perched upon Jacopo's sarcophagus. The latter disturb a deeper feeling than their tears can excite. But whilst resenting their intrusion it is impossible not to admire them and to feel with them. A weaker artist would have made them ludicrous, but Rossellino sustains his work, if not at the highest pitch, at least at the pitch he chooses, and that is high enough for warm admiration if not for reverence. It is, perhaps, in the largest angels that the genius of Antonio is seen at its best and most distinct. He has evidently gone to Nature for his type, probably for his models. They are beautiful human things with wings, supple of limb and graceful in movement, with the impressive attributes of fine physique and perfect health. They are tall, but not lanky; well developed, but not fat. The modelling is firm but soft, insisting little on muscular development or osseous structure, but, nevertheless, neither flabby nor boneless. These gracious messengers from above are well-conceived links between the human and the heavenly, and thus show the point to which the genius of Rossellino could rise without effort. In the Virgin and Child, beautiful as they are, we feel that the artist has reached a less congenial atmosphere. The rise, if any, has been in the social scale. The mother is a lady of good family and careful nurture, the child a little gentleman with a superior air, but there is not a trace of divinity about either. They are refined, but their refinement is that of riches and station rather than of the spirit. On the whole it is a worldly monument, for if the soul seeks in it for something worthy of reverence it will find it most surely in the calm figure of the human being who lies in rest upon his tomb.



LOWER PART OF TOMB OF CARDINAL JACOPO DI PORTOGALLO IN CHURCH OF SAN MINIATO. BY ANTONIO ROSSELLINO.

But if we miss in this Madonna and Child the unconscious purity, the sweet strain of maternal solicitude, the rapt devotion, and the tender reverence, one or another of which is seldom absent from the representations of the same subject by such contemporaries as Desiderio, Mino, and the Della Robbias, it is not fair to judge him by a single example, as he varied his type and his feeling more than any of the others.

The type of this Virgin at San Miniato is of much the same class as that in the beautiful relief on a column above the holy-water basin in Santa Croce, placed there in memory of Francesco Nori, who threw himself in the way of the dagger that was aimed at Lorenzo de Medici in the terrible con-

spiracy of the Pazzi. Both Virgins are, indeed, of fine presence, and magnificent development; but the Madonna del Latto, as the group in Santa Croce is called, seems to me inspired by a nobler sentiment than the other. Antonio never approached nearer to his ideal of the Queen of Heaven than in this exquisitely rounded and grandly proportioned woman, who, with calm dignity and noble pride, throned on clouds, and watched by cherubs, exhibits her beautiful babe for the worship of the world. In the celebrated round at the Bargello, of which we give an illustration, not only the sentiment, but the type is changed: the face is shorter and rounder, and the reverence with which she regards the sleeping Child is more simple and motherly. But for the halo round her head, she might be any comely mother saying her prayers before her sleeping child. The subject allowed greater scope for the naturalistic tendency of the artist and also for pictorial treatment, so that it is perhaps in this work that we see him most at ease in the exercise of his power. In none other can the influence of Ghiberti be traced so strongly. Here, as in the latter's most celebrated gates, one or two incidents in the story are represented, and they are arranged with great skill, so as to be complete in themselves and yet form part of one decorative composition.

MADONNA DEL LATTO IN CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE. BY ANTONIO ROSSELLINO.

In the two last-mentioned works we see something of Antonio's power as an artist in ornament. In this his invention was original and fertile. The mandorla in which the Madonna del Latto holds her state is surrounded with peeping cherubs, whose heads and wings are charmingly arranged, and the border of this round is not less delightful.

It would have been pleasant to have been able to adduce the charming panel in the South Kensington Museum (a facsimile of which forms our chief illustration) as another undoubted instance of the treatment by Rossellino of this old, but never tiresome subject. It is attributed to him by no less an authority than Mr. J. C. Robinson, who, in his 'Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages,' p. 30, No. 4233, thus describes it:—

'ANTONIO ROSSELLINO.—Bas-relief, in marble; Virgin and Child. Height 2 feet 2 inches, width 1 foot 6 inches.—This highly finished work, in very low relief, represents the Virgin seated, seen down to the knee, supporting the infant Saviour, who is nestling on her bosom; above, in the background are two winged cherubs. The exact resemblance of the type of the head of the Virgin, and also other marked analogies with the celebrated relievo in the Gallery of the Uffizj,* leave no doubt as to the authorship of the present work, which in perfection both of design and execution is equal to anything of the master now extant. It was, doubtless, originally placed as a votive relievo, with a lamp suspended before it, in some Florentine house.'

All subsequent writers have not agreed with Mr. Robinson, and Dr. Bode in his list of the sculptor's works appended to his article in Dohme's 'Kunst und Künstler' does not include it. To my eyes there is little resemblance between this Madonna and others by Rossellino which I know, and the excessive affection of the mother seems to me of a

* Now in the Bargello.—See Illustration.

strain more tender and intimate than usual in this artist. In short, if obliged to accept it as a genuine work of Rossellino, I should have called special attention to it as another example of that versatility already noticed as a characteristic of the sculptor. I know no other work of his in which the relief is so

THE NATIVITY. RELIEF IN THE BARGELLO, FLORENCE. BY ANTONIO ROSSELLINO.

flat throughout, in which, for instance, the nearer arm of the Virgin is flattened; but there is, of course, no reason why he should not now and then have departed from his usual habit in this respect. In short, if it is not easy to assign this work positively to Rossellino, difficulties also exist in attributing it to any of his contemporaries; and it is, fortunately, lovely enough to admire for its own sake without raising the question.

We can however congratulate ourselves in possessing one undoubted example of the master, and that in a branch of his art in which he particularly excelled. Of all the portrait-sculptors of the fifteenth century no one was more distinguished for force and sincerity, for vivid presentation of physical facts, nor for expression of the characters which lay beneath them than Antonio Rossellino. Who can for a moment doubt that the strong, but gentle features of the young Cardinal Jacopo are accurately presented in the fine mask which sleeps upon his tomb? The bust of Matteo Palmieri, stained as it is with long exposure above the door of the Casa Palmieri at Florence, still, in its haven at the Bargello, retains the stamp of robust life, and similar force and sincerity are seen in that bust-relief of Donato de Medici at Pistoja, of which we give an

illustration. More undoubtedly authentic than this, and unsurpassed by any work of Rossellino's in realistic portraiture, is the marble bust of Giovanni di San Miniato in the South Kensington Museum. This is admirably described as follows by Mr. J. C. Robinson in the work before quoted:—

'7671.—Antonio Rossellino. Signed and dated 1456. Life-sized marble portrait bust of Giovanni di San Miniato,

BUST RELIEF OF DONATO DE' MEDICI AT PISTOJA.
ATTRIBUTED TO ANTONIO ROSSELLINO.

Doctor of Arts and Medicine. Height 1 foot 8 inches. Executed with a wonderful fidelity to Nature, this work is a portrait of a robust, large-boned man of about seventy years old, apparently of a shrewd and clever, but not gifted or benevolent, nature; the bust is continued down nearly to the waist, draped in a simple cassock buttoned tight round the throat; this portion of the marble is hollowed out beneath in order to render it less heavy, and an inscription in large, well-formed characters runs round the margin inside as follows:—"Māgi, Johannes—māgri—Antonii de Stō Miniāte doctor artium et medicine. M.C.C.C.C.CLVI." and in the centre, in larger characters, "Opus Antonii.'

Except that the extreme narrowness of the face is so striking as to deserve mention there is nothing to add to this description of a work which deserves a more prominent position than that at present assigned to it in the Museum. There also will be found two other fine works attributed to Antonio Rossellino numbered 4495 and 5891. The former is a lovely terra cotta group in the round of the Virgin with the Child seated on her lap, 1 foot 7 inches in height. It is probably a late work of the master. The other is another terra cotta—of two amorini holding a dolphin intended for a fountain jet. It is not improbable, according to Mr. Robinson, that it may be a copy of the upper part of a fountain mentioned by Vasari as executed in marble for the Medici family by Antonio. Besides the works already mentioned at Florence, there is in the Bargello a statue of a youthful St. John the Baptist. At Empoli is a statue of St. Sebastian, executed in 1457; and at Ferrara, in the church of San Giorgio, a fine monument to Bishop Lorenzo Roverella, of which the date is after 1470. At Naples there is a monument to the Duchess of Amalfi, daughter of Ferdinand I., King of Naples, which is similar to that of the Cardinal Jacopo di Portogallo except that a beautiful bas-relief of the Resurrection is added. This was left unfinished at his death in 1478. In the same church—that of Santa Maria di Monte—is a relief of the Nativity, with a group of angels dancing and singing in the clouds; and another representing the Virgin and St. John beneath the Cross.

This completes the list of the undoubted works now existing by this youngest and most famous of the brothers Gambarelli, a brilliant and in many ways an exquisite sculptor, who carried technical proficiency to a pitch which it had scarcely attained before in modern times, and emancipated it almost completely from conventions of form and drapery. He did so, as has been pointed out, at some cost, and the best of his work may be taken as marking the point beyond which floridness of line and picturesqueness of treatment cannot be carried without the loss of that precision and rigidity which are essential qualities of the finest sculpture. That he himself passed this point cannot be doubted, but his genius palliated audacity which would be unpardonable in lesser men, and even with all his genius it is impossible not to feel that his influence was far from beneficial to the nobler interests of sculpture. In the long downward course from Donatello to Bernini he may be said to have shown the way.

It would be unjust to close this article without some account of the work of Bernardo, who, from his position in the family and fine artistic gifts, no doubt exercised much influence upon the development of the genius of his younger brother. Moreover, I am

not sure that Bernardo Rossellino has had yet his fair share of praise as a sculptor. He has had to bear the rivalry of his brother Antonio's reputation in this branch of art, and partly of his own as an architect. He built largely for two Popes. For Nicholas V. he erected palaces at Orvieto and Spoleto and princely baths at Viterbo, made restorations of the Vatican, and was employed on some vast designs in Rome when this Pope died. Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvia Piccolomini) employed him still more largely in beautifying his birthplace, Cosignano, to which he gave the name of Pienza, by which it is now known. The splendid Piccolomini Palace, which forms such a grand feature on the Piazza at Siena, is also said to have been built from his design, besides two or three other palaces in that town. Against the fame of all this architectural work, Bernardo, as a sculptor, can only oppose two or three tombs. Nevertheless, one of these—the tomb of Leonardo Bruni in Santa Croce—is enough to place Bernardo's name on a height little less elevated than that of his more fertile and picturesque brother and brother-sculptor Antonio. Amongst its other claims to our notice, this noble monument may boast that it was undoubtedly the forerunner of Desiderio's famous Marsuppini monument lately described in these pages. In some respects it is superior to that fine work. Its architectural frame is more finely proportioned, and the ornament of it, if not so profuse, is more chaste and more 'classic.' Again, the feeling of the whole work is fuller of repose and dignity. The recumbent figure of Leonardo Bruni, on its flat slab supported by eagles, is upheld with greater solemnity than that of Marsuppini; and the tomb beneath, with its stern and simple quadrangle, is entirely subordinate to the spectacle of peaceful death-sleep, and offers none of those captivating scrolls of foliated ornaments which in Desiderio's work distract the attention of the spectator from the effigy to the sarcophagus. The arrangement of the panels behind, divided into three instead of four, is also preferable. Nor have I yet mentioned all the points in which this tomb seems to me to be superior to both the Marsuppini tomb of Desiderio and the Cardinal Jacopo tomb of Bernardo's brother. It will be sufficient to add, as a summary, that in dignity of sentiment and purity of taste, it is not equalled by the others. Two other tombs—that of the Beata Villana in Santa Maria Novella (1451), and that of Filippo Lazzeri in San Domenico at Pistoja (1464)—remain also to attest his skill as a sculptor. The latter was executed in the year of his death, and the figure of Lazzeri is almost identical in pose with that of the Cardinal Jacopo of Portugal. The sarcophagus on which Lazzeri rests is upheld on brackets against the wall. Above the figure, which is relieved against a radiated fanlike ornament, two angels hold back a curtain which descends from a canopy upheld from above by a little female figure kneeling on a bracket; below there is a bas-relief representing the learned jurisconsult with his pupils on benches, a row on each side of him. The late date of this tomb makes it comparatively uninteresting, and perhaps if we wished to test the claims of Bernardo as a sculptor of the figure in comparison with his brother, we should choose the bas-relief of the Virgin and Child which occupies the lunette of his earliest known monument—that of Leonardo Bruni. It will bear the comparison well. The Virgin is superbly handsome, and reminds one of his brother's more aristocratic type, not the type of the round in the Uffizi, but that of the Madonna del Latto in Santa Croce. Bernardo's Madonna is, however, more refined and spiritual. She holds the Child, who stands erect upon her knee, raising his hand to bless. He is clothed in a little shirt which clings to his limbs, and is at once more childlike and more dignified than Antonio's. This work, as a whole, seems to combine some of the best qualities of Desiderio da Settignano and Antonio Rossellino.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION: ITS AIMS AND HISTORY.

II.

WHILE rapidly surveying the second exhibition of modern pictures in Pall Mall, we should, if there in 1807, have been attracted at first sight by James Ward's very fine and intensely energetic *Phaeton hurled from the Chariot of the Sun*, hanging in a fine light on the west side of the North Room, adjoining H. Singleton's very chaste *Sleeping Nymph*, and close to cold and heavily-handled pictures by Opie, including his gaunt *Belisarius*, the last work he exhibited, this being his death year, productions of the interminable Barney, whose toils I recounted last month, and West's *Crucifixion of our Saviour*, which is one of the flabbiest of his flabby conceptions. Ward's passionate prose piece was much larger than that painting of the same subject which is now the property of Lord De Tabley, who lent it for the Academicians' last Winter Exhibition, where we recognised it as already a classic. Among its neighbours in Pall Mall was the *Expectation* of that remarkable R.A., Mr. George Jones, who lived

to become not only an antique, but an anachronism, and a Keeper of the Royal Academy, whose lengthy career began at Somerset House just three years before this, his first appearance in the 'British Gallery.' As every man must have a beginning, it is well to know when the artistic career of Mr. Jones was opened. He was admitted a Student of the Academy in 1801, and, with a martial interval,—when as a captain in the Montgomeryshire Militia he helped to occupy Paris—he preferred Pallas to Mars. He received two premiums from the Directors of the Institution.* After winning the affections of Turner (who made him one of his executors) among other unimpressionable men, Jones died, aged eighty-three, in 1869. In the same North Room with these unequal pictures hung Northcote's series of *pseudo*-Hogarthian moralities, which were intended to show the 'Effects of Good and Bad Conduct,' and are mild imitations of the 'Idle and Industrious Apprentices,' by Hogarth, of which they constitute a 'female version,' delineating the careers of two serving-women 'in honour and in shame.' The series, which included ten pictures, although only five were in Pall Mall, had considerable popularity by means of engravings published in 1796 and 1797.† In 1807, the year of the exhibition here in view, Northcote began writing in Mr. Prince Hoare's publication, 'The Artist,' and thus distinguished himself with mordant criticisms and opinions that were due to rare insight. In the North Room was Douglas Guest's picture, *Bearing the dead body of Patroclus*, which won the Academy gold medal in 1805. The artist, whose *Transfiguration*, forty feet high, is, or was, in a church at Salisbury, appears in one of the prints accompanying the preceding essay on the British Institution. Next to his contributions of 1807 was *Prospero and Miranda*, by Martin Archer Shee, the future P.R.A.‡

In the Middle Room the admiring world stood breathless before Lawrence's tall, black, melodramatic *Hamlet*, on a canvass twelve feet high, and painted in 1801, a smaller version of which becoming the property of Sir T. Baring, was sold in 1848 to Mr. Nieuwenhuys. A third *Hamlet* is in the National Gallery. I could, but dare not, reproduce the raptures of some of the art-critics of the day. It is pleasant to see that my long-deceased brethren of the pen thoroughly appreciated the difference between this inspiring piece of melodrama and West's cold and dull respectabilities which accompanied it.*

The third *Hamlet*, after a long sojourn in Trafalgar Square, has departed for a provincial collection: I do not know where. Copley's *Youth Rescued from a*

---

* One of those rewards was for a huge picture of the Battle of Waterloo; it was finished in 1820, from a sketch exhibited in 1816. The Directors gave the picture to Chelsea Hospital. It cost, premiums included, 600 guineas.

† The prints are entitled *Diligence and Dissipation*, and were engraved by Gaugain and Hellyer. '1. London: Published May 1, 1796, by T. Gaugain, No. 15, Five fields Row, Chelsea.' 2, 3, 4, Same date and publication line, with the addition, 'and No. 4, Little Compton Street, Soho.' 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, the same publisher's addresses as on 2, 3, and 4; the date May 1, 1797.

‡ Who claimed the honour of being the original proposer of the society here in question, see Shee's 'Life,' by his son, ii. 343. Galt, in the 'Life of West,' ii. 180, avers that the second of the P. R. As. was the originator, who, influenced by a conversation with Denon at the Louvre, when the vast artistic schemes of the First Consul after the Peace of Amiens were detailed, addressed Sir F. Baring (father of Lord Ashburton) with the hope of getting 5000*l.* a-year from the Government, and, in addition, so moved Sir (then Mr.) Thomas Bernard, and others, that 'several meetings took place at Mr. West's house, at which Mr. C. Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough), and Sir A. Hume were present, which terminated in the formation of that association that now constitutes the British Institution, in Pall Mall.' See likewise 'Life of Shee,' ii. 344. Pitt, Fox, and Perceval were, according to Galt, all consulted in the matter and took more or less interest in it. There is no doubt that West had much to do with the initiatory movement, and that Sir T. Bernard was one of the most active promoters of its success. He died in 1818, aged sixty-eight, and was distinguished as a philanthropist with Wilberforce and others, and one of the founders of the Royal Institution.

* In Chalon's satire we saw West, the venerable President of the Royal Academy, diligently daubing as a copyist at the British Institution Painting School, and working, as Peter Pindar said of another Academician, 'like a dog in dough.' I have noticed West's large share in founding the British Institution and—'Sic transit gloria Mundi!' now congratulate the world that it did not accept an offer made by Messrs. Raphael and Benjamin, sons of the President (whom he depicted in the charming family group engraved by Facius), to sell, as the beginning of 'a real National Gallery,' the collection of their father's paintings. In 1825, when this matter was mooted, men declared 'West's Gallery' and 'the fame of the late President, are, in a national point of view, inseparably connected with the highest interests of the British School, and the glory of the British Empire.' It was averred that, unless this Gallery was bought for the nation, 'the whole fabric of historical painting in this country would sink into imbecility, and become extinct.' Such declarations seem less extravagant when we recollect that G. Robins sold West's 'remaining works' in May, 1829, for nearly 20,000 guineas; the Institution, in 1811, paid him 3000 guineas for *Christ Healing the Sick*, besides giving 1800 guineas to Heath for engraving it; the king paid West, for pictures, more than 34,000 pounds. Later, the Vestry of Marylebone, in 1849, had a difficulty in finding a customer for West's *Annunciation* at 10*l.*!

Notwithstanding the obvious shortcomings of West as an artist, and the defective judgment of George III. as a patron of noble design, it may not be amiss to point out that in the magnificent scheme for the pictorial exposition of Revealed Religion, which was intended to be carried into effect in a chapel at Windsor, the King and the painter formulated claims on our admiration. Thirty-six large pictures, delineating subjects of the Four Dispensations, from the *Expulsion* to the *Rejection of Paul and Barnabas*, were advanced, most of them finished. For these nearly 22,000*l.* was paid to West. The patron and his friend likewise devised a series to illustrate heroic episodes of the history of England. These examples were painted for Windsor, with numerous others. The whole is part of a scheme, such as even Charles I. had never contemplated. Charles I. was the only Englishman who, before George III., had in view the execution of such large, grave, and self-consistent schemes of painting as these. In the plenitude of his popularity West might have earned more money than King George paid him for the work of many years, 1768 to 1801.

Shark, a fibrous, but unpleasing work, painted before 1780, and well known by an excellent mezzotint by Val Green,* faced the *Hamlet* from the opposite side of the same room. You might have seen through the doorway there the white, exquisitely modelled limbs of Nollekens' sterling *Venus, sitting* and, near that figure, the graver *Charity* of Flaxman, one of his very noblest works. I pass Shee's, Pocock's, Beechey's, Rigaud's, Singleton's, Westall's contributions, and will not allow even J. Hazlitt's *Sleeping Nymph* to detain me while I look at Stothard's *Elizabeth haranguing her Troops at Tilbury*, a complete picture, rich in all his fine art. Mrs. Mee, a much-underrated miniature-painter, now almost immortal because Dickens made a laughing allusion to her, was represented in this gallery with Stothard's fine *Pilgrim's Progress*. A. E. Chalon's good *Ganymede* was here likewise, and a number of the sterling, carefully painted, and highly pictorial landscapes of S. W. Reynolds (see Chalon's before-mentioned satirical drawing), a capital artist in that line, whose powers as a mezzotinter have cast his paintings into undeserved obscurity. Olivia Serres (born Horton), another contributor, was the person who, in 1821, set forth her claims to be called Olive, Princess of Cumberland, and a legitimate daughter of the scapegrace, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. Some persons—not probably animated by motives analogous to those of the dupes who backed the Tichborne 'Claimant'—found money enough to enable this 'Princess Olive' to prosecute her claims. She became a stupendous nuisance; but, in 1834, died in obscurity, and, it is said, in drink. Her pretences were revived in 1866–7 by her daughter. Olivia was the daughter by marriage of Dominic Serres, R.A., and wife of a very decent, sadly troubled man, John Thomas Serres, Marine Painter to the King, whose life she nearly worried out of him, and, even in his utter ruin, made miserable. He was a frequent exhibitor in Pall Mall. One of his uncommon artistic occupations was that of making sketches of French harbours for the British Admiralty, who appropriated a fast-sailing cutter to his use, and paid him well besides.

The Gallery of 1807 contained three hundred and nine works, nearly fifty more than those of the previous year. Among these, Fuseli, one of whose three pictures we noticed in the previous year's gathering (all he contributed to this Exhibition at any time), was not represented. He was made very happy this year by the Students of the Royal Academy—those 'd——d bears,' whose Keeper he declared himself to be—bestowing on him a noble silver vase, which had been designed by Flaxman for the purpose, and was affectionately subscribed for by themselves. The Mr. Medland, whom we saw in Chalon's satire, was one of these students. It was he who jumped over the rail in the Model Academy or 'Life School' at Somerset House, and broke one of the casts, provoking the Keeper to demand, 'Who the devil has been doing this?' followed by advice for the culprit to take to tumbling at the Sadler's Wells Academy.

To me the Institution of 1808 is most interesting because it contained Mulready's very early picture, *The Rattle*, and two others. One painting, by Collins, found place in an illustration of Gray's 'Elegy'; with it were four other works of his—for one of which he got four guineas. The most important picture here, on the whole, was Linnell's first contribution, being, *Fishermen: a Study from Nature*. This was, he told me, the first picture Linnell sold; Mr. Ridley Colborne (Lord Colborne) gave him fifteen guineas for it. Next year this artist attained a distinguished place, as we shall see. The exhibition in which Linnell first appeared was to be marked with a white stone; another stone is due on account of the *début* of no less a person than William (Henry) Hunt,*

* On this picture Copley's reputation was founded. It represents the harbour of the Havanna, and the narrow escape of Mr. Brooke Watson from the terrible nose of the shark rising from the green water, while, having lost one of his legs, snapped off by the monster, he is hauled naked into a boat. Watson served America under Wolfe. Notwithstanding the loss of his limb he succeeded as a merchant, and became Lord Mayor (1796–7) of London, and a baronet. He was much among artists, and died in 1807, the year of the Exhibition now before us. When Boydell, then Lord Mayor, asked Stothard and his wife to a Mansion House ball, April 12, 1791, the artist was much astonished by Brooke Watson 'dancing away with his wooden leg all the evening.' Stothard sketched the phenomenon, and thus afforded us, familiar with Copley's startling picture, knowledge of the greatest anticlimax on record. The picture was bequeathed by Copley to Christ's Hospital, London, and remains there. Its presence at the British Institution, unless a replica was then in view, shows us that the gallery was enriched by works painted long before 1807. Peter Pindar did not overlook Watson and his leg, or want of a leg.

When writing of Copley's *Death of the Earl of Chatham*, see p. 218, I forgot to say that Marchant, the gem-engraver, told Pyne that the painter assured him more than 60,000 persons saw this picture when exhibited in Spring Gardens with the *Destruction of the Floating Batteries of Gibraltar* (a very fine piece indeed, which was finely engraved) now at Guildhall. The net profit of the exhibition amounted to 5000*l*. The latter painting is worthy of comparison with West's noble *Battle of La Hogue*, which Woollett engraved. Bartolozzi had 2000 guineas for engraving the *Death of Chatham*. Copley employed Delatre to engrave a plate from this picture to be sold at a cheaper rate; the contract led to an important action at law in 1801, and evoked a very important decision.

* A note on the residences of artists at this period may be taken to illustrate the social position of a rapidly increasing class, for whose benefit the British Institution was especially brought into existence.

Hunt gave his address at John Varley's, 15 Broad Street, Golden Square (close to where Blake had lived with his brother), where, under the nominal guidance of that very remarkable man—to whom, with a premium of 100*l*., he had been apprenticed—but really, like Linnell, having Mulready for his master, he was at work at this time. He lived with his father, the japanner, in the house where he was born, No. 8 Old Belton Street (now Endell Street), Long Acre. Linnell gave his

that great master in small, whose close intimacy with Linnell is marked by his title of *Fishermen at Hastings*, a place the pair had visited together. *Cottages at Watford* marked the sojourn of Hunt in that neighbourhood while painting for the Earl of Essex, a period during which he was trundled about in the woods in a flat barrow drawn by a pony. Doctor Monro, the patron of Girtin, Turner, Linnell, and others, had procured commissions from the Earl for Hunt. While there sojourning Hunt painted most of those beautiful early drawings which represent gamekeepers, interiors of rooms, barns, and churches. Some of these admirable pieces of draughtsmanship were lithographed by Hullmandel, and published. A smaller white stone than Hunt's or Linnell's is due to the *début* in this Gallery of P. Dewint, who there sent *A Farmhouse from Nature*. This Exhibition was a wonder on account of these first appearances; but it was made specially memorable by the magnificence of Turner's *Jason*, an epoch-marking picture, that need not be described here, and the energy of the *Battle of Trafalgar*, which, like *Jason*, is in the National Gallery, and now entitled the *Death of Nelson*. The stupendous event delineated in this masterpiece was at that time profoundly impressed on the public mind; it might be said that the thunders of the cannon of the conflict had hardly ceased to reverberate. The fact that Turner contributed these works to the exhibition in Pall Mall, following his austere, Poussinesque *Goddess of Discord*, which, like the above, is in the National Gallery, attests, as much as anything can, the esteem of painters and the public for the new gallery.

In 1807, the Directors of the British Institution, 'in order to excite the emulation of the younger artists by awarding premiums,' announced to those students who had attended the Painting School in the preceding summer, that they would give 100*l.* for the best original figure picture lent (sent?) to the Gallery, 60*l.* to the second, and 40*l.* to the third work of the same kind. The first prize was, in 1808, given to I. Pocock, the second to J. Green, the third to Miss C. Reinagle, whom we saw with Green in Chalon's satire. In 1809, four prizes were given of 50 guineas each, one of which went to G. Dawe, another to M. W. Sharp, a third to 'Master J. Linnell,' then seventeen years of age, for his capital picture called *Removing Timber—Autumn*. His competitor was J. J. Chalon, who sold his picture to Lord Grosvenor; Linnell's is now at Redhill. In 1810, Haydon, much

address likewise at his father's, the frame-maker, 2 Streatham Street, Bloomsbury. Linnell was born close by. De Wint was at 40 Windmill Street, Rathbone Place, in the same house with Hilton, afterwards an R.A. of renown and Keeper. Mulready, having just left a second floor at 9 Upper Cleveland Street, was at 30 Francis Street, Bedford Square, where Linnell shortly afterwards joined him, so that they painted together some of their best pictures; and John Varley's lively sister, whom Mulready had married in 1800 (they had hardly yet had time for jars, such as wrecked their lives in years too soon to come), kept her husband's house after a fashion, and the three were by no means wealthy.

On the other hand, Mrs. Mee flourished in 'Berkeley Street, Portman Square,' disdaining to give the number of her house, so likewise disdained 'Sir William Beechey, Knt., R.A.,' who resided in 'Harley Street,' at large. This was nothing to Zoffany's comprehensiveness when, in 1784, he gave his address in the 'East Indies.' Wilkie's quarters were at 84 Great Portland Street. Our friend, A. E. Chalon, who drew the satires, lived (as in nearly all their days) with his brother at 23 Charles Street, Berners Street. Mather Brown, a man now forgotten, although he painted George III., had a mansion, No. 20 Cavendish Square. He devoted himself to Benjamin West, whose pupil he was, and died at No. 23 Newman Street, within a few yards of where his master likewise died 'on the 10th of March, 1820, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, on the sofa, on which he was accustomed to sleep, in the front drawing-room, at his house, No. 14 Newman Street.' There many a man, from Haydon to poorer students, found a friend and a purse 'open as day.' Northcote's tenancy of 39 Argyll Street lasted nearly fifty years. The greater number of the above named older men of repute were then living where they died. John Bacon was at 17 Newman Street, a famous house before and since; with James Ward at No. 6; Henry Howard at No. 5; Stothard at No. 28; T. Russell at 21; Copley in Great George Street, Hanover Square; Lawrence in Greek Street, No. 17; and Flaxman at 8 Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square. Opie died in 1807 at 8 Berners Street, near Henry Bone at No. 15, and Henry Thomson, R.A., at No. 10. S. W. Reynolds was at 47 Poland Street, Fanny Burney's street.

The painters had already begun to move westwards. Callcott, just elected an A.R.A., was at Kensington Gravel Pitts, where he died in 1845; H. B. Chalon was at 24 Winchester Row, Paddington; Constable, emerging to the light, had recently left 3 Spur Street, Leicester Square, for 13 Percy Street, then a handsome place, and still within a stone's throw of the open country; he died at 35 (old number) Charlotte Street, the house next to the since-erected church, on the north side of that edifice, and next but one to North Street, which is on the east side of Charlotte Street. Mr. J. J. Jenkins lived in the same house during many years. R. Wilson took (in 1769) a long lease of the house next door, on the north side of that in which Constable died, *i.e.* No. 36 (old number) in Charlotte Street, because, as he stated, 'there is no building northward interposed between us and the open country.' He had a fine view of Hampstead and Highgate from the windows. W. Woollett subsequently occupied this house, and produced some of his fine plates in the detached building at the end of the garden; it was his custom to announce the completion of such a work by firing a cannon from the roof of the house. W. Blake, in 1807, was at 17 South Molton Street. D. Cox lived at Dulwich, with a town address at 16 Bridge Row, Lambeth.

De Loutherbourg was at No. 13 on The Terrace, Hammersmith, where the anti-Southcotians nearly pelted him out of his own house. Edridge was at 64 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, where he died.

Haydon was at 41 Great Marlborough Street. Fuseli was in the Keeper's apartments at Somerset House, with the roar of the Strand in his ears. Paul Sandby was at St. George's Row, Knightsbridge, where he died. Soane was at Lincoln's Inn Fields, his death-place and his museum. Turner had lately moved to No. 64 Harley Street, from Hand Court, Covent Garden; this year, 1807, he found a suburban retreat at West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, close to, and, from the garden, which extended to the shore, overlooking the river. He was thus within a stone's throw of De Loutherbourg, to whom he owed impressions of the changeful aspects of light, storm, and the passion of landscape-painting. Turner's house at West End was a 'villa,' of which the site is now occupied by a fetid and noisy oil-mill; here he designed the greater part of the *Liber Studiorum*, while he was painting *Calais Pier*, now in the National Gallery.

to his joy, received 100 guineas as a premium for *Dentatus*, of which an energetic and pathetic account is given in the painter's 'Autobiography.' It is a picture very interesting to us on account of the famous woodcut made from it by T. Bewick's pupil, W. Harvey, which was long renowned as the finest specimen of that kind of work. It is rather the most successful imitation of pure line engraving, and, as such, not a masterpiece. In 1814, Haydon had a second prize of 100 guineas for the *Judgment of Solomon*. In 1810 Hilton had 50 guineas, which he needed sorely, for the *Surrender of Calais*.

In considering the operations of the Directors while thus 'promoting the Fine Arts,' we must bear in mind that it was not till 1815, years after the Painting School in Pall Mall—the subject of all of the satirical prints before the reader—was in full vogue, that the Royal Academicians opened their Painting School at Somerset House, and appointed a Curator to teach the students. At one time the Academicians gave premiums for copies made in this school; they abandoned this practice for the nonce in 1852. These rewards were, of course, for copies only. The prizes of the Directors were for original works, and similar to the Academy gold medals. The money premiums of the Institution were seconded by the purchase of pictures by selected artists, and gifts of the works to public institutions. Thus, besides the gift of West's huge canvas to the National Gallery, Richter's *Christ Healing the Blind* was bought in 1813 for 500 guineas, and, in 1822, given to the new church at Greenwich; Hilton's *Mary anointing the Feet of Jesus* was given to the church of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, London; his *Christ crowned with Thorns* was bought in 1825 for 1000 guineas, and, in 1828, given to St. Peter's Church, Pimlico; Wilkie's *Distressing for Rent* was bought for 600 guineas in 1815, and sold at the same price to Raimbach in 1822. In a similar way pictures by Northcote, Westall, J. Ward, G. Arnald, H. P. Briggs, J. Jackson, and S. Drummond, were bought and—because the Directors had no room to retain and exhibit them in—given away. Four deceased masters' pictures were bought and given to the National Gallery, being P. Veronese's *Consecration of St. Nicholas*, Parmegiano's *Vision of St. Jerome* (price 3000 guineas), Reynolds's *Holy Family* (price 1995*l.*), and Gainsborough's *Market Cart* (price 1102*l.*). Probably the crowning performance in this line by the Directors was, after many throes and efforts at selection, the commissioning James Ward to paint the *Battle of Waterloo*, in an allegorical fashion, for 1000 guineas. Ward—who was preposterously unfit for the task—delineated the genius of War, Wellington, Britannia, the Virtues, various demons and others in a stupendous composition, the terrors of which were said to be so great that the picture was never, according to Redgrave (no unimpeachable witness as to anything, however remotely, affecting the Royal Academy), exhibited. The Directors bestowed this monstrous work on Chelsea Hospital, and the authorities there, not having a place big enough for its display, stowed it away on a roller, where what remains of it may be seen to this day, a marvel and a warning.

Premiums and complimentary donations were, besides those named above, given in the following manner:—Five donations for frames, 157*l.*; W. E. Bird, 315*l.*; W. Allston, 210*l.*; Henry Monro (Dr. Monro's very promising son, who died soon after this, and is buried in Bushey Churchyard, between Hearne and Edridge); T. C. Hofland; Edwin Landseer, 150*l.* in 1822; and various sums to G. F. Joseph, G. Hayter, A. Cooper, L. Clennell, John Martin, J. Stark, E. H. Baily, C. Stanfield, F. Danby, W. Etty, F. Goodall, and R. T. Bone. Donations were awarded to various institutions connected with art, such as the Artists' General Benevolent Institution and the British Academy at Rome. 'An Historical Painter' (Haydon?) had 50*l.*; 'R. Kirkley' (Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Ralph'), 21*l.*; and the Haydon Fund, 50*l.*

Rapidly continuing notes on the earlier exhibitions in Pall Mall I may say that among the contributors to the gallery there in 1809 was Mr. Theophilus Clarke, a pupil of Opie, born in 1776, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1803, who disappeared out of human ken, and was heard of no more after 1810, when he contributed to the Academy. The Academicians, not knowing what to do, retained his name on their roll till 1832, and then removed it together with the name of Elias Martin, another A.R.A., who was elected in 1770, and ceased to exhibit in 1780 till 1790, when he reappeared at Bath, and finally vanished. He died in 1804, but this was not known at the time. Of Theophilus Clarke the last glimpse known to me was in the Obituary of the *Times*, January 20th, 1879, which stated that 'Mrs. Elizabeth Betts, aged seventy-two, daughter of the late Theophilus Clarke, A.R.A., of Clarges Street, Piccadilly,' died on the eleventh of that month, at Twickenham. With Clarke in 1809 appeared Constable; S. W. Reynolds; Hilton; Mulready, with *The Carpenter's Shop and Kitchen;* W. Hunt, with *The Gravel Diggers*, an oil picture, of course—it measured 2 ft. 7 in. by 3 ft. 5 in.; Copley, with *The Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey;* Linnell, with the before-mentioned *Removing Timber: Autumn;* J. J. Chalon; J. Ward, with *Harlech Castle* and *The Fall of Phaeton;* S. Prout; Turner, with *The Sun rising through Vapour*. In 1810 we had Haydon, with *Dentatus*, removed from the Academy of the pre-

vious year;* 'W. Collins, jun.,' sent *Children Fishing;* J. Hazlitt, *A Girl and a Dead Bird;* Linnell, *A Landscape;* and W. Hunt, *A Fair* (oil). Besides these there were pictures by B. and T. Barker, of Bath, A. Chalon, and his brother, and A. W. Devis. The year 1811 saw the *début* of Etty at the British Institution with *Sappho*, followed in the next year by *Cupid stealing the Ring*, and *Mirth presents a Picture of Venus and Cupid;* after this he contributed almost annually until 1847. In 1811 B. West sent his startling picture, *The Bard, from Gray;* W. Hunt, *A View of Windsor Castle;* Linnell, *The Quoit Players*, which was at the Academy in 1883, and *Fishermen Waiting for the Ferry-Boat, Hastings* (?); Constable sent *A Church Porch;* and with these works were those of the Barkers, J. J. Chalon, Luke Clennell, Copley, John Glover, Haydon, Hilton, Julius Ibbetson, S. Prout, and J. Ward. In the year 1812 the exhibition contained pictures by many of the above, including Haydon's *Macbeth*, J. Ward's *Interior of a Workshop*, &c., Linnell's *Dairy—Morning*, &c., Callcott's *Travelling Tinkers*, and a model of *Hercules rescuing Alcestis*, by E. H. Baily for which the Academicians gave the sculptor the gold medal and fifty guineas. Harlow, Etty, P. Nasmyth, F. Nash, J. P. Neal, Turner of Oxford, J. Ward, and others, were represented. The exhibition of 1813 was not noteworthy, except for the first appearance of C. L. Eastlake.

Having thus far shown the general character of the British Institution until the Directors formed their first exhibition of deceased artists' works in 1813, I may quit the modern gatherings in order to write briefly of the very important Summer Exhibitions. The first of the series consisted entirely of the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, one hundred and forty-three in all, which, until the Grosvenor Exhibition of this year was opened, had been the most numerous collection of the P. R. A.'s works. On this occasion a covered way led from the gallery to Willis's Rooms, where a grand banquet was attended by some hundreds of the *élite* of connoisseurship, nobility, art, and fashion. The delighted visitors saw Mrs. Siddons face to face with her own portrait, as the *Tragic Muse*. '*Lord Byron was pointed out to me*,' wrote Constable, who was one of the company; '*his poetry is of the most melancholy kind, but he has great ability*.' Shee, who thought himself in his element, and had a fellow-feeling in Sir Joshua's glory, was moved to write certain glib and yet soulless verses, entitled, 'The Commemoration of Reynolds.' Mr. Murray was weak enough to publish—let us hope at the author's expense—the said verses, which were considerately averred to be quite as good as his 'Rhymes on Art.' The occasion was, of course, a feast for the gods. Sir Joshua's finest works were not wanting, for among them were the *Lord Richard Cavendish; Lord Camden;* Rogers's *Sleeping Girl; The Fortune Teller*, from Knole; *The Fortune Tellers*, lent by Lady Thomond, and now at Blenheim; *Sir William Chambers*, from the Academy; *Lady Melbourne and Child*, from Broadlands; *Lady St. Asaph and her Son; The Children in the Wood; Master Bunbury; Venus and Cupid*, lent by the Earl of Upper Ossory; *The Death of Dido*, which Lady Thomond gave to the Regent. Mr. Angerstein lent *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy; Cymon and Iphigenia* came from Lady Thomond's collection, with, from other hands, *Miss Cholmondeley, Mrs. Hale, Innocence, Angels' Heads, The Duchess of Gloucester; Studies for the New College Windows; Master Crewe, Nymph and Cupid, Nymph and Boy, Sterne, Rodney, Mrs. Sheridan, Princess Sophia, Count La Lippe, Collina, Kitty Fisher, Omai*, and some scores more.

The exhibition was an immense success. Four versions of the catalogue were published, and tens of thousands of visitors studied Reynolds with zest. The exhibition of the next season comprised works of Hogarth, Wilson, Zoffani, and Gainsborough. In 1815 an unprecedented collection by Rubens (23), Rembrandt (19), Van Dyck (18), and other Flemings and Dutchmen, was formed—as nothing of the kind could have been formed out of England, including the *Charles I.*, lately bought for the National Gallery, from Blenheim. Italian and Spanish pictures filled the gallery in 1816. The bitter 'Catalogue Raisonné,' by R. Reinagle, whom we saw in Chalon's drawing, was published anonymously in ridicule of not a few of the elements in that gathering, and loaded with sarcasms on the 'patrons' of the hour. Continental pictures supplied the gallery in 1818, 1819, and 1821, and following years not here otherwise specified. In 1820 a noble collection of portraits—the first of the kind ever made in England, which is a fact to be remembered—was set before the public. In 1823 the gallery held sixty-four Reynoldses in a total of one hundred and seventy-five works. Living British artists supplied the Institution with examples of their skill chosen by themselves in 1825. The Regent lent the Carlton House paintings in 1826 and 1827. Lawrence's pictures were collected in 1830, Reynolds's (50), West's (51), and Lawrence's again (43), were combined in 1833. The Duke of Devonshire lent most of his Chatsworth pictures in 1837, a roomful of Hilton's works appeared in 1840,

* It was no uncommon thing for pictures already shown at the Academy to find good places in Pall Mall. In fact, it was officially ordered that in the latter place 'a preference should be given to works which had been previously exhibited in the Strand.' This was often the case with Linnell's, Mulready's, Turner's, and Haydon's paintings. The complaisance of the Directors went so far that some painters were allowed to withdraw their works, or some of them, from the Gallery during the exhibition, and, I think, substitute others for those they might wish to remove.

Wilkie was well represented in 1842; Reynolds came forth for the third time at large in 1843. Two hundred and fifteen portraits were on view in 1846, Lord Yarborough's town-house pictures appeared in 1849 and 1850; forty-two Gainsboroughs in 1859. After this, special collections of masters' works severally were no longer formed, but the gatherings testified not only to the wondrous art wealth of England, but to the extreme unselfishness and open-handedness of those who lent their pictures for the public delight, and desired to 'serve the public who have felt the benefit of such devotion by the humanising influence it must have had upon society at large.'

A master in the grand style & his pupils.
DIRECTOR of the PUBLIC TASTE
A Painter who relies on his compass, leans on a prop which will not support him: Vide, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

HAYDON AND HIS PUPILS.

Of the print illustrating this essay I had occasion to write as follows in 'Sir E. Landseer,' third edition, 1880:—

'In 1818 a satirical print was published in Elmes's "Annals of the Fine Arts," representing Haydon and his pupils drawing from Raphael's cartoon of *Elymas Struck Blind*,* which, as Haydon boasted, had by his means been brought to London and placed for the use of artists in the British Institution. This print is a rough etching, and entitled, *A Master in the Grand Style and his Pupils;* it represents the interior of the gallery with three enormous canvasses placed before the cartoons, besides a smaller one and a portfolio, in which last a boy is drawing one of the heads on our right of Raphael's work. Five copyists are busy, two of whom are identified by their portraits and inscriptions on their canvasses, as (1) William Bewick (or Darlington, who sat to Haydon under the pitiful circumstances detailed in that artist's "Autobiography" of the painting of the *Raising of Lazarus,*) a romantic-looking youth, who assumes the "grand style" of drawing, pressing his lips together demonstratively after the fashion of poor Haydon himself, while he steps backwards on the rickety platform and. draws at arm's length, sustaining his right elbow with his left hand; his inner mind is evidently divided between his studies and concern for his personal appearance, which is intended to be more than commonly picturesque, by means of long-curled locks tucked behind his ears, and a falling shirt-collar; his boots are of the smallest.* The next artist (2) is Thomas Christmas,

* The *Elymas* was not one of the cartoons exhibited at the British Institution in 1818, the two cartoons shown in that year being *The Beautiful Gate* and *Christ's Charge to Peter*. *Elymas* appeared in 1817.

* These elements of Bewick's personal appearance and demeanour are closely in keeping with the impression produced on readers of the 'Life' of the artist, which, long after his death, was published by his old and affectionate friend, Thomas Landseer, Sir Edwin's elder brother, and engraver of his pictures.

one of Haydon's pupils (whose wife was the eldest sister of Edwin Landseer and died in childbed. Like her sisters, Mrs. Mackenie, who still lives, and Jessy Landseer, who died August 29, 1880, Mrs. Christmas was an artist and exhibitor of her pictures), wearing very big boots, his hair and collar being similar to those of his neighbour. The figures working at smaller canvasses on our left do not concern us here, but the portrait of a youth who, perched on a ladder, measures with a pair of compasses the features of one of the faces in Raphael's cartoon, is important, because it probably represents Edwin (or Charles) Landseer, the younger two of Haydon's pupils, in the figure of a modest-looking, neatly-dressed boy. In the air is Haydon (as a cock-sparrow), wearing his broad-brimmed hat and spectacles, busily flying about as a bird, and blowing his own trumpet as "Director of the Public Taste."* The joke is heightened by the publication line of the print, stating that it was "Published for the Annals of the Fine Arts, No. 8, by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, April 1, 1818." In that journal the satire appeared with a long letter animadverting on Haydon and his pupils.'

'Mr. E. Landseer is named with his brother in the "Annals" for 1818, p. 360, as among those who drew in chalk from the cartoons of *The Beautiful Gate*, according to the "Annals," ii. 433, the brothers Landseer, Thomas and Charles, drew, in 1817, the lictors and the figure of Elymas struck blind. Some of these drawings were exhibited by Haydon in 1819 in Pall Mall. "Messrs. Thomas Christmas and the two Landseers have taken their canvasses to the Academy (British Institution) to make drawings from the *Ananias*," &c., so says the "Annals," No. 6, p. 436, and there seems to have been a very unwise squabble about the pupils of Haydon and their drawings from this cartoon.'

Charles Christmas was an animal-painter, who, seeing the superiority of Edwin Landseer, his brother-in-law, in that line of art, gave up the race. Thomas Christmas was, I have been told, an architect. A 'Thomas C. Christmas' exhibited sporting subjects in the Academy, and F. and J. Christmas, apparently but one person, exhibited landscapes with the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-colours in 1820.

F. G. STEPHENS.

* My readers will remember how large is the share of gratitude due to Haydon on account of his ardent advocacy of the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, which Byron went out of his way to denounce. Haydon's lecturing powers justified the ascription to him of authorship, which is affirmed by this satire.

ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

ESSEX STREET

WE give a few sketches of the new house in Essex Street, from which this periodical will, in future, be issued. It has been designed by Mr. H. C. Boyes, and built for the publishers, who have removed from the house, No. 54 Fleet Street, which they have occupied for forty-five years. The business was founded by Leonard Benton Seeley, who came to London about the year 1785. His father was Benton Seeley (born 1716, died 1795), a bookseller in the town of Buckingham, where he served the office of Bailiff or Mayor, and where he lies buried. One or two little works printed by this old bookseller are preserved in the family. One is a pamphlet on the change of style as affecting the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, designed to reassure those who were disturbed in mind by the loss of the eleven days, and by the fear of not duly observing the ecclesiastical seasons. Another is *A Guide to Stowe* (1777), with 'Prints drawn in Perspective by B. Seeley.' His son, L. B. Seeley (born 1766, died 1834), established himself in London as a publisher, and wholesale and retail bookseller, in Ave Maria Lane, in the house afterwards occupied by Messrs. Whittaker and Co. Thence he removed, in 1808, to 169 Fleet Street. In 1826 he relinquished the publishing department of the business to his eldest son, Mr. Robert Benton Seeley, who, in partnership with the late Mr. W. Burnside, established himself first in Crane Court, afterwards for a short time at 172 Fleet Street, and then at 54 Fleet Street; whence the business has now been removed to Essex Street,

just half a century after the death of L. B. Seeley, and about a century after his coming to London. The sons of Mr. R. B. Seeley, who is still living in his eighty-seventh year, are thus booksellers of the fourth generation.

The new building has been designed partly as a warehouse, and partly for offices. The two top floors are warerooms, and are of a plainer design than the lower storeys. It was originally intended to have three dormer gables at the top, one over each of the projecting bays, but difficulties of 'light and air' intervened, and the two end ones had to be abandoned. The front is an attempt to translate half timber-work construction, which in these days of district surveyors is inadmissible in London, into stone; the panels being filled in with tiles in herring-bone pattern, thus affording a washable surface, and one which will resist the action of the London atmosphere. In the ground-floor storey a sufficient amount of light and air has been obtained without making the building appear to rest entirely on large sheets of plate-glass. The panels in the bays are enriched with carving, designed and carried out by Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins, the well-known sculptor, who has had free scope, except in such general control of style, scale, and subject, as the architect considered necessary.

ARCADE OF THE LAW COURTS, LOOKING ACROSS ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCHYARD TO ESSEX STREET.

Essex Street runs southward from the Strand, towards the Thames, and is opposite to St. Clement's Church and the new Law Courts. 'In the high streete (without Temple Bar),' wrote Stow, 'is one large Middle Rowe of houses and small Tenementes builded, partly opening to the south, partlie towardes the north. Amongst the which standeth the parrish Church of saint Clement Danes, so called because Harolde a Danish king and other Danes were buried there. And William Malmesburie sayeth that the Danes having burnt the Church of Chartsey with the Monkes and Abbot were by the just judgment of God all slayne at London in a place which is called the church of the Danes.' Strype, however, suggests that it was so called because it was built by a number of Danes who remained when the greater number had been driven out of the kingdom, and who were constrained to dwell between the isle of Thorney and Caer Lud. The present church was built at the end of the seventeenth century, 'Sir Christopher Wren freely and generously bestowing his great care and skill towards the Contriving and Building of it;' but the tower was added later, 'in which tower are eight noble bells to ring in peal.'

The neighbourhood in Queen Elizabeth's reign is described as so notorious for its disturbances at night, that the Recorder himself came to St. Clement's Church to see the lantern hung out, hoping to see some of the 'Outrageous Dealers.' And as he was watching with his companions, there came by young Mr. Robert Cecil, who gave them a civil salute. And they being moved with admiration that a nobleman's son should put off his cap to poor men, the Recorder wrote of it to Lord Burleigh, adding, 'Your lordship hath cause to thank God for so virtuous a child.' The cause of these disturbances were the inhabitants of the Inns of Chancery, which lay on the north of the church, while to the south were the noblemen's houses, with their gardens running down to the river.

'Amongst other buildings memorable for greatness was Exeter House so called for that the same belonged to the Bishops of Exeter, and was their Inne or London lodging: who was first builder thereof I have not read, but that Walter Stapylton was a greate Builder there in the raigne of Edward the second is manifest, for the Citizens of

London when they had beheaded him in Cheape neare unto the cathedrall Church of S. Paule, they buried him in a heape of sande or rubbish in his owne house without Temple barre where he had made great building. The same hath since been called Paget house because William lord Paget possessed and enlarged it. Then Leycester house, because Robert Dudley Earle of Leycester of late new builded there, and now Essex house of the Earle of Essex lodging there.'

Of this house it is that Spenser writes in his 'Prothalamium,' when, after alluding to the Temple, he proceeds—

'Next whereunto there standes a stately place
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord who therein wont to dwell
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case.

* * * * * *

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neare
Did make to quake and feare.'

It was from this house that Essex set out on his vain attempt to raise the City against the Government, and thither he returned by water after his failure, and shut himself up with the intention of defending himself by force. But after a few hours' siege, being cannonaded from guns placed on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and on the tower of St. Clement's, he was forced to surrender. It remained the property of his son, the Parliamentary General, who died there. He was honoured with a public funeral, the two Houses of Parliament assembling at Essex House and following him to Westminster, having ordered 'the Stewards and Constable of Westminster at their perils to pave and cleanse the streets from Temple Bar to the west end of the Abbey Church.' The house passed to his sister, and was sold at her death.

It was probably then, or soon after, that Essex Street was built upon part of the ground. It was described in those days as 'a broad, clean, and handsome street, consisting of two rows of good-built houses, well inhabited by gentry; at the bottom of which street is a pair of stairs to go down to the water side where watermen ply.' Here is said to have lived the Lady Primrose who gave a home to Flora Macdonald after her release, and received the Pretender during his visit to London. But if this street was a quiet and fit abode for the gentry, the

NEW OFFICE OF *THE PORTFOLIO*.

Strand, in the part out of which it ran, had long become a crowded thoroughfare. Gay gives a vivid picture of the state of the streets:—

'Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand,
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread,
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face,
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.'

With a great deal more too long to quote, about the dangers of mingling in the throng, where even the wig could not be with safety worn,—

'And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.'

ART CHRONICLE.

AUTUMN Exhibitions, some half-dozen and more, opened in November. At the French Gallery, a title which has become quite a misnomer, for the collection of chiefly German pictures which Messrs. Wallis show in Pall Mall, the point of popular attraction is a series of large scenic landscapes in South Italy, painted by Carl Heffner, whose subjects and manner have dated hitherto from northern climes. The subjects are different, but the manner remains the same; the marish pools and wide-spreading skies, of sunset, moonrise, or grey close of day, are familiar items in the artist's pictorial *mise en scène*, amidst which the unsubstantial transcripts of aqueduct or temple, now added from Baiæ, Ostia, or the Campagna, seem strange and even intrusive. The conclusion is that the northern temperament of the Bohemian painter remained unfired by the haunting beauty of the south, and the new scenery was beyond his power to cope withal, though not beyond his

industry. Nevertheless the impressive sentiment and display of the four large compositions ranged on the chief wall of the gallery won immediate favour from purchasers on the day of the private view. In a number of small sketches Heffner shows a pleased brush, unhampered by the necessity of painting up to the 'grand style.' A very fine example of the Oriental subjects of Professor L. Müller, *Tric-trac Players in a Cairene Caffé*, some admirable small sketches by the same trained painter, and a large canvas depicting the picturesque tumult of a *Horse Fair in Bessarabia*, by Herr Brandt, who is specially accounted of in Germany for his impetuous mastery of such subjects, sum up the prominent features of this exhibition.

Mr. Maclean, besides an attractive collection of English and foreign oils, holds forth a sure enticement to 'the general,' in three pictures of children, by Mr. Millais, R.A. A girl seated in the snow with a fagot of mistletoe on her back, called *The Mistletoe Gatherer*, a study of a Breton child reading *A Message from the Sea* she has found in a bottle, and *Little Miss Muffett* frightened at the big spider, form a brilliant trio after the popular style of the artist, with a great deal of brave brush-work, and a certain charm about them all, though the tiny Muffett bears away the bell. Mr. Atkinson engraves this last canvas, and the print will doubtless be amongst the most favoured of Millais' reproductions.

Mr. Tooth's Gallery gives to Londoners the opportunity of seeing M. Lhermitte in his less familiar aspect as an oil colorist in the broadly-painted *Mid-day Rest*. Van Haanen's clever group, *The Fortune Tellers*, and vivacious work by Luis Jimenez, are notable in the contents of the room.

Leaving Pall Mall for Bond Street we come to the Fine Art Society's Gallery, where over three hundred 'holiday sketches,' by the architect, Mr. Ernest George, recall the most picturesque features in towns of France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and Britain, a range within which Mr. George and his note-book seem to have had pleasant and profitable companionship. As a colorist he shows a cheerful sameness, which, though pretty, does not adequately individualise, and therefore mars the delightful and playful precision of his line, and his quick perception of the characteristic and pictorial.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's fifty oil sketches of English, Scotch, and Welsh scenery tell favourably for the outdoor work of Mr. Ernest Parton, and Mr. Charles Robertson has bestowed a facile finesse upon some hundred little drawings chiefly on the English coast.

The Nineteenth Century and the Dudley Gallery Art Society seem too much founded on the principle of encouraging mediocre, or juvenile ability, to secure much that is worthy of chronicle. In both galleries we are glad to note that the young figure painter, Mr. T. C. Gotch, shows steady advance in clear drawing, distinct motive and a nice observation of character. *News from the Sea*, an incident in a fishing village during a storm, is a bit of narrative art thoroughly carried out.

THE lectures of Mr. Ruskin, as Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, have during the current term commenced a course on the history of the English and of the French nations as expounded in their architecture, illuminated manuscripts, jewels, and lesser arts. London and Paris grouped together set forth Christian chivalry as expressed in Gothic architecture, in the same way that Athens teaches the religion and wit of Greece; Rome, the victory of Christianity over barbarianism; Venice and Florence, all that is essential in Christianity. Hitherto, the Professor says, he has taught art in relation to the personal temper of the artist; now he teaches from the people's point of view, and, setting forth to his hearers what the people have liked, calls his lectures 'The Pleasures of England.' Of Art teaching in the sense usually expected from a professorial rostrum there is little in Mr. Ruskin's programme; of art as an expression of faith, of need and of delight, much; of technical instruction, nothing; of elevated sentiment and large argument from the less to the greater, a good deal. Beginning his survey with the primaeval Briton and the simple Saxon the Professor has progressed by large steps in what has been humorously dubbed by the irreverent a New History of England according to John Ruskin.

THE last good thing in etching or engraving has generally been to be found in fine impression at Mr. Dunthorne's premises in Vigo Street. These have now received the addition of a new Gallery, to which a signboard after the antique fashion which 'Old London' at the 'Healtheries' may have helped to revive, draws attention by the effigy of Rembrandt's head, copied from his plate of himself etched in 1639. A varied and exceedingly interesting collection of modern etchings are to be found within, including Mr. Seymour Haden's principal large plates. All Mr. Macbeth's genial reproductions from G. Mason, G. Pinwell, and F. Walker, are on view; prominent among these a fine impression of his last plate published by Messrs. Agnew, *The Harbour of Refuge*, after Walker. The etching has been produced partly from the oil picture, and partly from the water-colour drawing, where it offered any differences more favourable to reproductions. That the plate is wholly a success we are not prepared to say. But the difficulties presented by the low yet luminous tone of the picture, by the mass of heavy red roofage, by the varied quality of white high lights in daisied lawn, blossom of thorn-tree and marble of founder's effigy, have been fairly overcome, and the result is at any rate a skilful interpretation. Further in Mr. Dunthorne's assemblage should be noted the series of London views by Mr. C. J. Watson, broad, direct work, a little heavy-handed sometimes. At the antipodes for manner are a large number of brilliant etchings by the American, Joseph Pennell. These are sketches with the point sometimes forced up with aquatint, singularly prompt, descriptive and free in line, abounding in skilful suggestion rather than in laboured detail, varied in rendering of texture, most resembling in manner amongst English etchers Mr. Whistler. Interest attaches to the first exhibited essay in the etcher's art, by Mr. J. W. North, a translation of his own picture, *A West Country Maiden:* a little timid, but luminous, tender of gradation and curiously close to his own method with the brush.

No show of etchings is complete without a number of Mr. Axil Haig's effective plates, and some of the Spanish subjects shown here are fresh. A number of water-colour studies in Spain show Mr. Haig easily and correctly at home, if not remarkably impressive in aquarel. A pure mezzotint version by Edward Slocombe, after a graceful head, *Juanita*, by C. E. Perugini, deserves a special note for those qualities of melting gradation which gave fascination to the process at its prime. Mr. John Park seems likely to make himself known as an imitator of brush-work; both a plate after a Constable and after Hamilton Macallum are successful from this point of view, which is not necessarily to be lauded. Mr. Macbeth's mode, for example, is not imitative but rather interpretive; the fine work of Mr. Waltner is both interpretive and imitative, as, for instance, in his plate after F. Walker's *Vagrants*. M. Chauvel's clear and delicate reproductions of Corot's landscapes lie also between the two modes.

Mr. Wilfred Ball has exhibited neat little plates from time to time. He appears to have a pretty talent for water-colour sketching to judge by some twenty colour studies of that picturesque Buckinghamshire village Chalfont St. Giles and St. Peter, round which gathers the aureole of association with John Milton, who stayed at Chalfont St. Giles in 1665, and read there to Elwood the Quaker, the MSS. of 'Paradise Lost,' and received from him the suggestion of the sequel, 'Paradise Regained.'

Before leaving this collection we must note an impression from one of M. Gaillard's series of engraved heads, treated in medallion. The *Pope Leo XIII.* is an example of his dry, delicate, and precisely subtle manner that any one will be glad to see again.

MR. MADOX BROWN has finished the cartoons for his fifth fresco in the Manchester Town Hall. The subject is the *Trial of Wycliffe*.

A SOCIETY is to be established to promote the study of the art of engraving in its earlier stages, to be entitled the International Chalcographical Society. It is proposed to reproduce annually, by the best processes, facsimiles of rare and precious prints; and it is estimated that a subscription list of 250 at two guineas will cover the outlay on one yearly publication of an important example, with explanatory context in English, French, and German. Among the connoisseurs who promote the scheme are MM. H. Delaborde, G. Duplessis, Dr. Lippmann, Professor S. Colvin, Messrs. R. Fisher, S. Haden, W. Mitchell, and J. Malcolm. Persons desirous to subscribe are to communicate with Mr. Thibaudeau, 18 Green Street, Leicester Square.

THE first issue is announced of facsimile reproductions, produced under the direction of Dr. Lippmann, of the Berlin Museum, from the illustrations by Sandro Botticelli of the 'Divina Commedia,' acquired by the Prussian Government at the Hamilton sale. The second and third issues are promised in the course of two years. In the 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen,' the first part for 1883, was published a photograving of one of these illustrations—*Dante and Beatrice in the Sphere of the Moon*—from the third canto of the 'Paradiso.' A short but thorough paper by Dr. Lippmann accompanied the reproduction, and described the Dante Codex and the character of the illustrations. They are sketched in with silver point, afterwards traced over lightly in brown with a pen, and occasionally there are indications of colour. Pollajuolo and Signorelli seem to have influenced Botticelli in these imaginative designs, which are similar to the series engraved by Baccio Baldini, the goldsmith, for the Florentine folio edition of the 'Commedia,' 1481, with considerable difference in the number of figures. Moreover, the engraved plates are more than four times less numerous than these original drawings, of which no less than eighty-four enrich the Hamilton MS. It may be appropriate to mention in this connexion the issue of the first part of a series of photointaglio facsimiles of 'Works by Italian Engravers of the Fifteenth Century,' reproduced from impressions in the British Museum Library and Print-room, and elucidated with context by the late Keeper, Mr. G. W. Reid. This issue contains facsimiles from our impressions of Baldini's engravings after Botticelli, above mentioned; also of Botticelli three plates from the 'Monte Santo di Dio,' of Antonio Bellini, 1477. The chief feature of the issue is the magnificent *Triumphs* of Petrarch, by N. da Modena, or, as Mr. Reid thinks, F. Lippi, reproduced from the fine first untouched impressions bought two years ago at the Sunderland sale, and re-purchased by the Government from Mr. Quaritch, who issues this publication.

IT is just to insert a disclaimer on the part of Mr. Ruskin of having ever given his fiat of authenticity to the drawings mentioned in our last issue as discovered at Exeter, and assigned to Turner by their possessor, Mr. Moore. The letter of Mr. Ruskin from which Mr. Moore drew the flattering conclusion was, however, worded in a manner which sufficiently excused him for his assertion that the critic had passed the drawings and congratulated their owner.

THE title, 'On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters,' indicates the character of Madame Villari's little sketches, collected and republished in one volume by Mr. Fisher Unwin. A feminine inclination to overload epithet rather mars the descriptive worth of these word-pictures; but the accounts of Barga, the mediaeval mountain townlet on Monte Romeccio, south of Lucca, with its independent government and warlike people; of Ghevezzano, the home of the plaster-image men; and of the summer resort on Appennine Abetone, have freshness not only of manner, but of matter; while lovers of Venice and the lagoons may enjoy a genial reiteration of the sights and sounds they well know. A few fairly artistic woodcuts by Mrs. Mark Lemon illustrate the papers.

AT the Caxton celebration in 1877 were exhibited a set of blocks and impressions, forming a kind of 'Poor Man's Bible,' which had been discovered by Mr. Sams, of Darlington, at Nürnberg, about sixty years before. These blocks were not known among printed books, and the artist's mark was new to bibliographers. A folio edition of impressions was subsequently published by Messrs. Unwin, of which the issue of two hundred copies was rapidly taken up and exhausted. The same firm have now produced a fresh issue as 'A smaller Biblia Pauperum,' reduced in size to square octavo, with borders and ornaments taken from a Book of Hours, 1503, in Lambeth Palace Library, with context selected from Wiclif's Bible, and preface by the late Dean Stanley reprinted from the folio; the whole imprinted on Dutch hand-made paper of antique fashion, clasped and bound in vellum stamped with bistre pattern, after the design of an old book of the period at the British Museum. The date of the cuts is assigned by experts to the end of the fifteenth century, in spite of the figures 1540 which appear on two of the prints; the impressions come out clear, for though much worm-eaten the blocks were clean and sharp. Altogether we must thank Messrs. Unwin for the successful imitation of a book which would have been treasured by the faithful four centuries ago, just before the pictured Bible gave way to the simple printed book; at a time, to use Dean Stanley's words, 'which was the point of meeting, the crossing as it were of the two arts—the image passing into substance—the later education of thought and spirit taking the place of the earlier education of sense and figure.' The art displayed in these cuts, is as all acquainted with the matter will know, naïve, dramatic, grotesque; a curious jumble of the symbolic and the realistic, expressed in rude but strong form, with considerable power of design.

THE dainty outfit of Messrs. Kegan Paul's Parchment Library puts into our hands the 'Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' bound in vellum and edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Such annotation as has been added to the comment of the painter himself is swelled by extracts from William Blake's testy marginal notes scribbled on his copy of Malone's edition of 'Reynolds' Life and Works,' now in the British Museum. These insertions, however interesting, seem hardly in place, for, as Mr. Gosse himself observes, it was impossible that Blake's transcendental and ill-trained enthusiasm could be in sympathy with the 'Discourses.' The elegantly penned preface that introduces this edition is not free from captious remark; we could not endorse, for instance, the dictum that Reynolds 'knew nothing of Venetian painting.'

LONDON: Printed by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, St. Martin's Lane.

3 9001 02891 0118